HITLER'S HELLISH NEW WEAPONS OF WAR

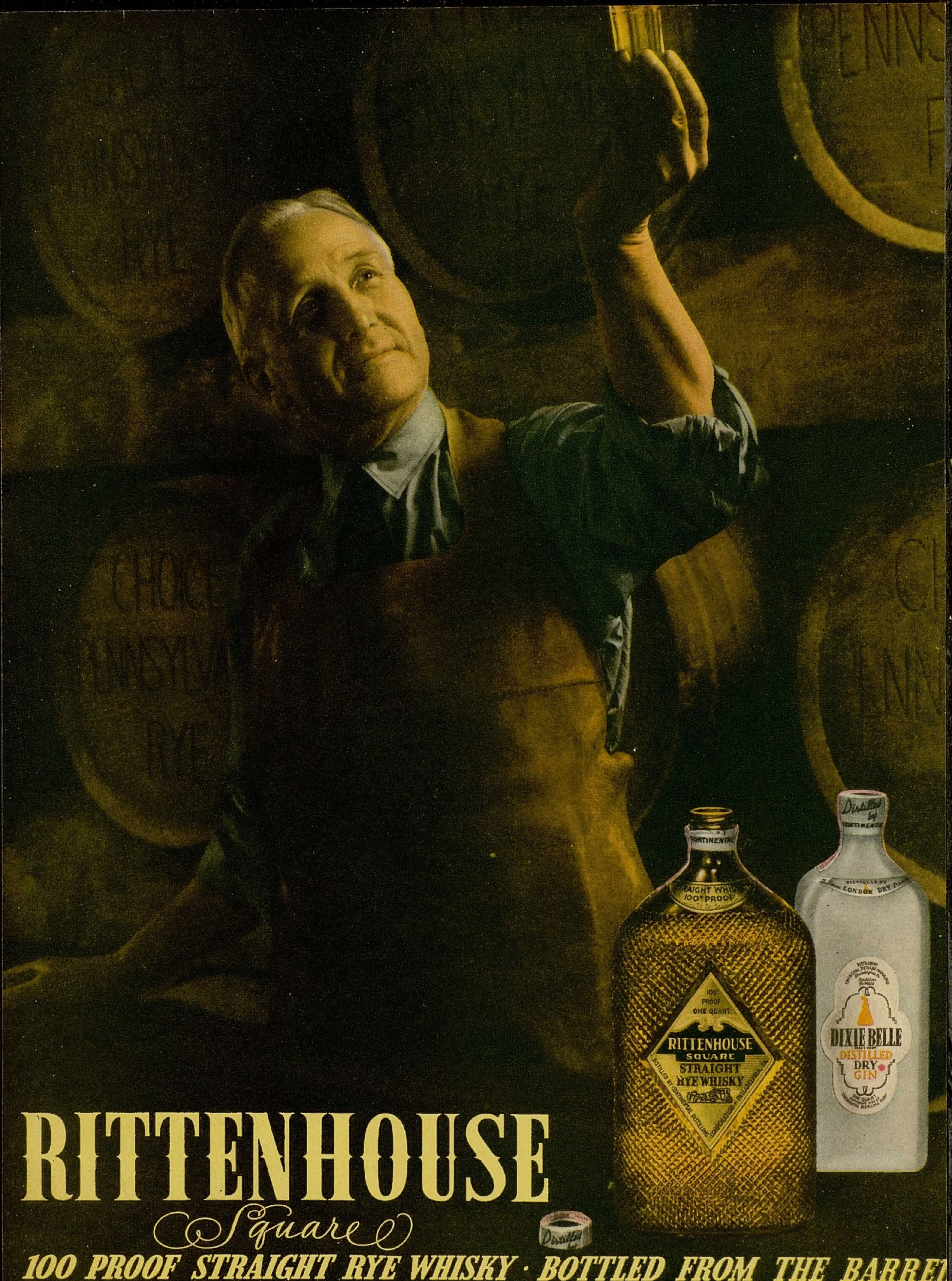
APRIL 6,
1935

Liberty

5¢

Lumen
Winter

ACHMED ABDULLAH • **REITA LAMBERT** • **WALLACE IRWIN** • **LOWELL THOMAS** • **TYLER MASON**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RITTENHOUSE SQUARE STRAIGHT RYE WHISKY
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RITTENHOUSE

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100 PROOF STRAIGHT RYE WHISKY · BOTTLED FROM THE BARREL

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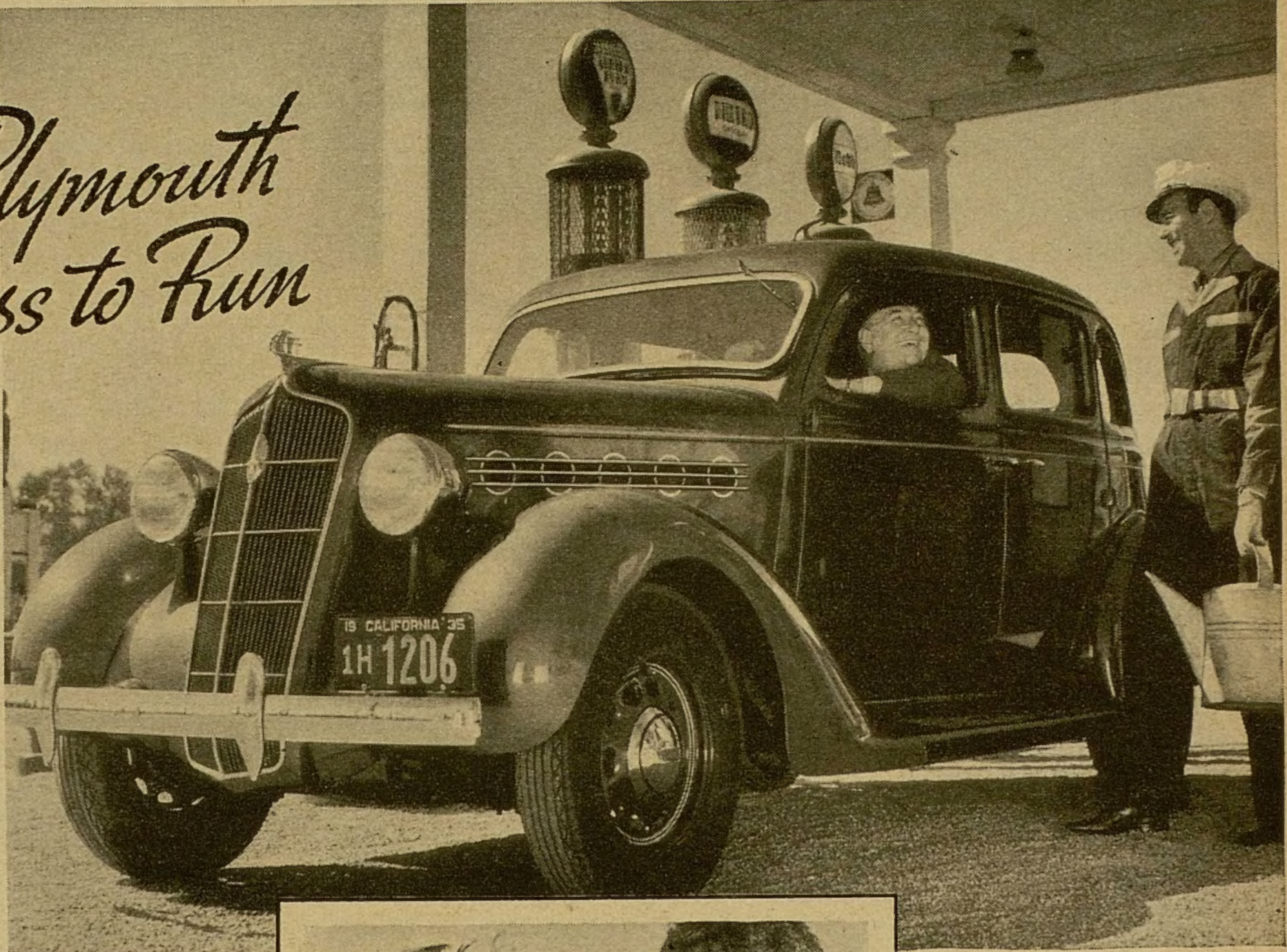
WHEN YOU STOP FOR GAS ...YOU SAVE 12% TO 20%

Why Plymouth costs less to Run



Only Plymouth Gives All Four:

GENUINE HYDRAULIC BRAKES

RE-DISTRIBUTION OF WEIGHT

SAFETY-STEEL BODY

12% to 20% LESS GAS AND OIL

(*Left*) FIGURE IT YOURSELF—Each mile you travel requires one-eighth to one-fifth less gas and oil...it's a 12% to 20% reduction in running costs!

WORLD'S SAFEST BRAKES—always equalized.. equal pressure on each "shoe"...instantaneous stopping!

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EVERYBODY'S TALKING about the sensational economy of the big, fast new Plymouth. It's the most economical full-size car today!

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APRIL 6, 1935 **Liberty** VOL. 12, NO. 14

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER   FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR   WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR   WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

SOMETIMES BLUNDERING INFANTS—OUR FOREIGN DIPLOMATS

NOW we have the Geneva Conference dealing with the international traffic in arms.

We cannot resist our inclination to pose as a great humanitarian nation. And being oversupplied at this time with fanciful theorists who would like to reform the entire world, naturally we are prepared to suggest a general revision in existing conditions here and abroad.

Our representatives propose to restrict the manufacture of weapons and munitions by licensing manufacturers or through government ownership.

We have some peace-loving people in this country who would like to make war a gentle, friendly affair. They would like to eliminate the suffering, sorrow, and tragedies associated with it. But natural law is not concerned with saving us from the effects of human greed and foolishness. As long as there remains one leading nation to glorify war, all others are obliged to follow.

We are no match for the skilled diplomats and leaders of foreign nations. They have had more experience in strategy. They are in no way influenced by the uplift viewpoint. They consider only the interests of their countries, and moral obligations are not included.

As a result of the agreement made at the armament reduction conference held several years ago, we scrapped some of our newest and most up-to-date warships, while the other parties to the agreement destroyed mostly obsolete tonnage.

The Kellogg Peace Pact was signed by almost every leading nation, although it was but a polite gesture to the American pretense of godliness. We always get the worst of it in any international agreement. There are few if any exceptions. Our foreign friends like to control us with agreements, principally because they realize that in an armament race we could far outdistance them. Controlling as we do half the wealth of the world, they could not compete with us in such a contest. Therefore they cater to our vanity by consulting us and making agreements which they have no intention of keeping but which they know will be binding to us.

If we kept our amateur diplomats at home and went on our own way in accordance with the dictates of our own intelligence, protecting our country by the most modern methods without consulting with other nations, we would be in a far better position.

Our legislators would like to take all the profits out of war. That is undoubtedly desirable. But our first thought should be the protection of the lives of our citizens. If our manufacture of implements of war is restricted and profits curtailed or eliminated, from what source will we obtain war materials that may be necessary to save the life of this nation? Most of us would like to be godly humanitarians, but self-preservation is the first law of life, and it should be the first thought of the officials of every nation.

If we could depend upon our government to manufacture a proper supply of munitions, doubtless that would be considered ideal, but with a peace-at-any-price lobby hounding our officials at all times it would often be difficult to maintain our war strength on a proper basis.

The leading European nations continuously face the possibility of war. They may preach peace but they are always prepared for war. There is no lessening in their defense preparations at any time. Furthermore, there is no publicity in connection with their activities. In our country everything is out in the open. Sensational headlines announce every important move in warlike preparations.

The advocates of limited armament fail to understand that they are now enjoying liberties that were bought with the blood and suffering of our ancestors. That is always the price of liberty. It cannot be otherwise. And unless we are willing to accept the fate of being governed, like India, China, or Manchuria, we must prepare to properly defend our country.

The Geneva Conference will furnish an unlimited amount of conversation that will be interesting and possibly profitable to the attending officials. But let us hope that it will end in conversation, minus agreements of any kind.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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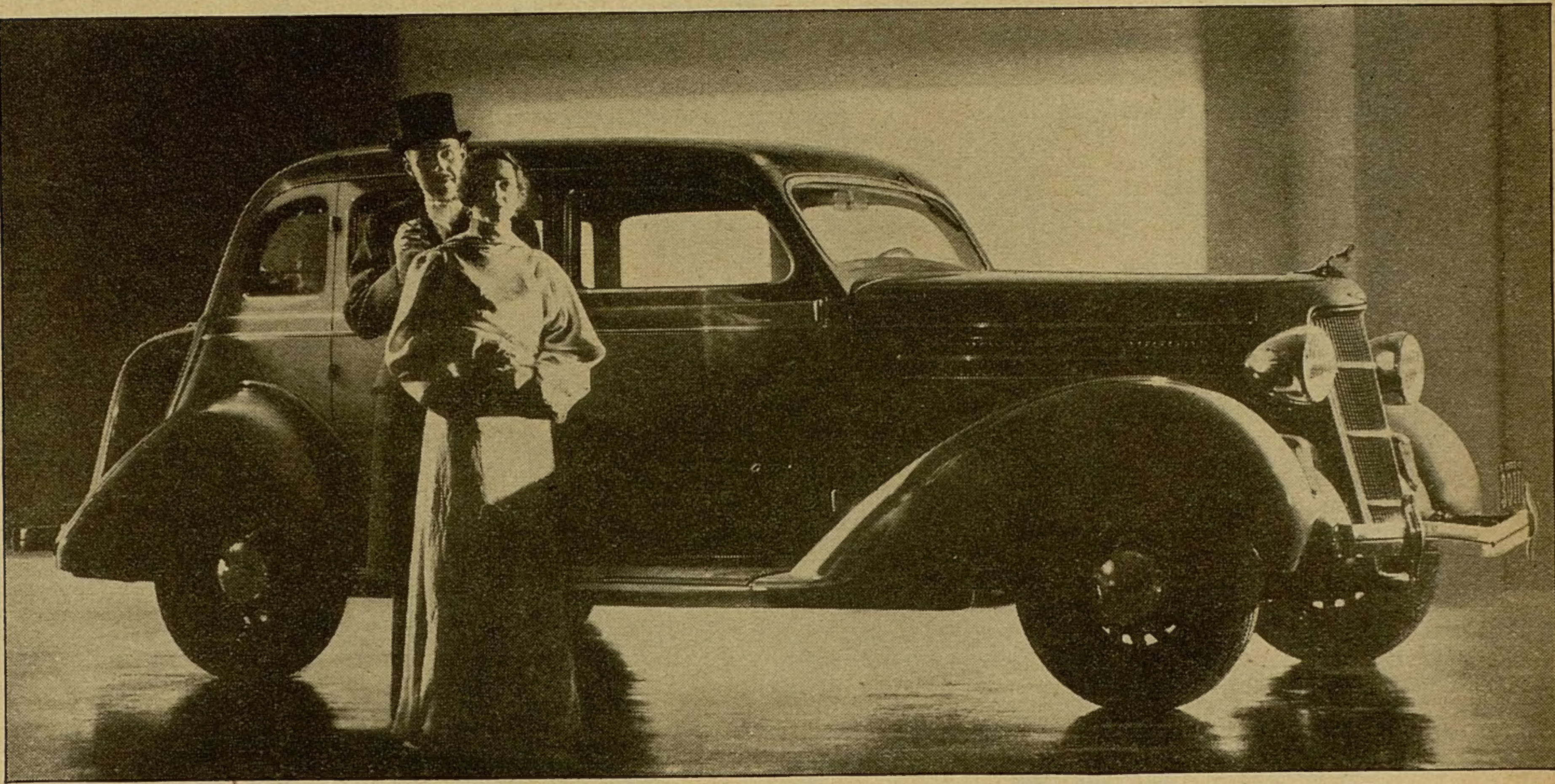
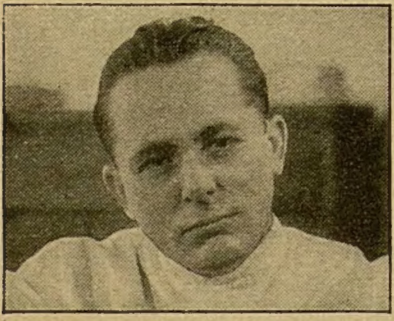
BIGGER, MORE POWERFUL THAN EVER YET NEW DODGE ACTUALLY COSTS LESS TO RUN THAN SMALL CARS!



New-Value Dodge Sedan (2-door) $690—Touring Sedan (4-door) with built-in trunk, as illustrated, $760**

Thousands of Owners Report 3 to 5 More Miles Per Gallon of Gas—Astonishing Oil Savings, Too!

"I couldn't believe the figures at first," says Earle C. Hinman, of White Plains, N. Y. "But there was no mistake. This big new Dodge actually does give 3 to 5 more miles per gallon of gas than my former lower-priced cars."



"I've driven big cars and small cars," says Dr. Donald L. Davison, Clifton, N. J. dentist. "But in this 1935 Dodge, there is real big-car luxury and performance yet less paid for gas and oil than in lower-priced cars."

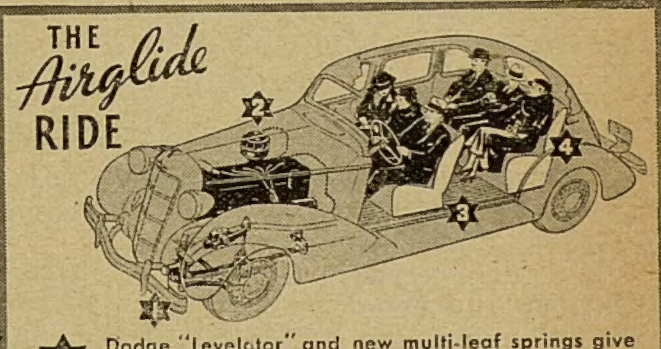
BIGGER, roomier, more luxurious than ever! More power! More speed! Yet this brilliant, new 1935 Dodge actually costs less to run than small cars.

From all over the country, owners are reporting that the Dodge "Red Ram" engine gives 20—22—24 miles per gallon of gasoline. Imagine their surprise to find this big, powerful car, day after day, giving 3 to 5 more miles per gallon than small cars. And even more astonishing savings on oil!

Everywhere, Dodge gives you progress in engineering—95 basic advancements for greater comfort, safety and economy. With "Synchromatic Control", driving has been simplified so it's almost effortless! With the new "Airglide Ride", you fairly seem to float along, skimming over rough spots, taking curves smoothly and safely on an even keel. Perfected Dodge dual-cylinder hydraulic brakes have been developed by Dodge over many years. Dodge armorlike *all-steel* body construction, introduced by Dodge over 20 years ago and constantly perfected, is so amazingly strong that Dodge has become world-famous for extra safety. Then, Dodge patented Floating Power engine mountings smother vibration, prolong car life.

All told, Dodge gives you dozens of features that protect you, add to your comfort and enjoyment, cut ownership costs, prolong car life.

CHRYSLER MOTORS—DODGE DIVISION



1. Dodge "Levelator" and new multi-leaf springs give "Airglide Ride"—check body roll and sidesway.
2. "Red Ram" engine moved forward 8 inches to permit equal distribution of weight on all 4 wheels.
3. Floor lowered 3½ inches to give seats the height of a comfortable living-room chair.
4. Rear seat moved forward 6 inches. Passengers seated ahead of the axle "shock-line".

YOU NOW RIDE CRADLED BETWEEN THE AXLES

*NEW-VALUE DODGE: Coupe $645, 2-door Sedan $690, Rumble Seat Coupe $710, Touring Sedan (2-door, with built-in trunk) $715, Sedan $735, Touring Sedan (4-door, with built-in trunk) $760. *All prices f. o. b. factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Special equipment extra. Time payments to fit your budget. Ask for the official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.*

New-Value DODGE *now only* $645*

DELIVERS NOW FOR JUST A FEW DOLLARS MORE THAN THE LOWEST-PRICED CARS

Fantastic but REAL . . . and Far More Terrible Than Anything Yet Devised by Man — Now Their Appalling Secrets Can Be Told . . .

by WYTHE WILLIAMS

Famous War Correspondent

DRAWING BY STEPHEN GROUT

STEPHEN GROUT

Hitler's HELLISH

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

THE ill-starred World Disarmament Conference has accomplished exactly nothing. Today the European continent is at the boiling point. Nearly every European nation again is armed to the teeth.

For fifteen years German scientists and technicians have strained every energy to produce new weapons that would counteract the limitation on German armaments imposed by the Treaty of Versailles.

Some years ago the " pocket battleship " startled the world. Since then five new weapons are the known result of the almost frenzied German desire to rearm.

To publish the exact sources of this information might cause immediate reprisals. It was first received from the military attaché of a foreign power recently stationed in Berlin. It has been reliably checked.

The five new arms have the following labels: *The stratosphere rocket. The " Z " ray. The " all-piercing " bullet. The rotative gun. The Stange machine gun.*

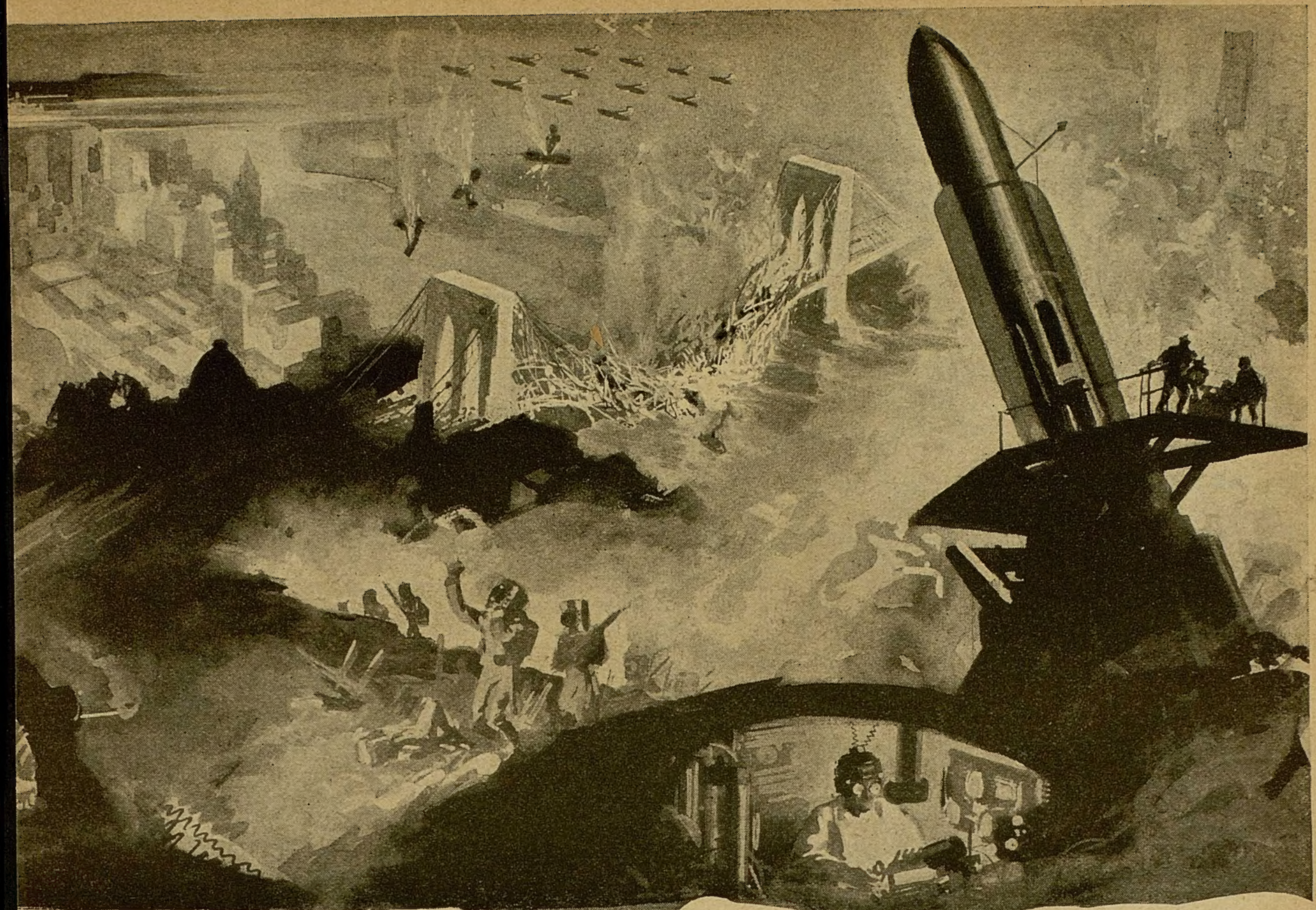
The stratosphere rocket may be considered the most terrible weapon ever imagined. While it has not yet reached full perfection, it has already attained sensational results. This arm is the pet child of Colonel von Hasselbach, head of the Reichswehr Waffenamt, which supervises all war inventions. Already he has had the stratosphere rocket in action at Britz near Berlin, at Stolp on the Baltic, and between Berlin and Hanover. He declares that he can already guide the rocket, which could be charged with high explosive, poison gas, or germs, over a range of 200 miles.

The rocket is equipped with a small radio sending post that automatically sends out waves. These are recorded at the launching post. The officer in charge therefore knows from second to second the precise position of the rocket in its superaerial voyage. He controls the rocket's general course. When it is directly above the city or army or region he wants to bombard, he signals a stop. Down it crashes.

In recent tryouts the rockets reached a height of 12,000 meters, but new ones are being built that aim at 20,000. Experts believe that at such elevation into the stratosphere its range becomes infinite. If so, a rocket sent up at Berlin might fall upon New York. London and Paris, according to these men, offer no problem at all. All along the western German frontier cement foundation platforms are being built to support rocket-launching devices.

The " Z " ray, the most jealously guarded of all German inventions, is meant to provide an " invisible wall " against France. Officially the " Z " ray is known as the *Fernschweissapparatur.* Experiments with the " invisible wall " have been progressing for almost ten years. If they are finally successful Germany will possess a weapon that will pulverize steel girders. Apply it, and bridges will fall, gun muzzles will melt, aviation motors will disintegrate in mid-air, radio stations and railway tracks will pulverize, the sheet armor of attacking tanks will go to pieces.

Most important of all, enemy shells waiting to be fired



New Weapons of War

either at the cannon's breech or stored in mobile ammunition parks, so perfected by the French army transport, can be exploded simultaneously.

The " Z " ray is not a " death ray." Its only apparent effect upon human beings is a temporary paralysis of the muscles in the heart region which will yield to treatment within a few days.

The practical disadvantage of the " Z " ray is that it needs a very powerful electrical current. To supply this, a series of mighty generating stations were built in the Austrian and German Alps. The main station was placed at Parthennen, on Austrian territory, close to the Swiss and Liechtenstein frontiers. At that moment the Reich felt no fears that Austria would not be doing today as she did in 1914—following along at the chariot wheels of the Reich. A tremendous current was generated and conducted up the Rhine valley as far as the Ruhr. From the hill above Bregenz on the Lake of Constance the powerful line can be seen stringing across the country to the northwest.

The cost of this installation was enormous. It was directed by Reichswehr engineers, ostensibly to supply power to the industrial districts of the Ruhr. The bills were paid by subsidies from Prussia and other German states.

Undoubtedly the idea in placing the source of power on Austrian soil was to protect it from French interference. That was before Hitler became Führer. Today Germany and Austria are definitely estranged. In case of war, unless Germany suddenly engulfs Austria she cannot depend upon the " Z " ray as a weapon of defense.

The " all-piercing " bullet was invented by a Kiel engineer, Dr. Max Gehrlich. It is known officially as the " Halger ultra " bullet and it will pierce armor six inches thick. Originally it was turned out in Denmark, but with the accession of Hitler the work was transferred to Germany and turned over to the Polte works at Magdeburg. This firm recently opened new factories, one in a suburb of Berlin and another near Friedrichshafen. The total production is known to be 480,000 bullets a day.

The rotative gun is a Krupp production bought from the Dutch. It has five rotating barrels and fires a thousand rounds a minute. It is intended to pour a sudden and devastating fire upon an advancing enemy, and to deal with aircraft. When operating against an invading air force it will be mounted on motor lorries. It is claimed that its efficiency will be twice that of any weapon used in other armies. Two thousand rotative guns are at present in course of construction.

The Stange machine gun takes its name from the inventor. Officially it is known as S2-206. It weighs only eighteen pounds, and can be carried as well as handled by one man. It fires 600 rounds a minute, and is neither water- nor air-cooled, as are all other machine guns. When the barrel becomes overheated, it can be unscrewed in a few seconds and quickly replaced with a spare. The combination of this gun and the " all-piercing " bullet makes one of the most redoubtable infantry weapons known.

Work has commenced on a new heavy machine gun, motor-driven and capable of firing 1,400 rounds a minute.

THE END

One—not Two

A Vividly Colorful Tale of East and West—of the Heart of a Girl, a Dark Revenge, and a Friendship Broken and Mended

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

ON her way to the mission chapel, Miss Rutter met Bill Devoy, detective in charge of the Chinatown beat of opium and sewer gas, and yellow man and white and almost-white.

"Mr. Devoy," she asked him, and there was a certain triumph in her wheezy old voice, "do you recall the trouble, years ago, between Lee Fong and Han Mok?"

"Sure. Lee Fong swiped all Han Mok's kale and—"

"No, no. They had a business disagreement."

"He did him in the eye—that's wot he done."

"Put it that way if you prefer." Miss Rutter permitted herself the rare luxury of a smile. "But," she continued fervently, "he has repented. He'll see to it that in the future Han Mok suffers no want. Han Mok came out of Bellevue today—cured."

"A Chink hophead cured? Wot're yer givin' me?" he laughed. "Why, if that hard-boiled Mongol egg has toined over a new leaf, then there's hope for the devil."

"You're doing him an injustice," said Miss Rutter severely. "He is ready and eager to atone—"

"Aw—wot the h—"

Then Devoy saw the woman's thin pathetic ineffectual face. He remembered the rather hysterical idealism which hid from her mind the world of crass Chinatown realities, and so he changed the oath to a cough and walked away on an apocryphal errand, while Miss Rutter turned toward the mission chapel which was her life.

She was happy. She thought of Lee Fong and Han Mok. Friends for years; then enemies; now, once more, friends.

They had been children together in Canton. There Lee Fong's father had been a coolie, underpaid, underfed, and Han Mok's father something of a professional man—an acrobat, who had taught his son the tricks of his ancient trade. Feats of strength and skill with rope, pole, and trapeze. But chiefly sword work: tossing the gleaming weapons from the distance with precision and speed so that eight lengths of steel would cut through the air, swish unerringly between ten fingers held trustingly apart like the sticks of a fan, and bury their sharp points in a wooden slab.

Han Mok was an apt pupil. Occasionally, still in his teens, when his father had smoked too much opium he would take the latter's place; would earn the money for the evening rice and be applauded by merchant and mandarin. But his rising fame made no difference in his affection for the coolie's son. They loved each other; confided in each other; spent pleasant hours discussing their dreams and hopes for the future.

Dreams, always, of high adventure, until with young manhood came the eagerness to turn these dreams into facts. Therefore—the one tall and burly, the other so puny; the one versed in his father's craft, the other untrained yet endowed with a stony resolve to clout his path to success—they went to America.

There was, of course, the Asiatic Exclusion Act which closed the door of the New World to the Mongol emigrant. So they greased many crooked rapacious hands—white hands and yellow hands—and suffered untold hardships before they reached their goal. But the hardships and dangers brought them even more closely together. And shortly after their arrival in Pell Street it became a saying in laundry shop and restaurant, in curio store and gambling club, that they were like the right and left wing of a bird—one useless without the other; that—according to Nag Hong Fah, the owner of the Place of Sweet Desire and Heavenly Entertainment—if you cut Lee Fong's wrist, Han Mok would bleed.

Han Mok's renown had preceded him. On Saturday nights Chinatown's older generation would crowd the Place of Sweet Desire and Heavenly Entertainment where he gave exhibitions of ancient swordcraft. They never tired watching him. The flotsam and jetsam of Canton they were, unimportant measured with the Broadway or Wall Street yardstick, but men at whose backs stretched forty centuries of racial pride and achievement—thus dignified conservative men who held that what had been good enough for their ancestors was good enough for them; who applauded Han Mok generously, rewarded him as generously.

Lee Fong, on the other hand, earned merely a miserable pittance at the start. He would have known cold and hunger, might indeed have starved to death had it not been for his friend, who said:

"Whatever I have is yours. How can it be else? We are one—not two."

BUT presently relations changed. Chinatown's younger generation, New York-bred, came more to the fore. They preferred American sports, American vaudeville and motion pictures.

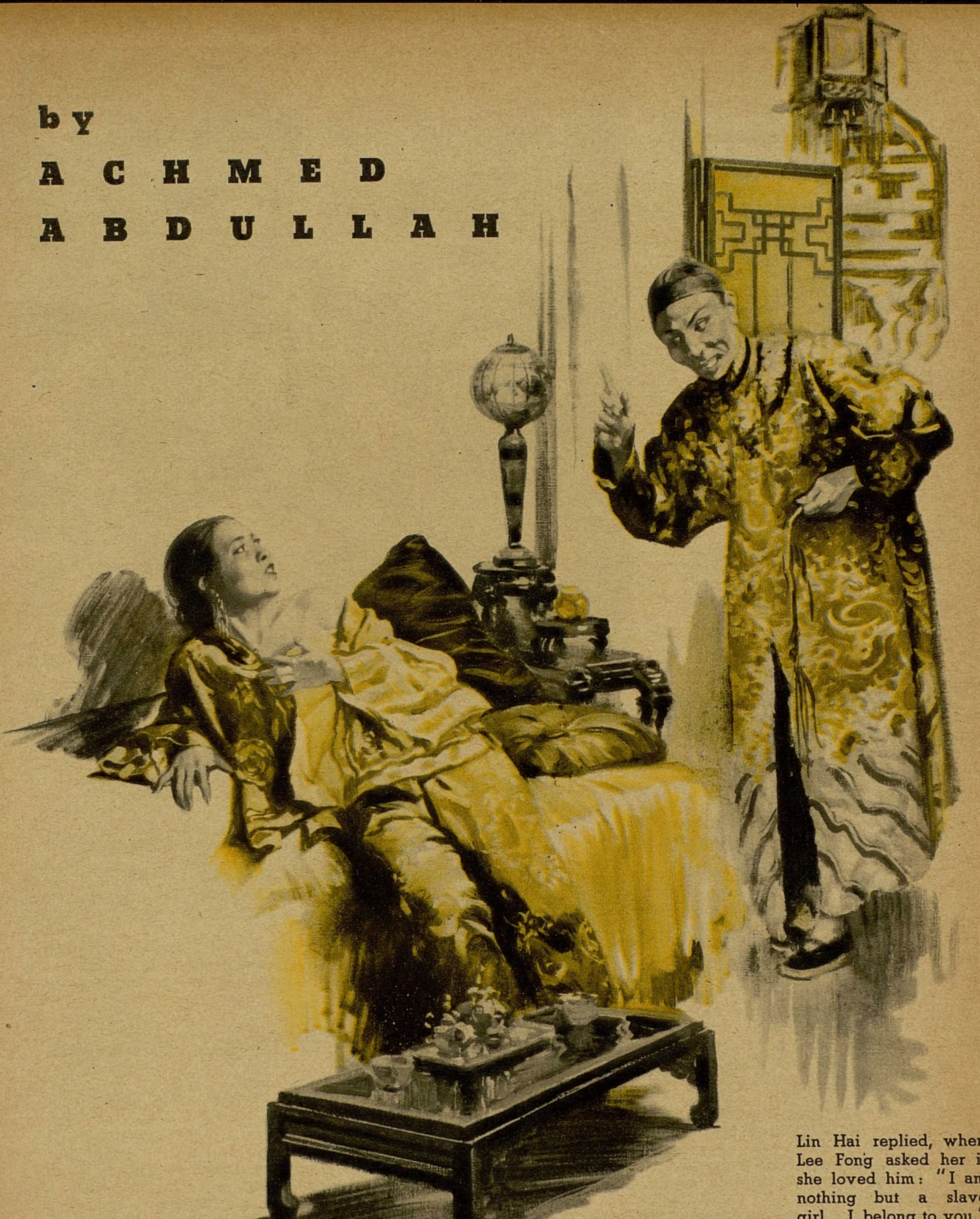
So Han Mok's income began to shrink. He still gave his weekly performances at the Place of Sweet Desire and Heavenly Entertainment. But he was no longer in demand when Chinatown celebrated wedding, birth, or religious festival. He knew idle days and nights and—a weakness inherited from his father—smoked more opium than was good for him.

By this time Lee Fong, with his tough slow-grinding brain, had learned America's golden potentialities and had fashioned them into a weapon for his own gain. He used this weapon efficiently, ruthlessly, accumulating the dollars with a selfishness that was sublimely shameless—until his finally became a name to conjure with in that slab of real estate which is pinched in between the Bowery and Mulberry Bend.

He pitted his Mongol wit against Latin cunning and Semite guile, greatly to the enrichment of accounts carried by the soundest of New York banks under the picaresque ledger heading: "The Golden Phoenix Syndicate." For, on the advice of Jake Rosenblatt, the Bowery lawyer, he had incorporated his enterprise, taking into the firm a number of junior partners, hand-picked for their wealth and keenness.

Han Mok was not wealthy. Nor was he keen in busiby

ACHMED ABDULLAH



Lin Hai replied, when Lee Fong asked her if she loved him: "I am nothing but a slave girl. I belong to you."

ness matters. Yet he, too, became a partner—though a silent one—and invested all his small savings in the Golden Phoenix; Lee Fong, furthermore, presenting him with a considerable block of stock as a free gift because:

"You fed me, clothed and sheltered me when I was poor. It is as you said: We are one—not two."

The other bowed.

"You are my brother, very old and very wise," he replied.

"We are more than brothers. We are friends. And, speaking as a friend, may I tell you what is on my mind?"

"Please do."

"The poppy—no doubt of it—is an elegant drug. But you smoke too much. Last Saturday, when you gave your exquisite performance, your right hand trembled—you dropped one of the swords—and—"

"I remember. There was laughter."

"Therefore you will smoke less?"

"I shall try."

He did try and in the end succeeded. Not thanks to his own will power. Thanks, rather, to Lee Fong who, when the craving was upon Han Mok, would sit by the side of his couch arguing, imploring; who at times, though he so frail and the other so burly, would attack him with all his feeble strength and smash the opium layout; and who, when Han Mok, maddened with desire, knocked him down brutally—even then, prone on the ground, hurt and bleeding, would continue to implore:

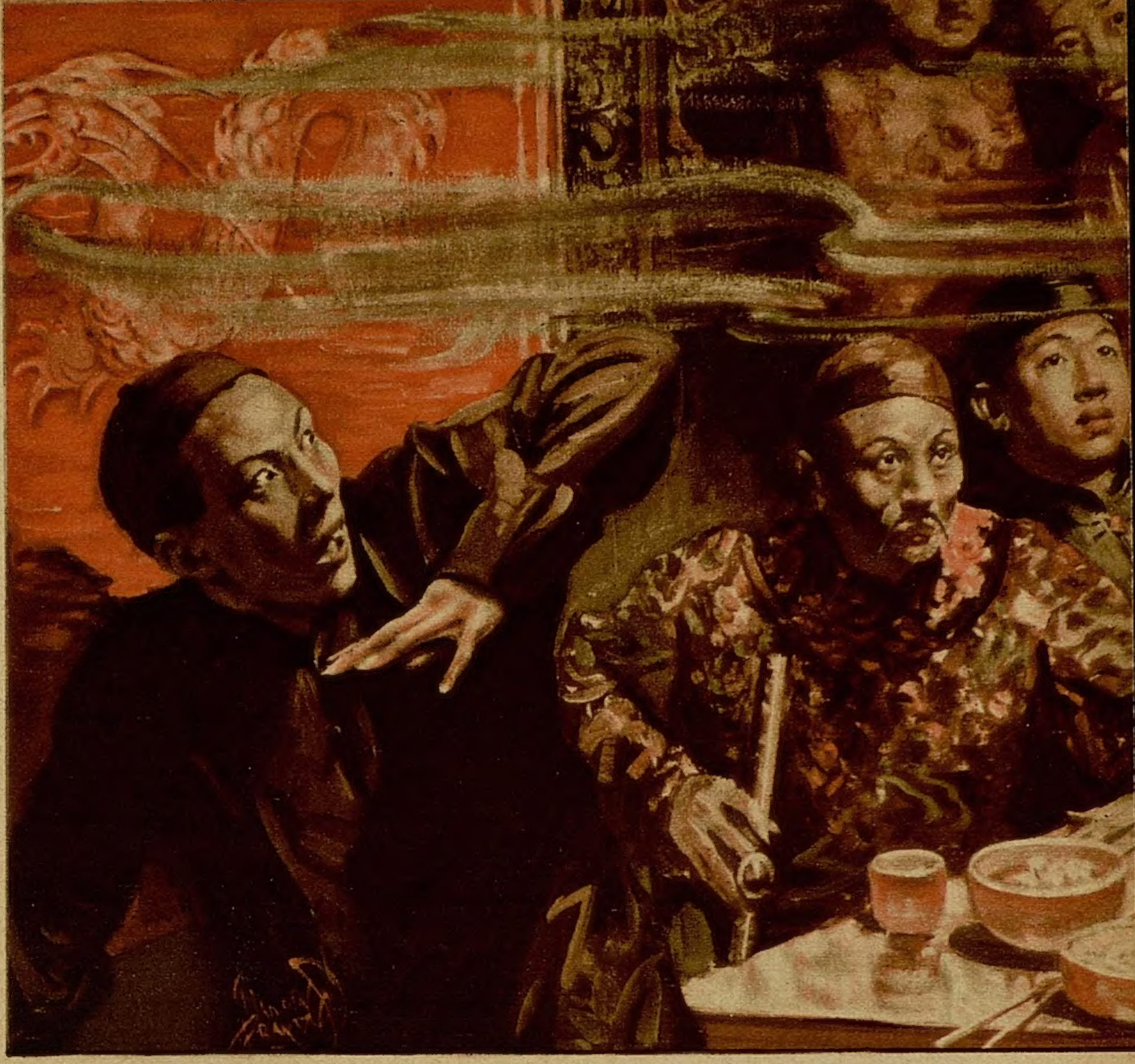
"Please! For my sake! Because we love each other! Because we are one—not two!"

And then, suddenly, they were two—not one. Two who hated each other with a passion as strong as their love had been.

Bill Devoy heard of it and—there being always the danger of bloody Tong war or private feud—worried. He interviewed Theodore Roosevelt Fu who was New York-born and, by inclination as well as for reasons of self-defense, a stool pigeon.

"Wot's the dope, Teddy?" he demanded.

"Just a business row," the other answered. He pointed at the fact that Lee Fong had stripped Han Mok of all his small savings invested in the Golden Phoenix; had also taken away the block of stock presented to him as a free gift; had done it—for there was Jake Rosenblatt, versed in the intricacies of the coarse-haired barbarians' laws—by strictly legal methods.



"I know," said the detective impatiently. "But wot's in back of it?"

"No savvy," replied Theodore Roosevelt Fu—and lied. He savvied quite well—as all Chinatown savvied. But since this scandal was purely of Pell Street and could not affect the powers that be, either at police headquarters or at Tammany Hall, he had no intention of taking Devoy into his confidence. So he went on smoothly, "Y'know—we gotta sayin' in Chinkie—" He spluttered singsong monosyllables; translated: "All things come to an end except the beards of the beardless."

This, too, was the proverb quoted that evening in the Place of Sweet Desire and Heavenly Entertainment by Yu Ch'ang the priest, who added:

"Yet even the beards of the beardless come to an end—at times."

"When?" inquired Li Ping-Yeng the moneylender.

"When the beardless grow beards, and then—"

"Cut them off?"

"As these two did—Lee Fong and Han Mok. The fools! To cut off their honorable beards because of one gray hair!"

"To cut off their honorable noses," chimed in Yung Long the wholesale grocer, "because of one small pimple!"

"One small pimple!" exclaimed Ho Ti the tea merchant. "Not a very complimentary remark when applied to delightful Lin Hai." He smacked his lips. "I have seen her."

Came laughter, and gossip—about Lee Fong and Han Mok and Lin Hai, not to forget Susie Wong, who dealt in living wares and who, under contract with the girl's parents, had smuggled her in from Canton. Gossip of the bitter scene one day in the woman's Mott Street flat: Lee Fong entering, dressed in his black-silk best—seeing there Han Mok seated between Lin Hai and Susie Wong, giving a start, and Han Mok rising, saying with a smile:

"Wish me happiness, O wise and older brother!"

"Happiness?"

"Yes. You see, I love Lin Hai, and," smiling at the girl over his shoulder, "she loves me. Susie Wong has given her consent."

A silence. Then Lee Fong cried:

"You cannot have her! *I* love her. *I!* And—I came here to—"

"I understand."

A longer silence—like a pall, while Susie Wong smiled maliciously and figured potential profits, and Lin Hai sat erect on her chair like a small idol carved out of ivory and gold.

LEE FONG broke the silence.

"How much has Han Mok offered?" he asked Susie Wong.

"Seventeen thousand dollars."

"My all," Han Mok added. "And"—with a slow queer smile—"one more thing. Marriage."

"Marriage!" Lee Fong echoed incredulously. He was shocked. And no wonder. Lin Hai—oh, yes—was beautiful. Modest she was and virtuous. Still, she was a *shuey-kee*, a "waterfowl," born and bred on a Canton river boat. She was a slave girl, a commodity which one bought and sold, and not even the lowest coolie could marry such a one without grave loss of face. He told Han Mok so—but mockingly: "I cannot permit you to bring this black disgrace upon your ancestors. Therefore," to Susie Wong, "I offer forty thousand dollars—without marriage."

"An excellent price," the woman replied. "I accept."

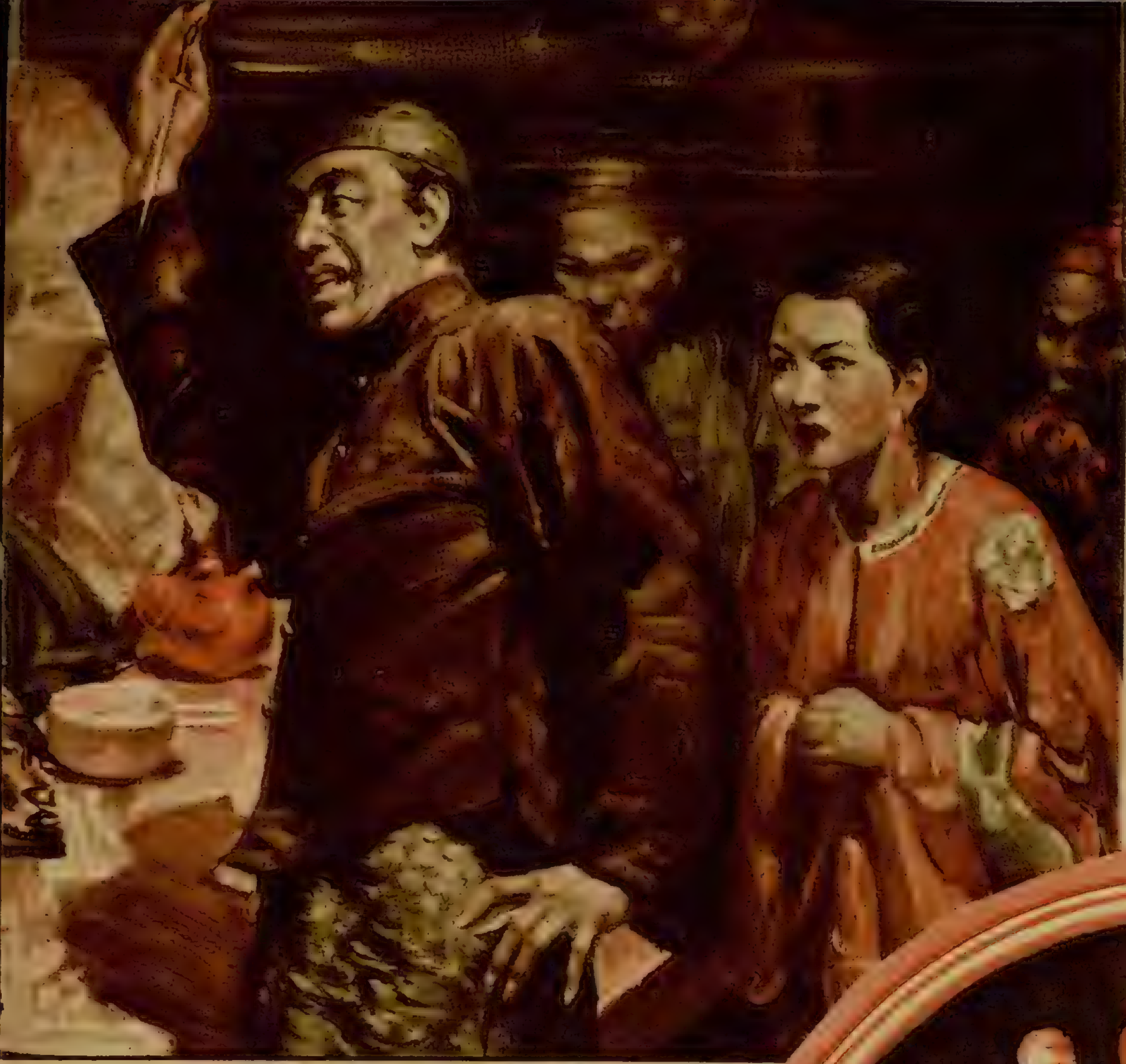
"How can you?" Han Mok was furious. "We made a deal—"

"The purchase papers have not yet been signed."

"The girl loves me. Don't you, Lin Hai?"

"I do," in clear accents. "I shall always love you!"

"Pah!" Susie laughed. "Love buys no tea. Forty



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

He picked up his weapons. "Stand still, all of you! Here is death!" He launched the lengths of steel.

thousand is the price. But—listen, Han Mok. I am generous. Give me," with a wink at Lee Fong, "thirty-nine thousand—and the girl is yours."

"How can I? I have offered my all."

"And it seems," interrupted Lee Fong, "that your all is not enough. Ah"—cruelly, perhaps because at that moment he understood that Lin Hai would never love him—"maybe when I am through with her I shall give her to you as a present."

Han Mok struck out without warning. He would have killed had not the noise of the fight drifted out into the street, slashing brutally through the pavement's tawdry Mongol symphony. And people hurrying up the stairs, bursting into the flat, pouncing upon Han Mok, dragging him away and out of the house; and, not long afterward, the clang of an ambulance and Lee Fong taken to the hospital.

Up in the room Lin Hai wept as if her heart would break. Why, she loved Han Mok. "Please, please!" imploringly to Susie Wong. And the latter's harsh rejoinder:

"Be quiet, O creature! You belong to me."

She continued more gently:

"Besides, consider your parents. They are poor. Only twice a month have they pork with their evening rice. And now—forty thousand dollars! Twenty thousand to me. The same to you. Out of your half you can send princely sums to them each month. Hereafter they will be able to eat pork twice a day."

She left. Lin Hai was alone.

Typically Chinese in filial devotion, she told herself that for her parents' sake she must obey. A slave she would be to Lee Fong, since a slave she was to China's stony traditions.

Dear Buddha—she sighed—it was her duty, her fate.

And her duty, her fate, a week later, robed in stiff brocade, her hair elaborately done, her cheeks painted stark red and white, to be awaiting the coming of her lord and master—her lord and master who, with his face still bandaged, was being escorted through Chinatown by his friends, congratulating him, strewing flowers, tossing fireworks, while Han Mok, who had watched from the window of his room, went over to the table that held his opium layout.

With shaking fingers he kneaded the brown cube. He roasted it, filled his pipe, emptied it at one deep inhalation.

The drug tasted sweet as summer rain. Again he smoked and again—seventeen pipes one after the other—and the poppy ghosts drew swiftly about him with a wall of fragrant gossamer clouds, suffusing his soul, hiding the world of facts.

On the fourth morning he found that the opium jar was empty. He left the room to buy more. Crossing Pell Street, he met Bill Devoy, who put a heavy hand on his shoulder.

"Say!" he exclaimed. "I don't want to pinch yer. Ye're a decent lad. I'm only gonna talk t'yer like a Dutch uncle—see? Y'gotta cut out the hop—get me? Why, yer poor heathen fish"—pushing Han Mok up against a well polished shop window—"take a good squint at yerself! Yer look like hell hit with a brick! Yaller yer look—yaller even for a Chink! And all shaky and trembly! Y'gotta cut it out, or else—"

With the threat unfinished he went on his way, while Han Mok stared at the reflection of himself. A sick man, sick with the opium fumes in his brain, the despair in his soul; and—he discovered in the course of the day—a ruined man.

For Lee Fong had called on lawyer Rosenblatt. Mongol knavery and Semite craftiness had mingled; had robbed Han Mok of all his savings invested in the Golden Phoenix. Too, the bills he owed to tradesmen had been bought up by Lee Fong, who began to apply pressure steadily, mercilessly; dragging the other to court; obtaining judgments; satisfying them by selling every one of Han Mok's modest possessions.

He did more.

A week later there was a feast day—the *Chung Ho* or Festival of Flowers—and so Pell Street's financial and social cream had foregathered in the Place of Sweet Desire and Heavenly Entertainment.

LEE FONG entered, shook hands right and left, said casually:

"I am a rich man. A very rich man."

A pause. He pointed at people here and there, addressing them with stark directness:

"You, Ho Ti, have not yet paid me for the last shipment of cloudy-mountain tea. Your note for three thousand dollars, Li Ping-Yeng, falls due next month."

Name after name he mentioned; debt after debt; favor received or expected. He went on:

"The Buddha has granted me power. It is my hope that Han Mok be no longer permitted to come here and entertain us with his sword tricks; that, furthermore, his services be no longer required when we celebrate wedding or birth or religious festival."

No answer was needed or given.

So Han Mok's sources of income were cut off; and it was Yung Long who—for the sake of pity or, belike, of parsimony—gave Han Mok a job as a porter at a wage hardly large enough to keep body and soul together.

Still, as the months passed, Lee Fong's hate grew. It became a pathological obsession. For there was Lin Hai whom he, the rich man, had bought—had not been able to buy.

He was generous to her—as he understood it. He surrounded her with luxuries, Chinese as well as American. There was the fur coat which had cost him a thousand dollars, the expensive radio, the diamond ring. There were in her room Pekingese furnishings worthy of a coral-button mandarin, a dragon rug of taupe and tawny orange stretching underfoot; the door hidden by a great ebony-framed screen of pale lotus silk embroidered in silver and maroon; and on table and taboret priceless pieces of porcelain, K'ang Hsi beakers in aubergine and oxblood, peachblow celadon and Fong-hoang emblems in ash-gray and apple-green.

She thanked him politely, since it was her duty. She kept house for him immaculately, since it was her duty. She submitted to his embraces supinely, since it was her duty. But that was all. And Chinatown knew it, as it knew everything.

"Pah!" commented the wife of Ho Ti the tea merchant. "The iron of passion has entered the buffalo's soul!"

"Indeed," agreed the wife of Kang Kee the hatchet man, "he has placed his hand and his heart on the sill of the door of love. And she—ah, she spurns him."

"And what is she," exclaimed an elderly widow, "with all her airs and graces? What is she but a slave girl?"

And that's what Lin Hai replied on the same afternoon, when Lee Fong asked her for the twentieth time if she loved him:

"I am nothing but a slave girl. I belong to you as this rug belongs to you. The rug does not love you. Nor do I."

"You"—in a low voice—"you love Han Mok?"

"I do. I shall always love him."

THEN he beat her. And the gossip of the beating, too, drifted through Chinatown. Han Mok heard of it; and meeting the other near the joss temple, he attacked him, murder in his heart, though unable to carry out his bloody intent. For these last months he had spent almost all his miserable earnings on opium; had starved himself to pay for it. He was weak, was easily winded—and Lee Fong, while frail, was his match.

So they grappled. They rolled on the ground, until Policeman O'Malley ran up and mixed in the contest with democratic impartiality, kicking Lee Fong's feet from under him and bringing his night stick down on Han Mok's head. And the latter was arrested; charged with assault and battery. And Judge G. W. Lefkowitz said:

"Thirty days! Next case."

A month later, when Han Mok was released, he was weaker than ever, the skin on his throat loose and flabby, his eyes red-rimmed.

Bill Devoy saw him and took pity.

"Here y'are"—giving him a ten-dollar bill—"buy yerself a square feed."

He should have known better. Should have known that Han Mok would go straight to Yung Long's shop and exchange the money for a jar of potent Benares poppy. Then, in the windowless back room where the grocer permitted him to sleep among the packing cases, he smoked. He smoked continuously.

The drug fumes whirled up, and it seemed to him that he saw another house—the Pavilion of Exquisite Love it was called—that rose slowly from a garden of great black poppies, curved fantastically into an upper story framed by balconies, then raced away with spires and turrets and tinkling silver bells to a bright pigeon-blue sky.

So he smoked again. The fragrant fumes with the light of the tiny lamp playing upon them laid a shining ribbon of gold from his heart to the pavilion. His feet stepped softly upon it. He reached the pavilion and entered.

Lin Hai was sitting erect on a chair of ebony and lacquer incrusted with rose quartz. She rose when she saw him.

"Hayah! My bridegroom!" she said.

"Hayah! My bride!" he replied—and kowtowed three times.

Happy. So happy.

Then, on the sixth day, he awakened. He was cold. He shivered. The opium jar was empty. He tottered out into the street—and Bill Devoy saw him and cursed loudly and profanely.

"Wot a sucker I was," he cried, "slippin' yer that ten spot! Well, it's Bellevue for yer. Mebbe they'll cure yer—though I have my doubts."

And now, today, Han Mok had come out of Bellevue. And so there was Devoy walking his beat, prey to pessimistic reflections; there was Miss Rutter in the mission chapel, pouring out her soul to her Maker with optimistic and rather imbecile serenity, praying, "I thank Thee, dear Lord, because in Thy mercy Thou hast caused my beloved brother Lee Fong to see the error of his ways!" And—though this preceded Devoy's pessimism as well as Miss Rutter's optimism, being responsible for both—there was Lee Fong, staring down at Lin Hai, who was cowering on her couch, her robe half torn from her body, her back crisscrossed by crimson welts.

All at once he smiled.

"I have reconsidered," he told her. "I have thought left and thought right. It is not Han Mok's fault that you are nothing but a *shuey-kee,* ungrateful, obstinate. I shall reach out a helping hand to him. For once—ah—we were one—not two."

That evening, in the Place of Sweet Desire and Heavenly Entertainment, he spoke similar words:

"For years Han Mok and I were friends. I had almost forgotten. Now I remember."

"You mean," asked the priest, "you will forgive?"

"More than forgive. I shall atone. I—I promise—shall see to it that he suffers no want. I might give him a monthly sum. But he hates me. He would not accept. Therefore let him, as before, amuse us each Saturday with his sword tricks. We shall pay him a hundred dollars a week."

"Too much!" objected Li Ping-Yeng.

"Not too much when you consider that—unbeknown to him—I myself shall contribute ninety of the hundred."

ACHMED ABDULLAH,
of Russian and Afghan blood, was educated at Eton and Oxford. He was formerly an officer in the British-Indian cavalry. He has written many novels, short stories, and plays. His greatest conceit, he admits, is that he is the only English writer ever crowned by the French Academy.

"You are a man of pure heart!" exclaimed the priest.

"I am indeed," replied Lee Fong.

A hundred dollars a week. Food it bought. Raiment. But chiefly opium—and Lee Fong seeing to it that the other got it cheaply, so that Saturday after Saturday a jittery wreck faced the company at the Place of Sweet Desire and Heavenly Entertainment.

The men of Pell Street were amused after their Mongol fashion—which meant Mongol humor, which meant Mongol cruelty. They would look at him standing on the platform at the farther wall of the room, trembling, perspiring, his face mottled and bluish, his fingers fumbling awkwardly. They would break into paroxysms of mirth when occasionally he dropped one of the blades and cut himself.

They slapped their thighs when, with his last remaining shred of pride, he tried again and again to master the ancient craft, to toss the eight swords in a gleaming arc; failed again and again.

Still, Saturday after Saturday he played the mountebank, the tragic buffoon in cap and bells and motley—because of the money, the opium which it bought, and at night in his shabby room the ever-recurring poppy dream of the Pavilion of Exquisite Love. And there Lin Hai awaiting him, her face like a small ivory flower beneath the great wedding gown of paper-thin gold leaves, carved balls of moonstone swinging from the lobes of her ears, her fingernails incased by pointed filigree of lapis lazuli studded with seed pearls.

Rising as he opened the door. Saying:

"Hayah! My bridegroom!"

Happiness—and nothing separating them but the delicate threshold between fact and dream.

THE end came on a Saturday in November. A cold evening with rain, driving the people to warmth and shelter, and the Place of Sweet Desire and Heavenly Entertainment crowded with paunchy merchants who laughed at Han Mok's performance. Laughed a little less loudly because they were beginning to get bored with it. Then Lee Fong entering; and— "Ah!"—a tense breath of amazement sucked in almost simultaneously by fifty thin lips, hands stopping in mid-air with a feathery tinkle-tinkle of teacups—and Yung Long exclaiming:

"By the Buddha's toenails!"

For Lee Fong was not alone. Lin Hai was by his side.

Earlier in the day she had kowtowed to him; had said: "My lord, I had word from Canton. My parents have died. They have leaped the dragon gate."

"May they," he had mumbled ceremoniously, hypocritically, "find bliss at the yellow springs!"

"And so," she had continued, "there is no more need for me to send the monthly allowances. Thus—if you will permit me to return my dower—"

"And set you free?"

"Yes, my lord."

"You still love Han Mok?"

"I shall always love him."

He had raised a fist to strike her. But all at once he had changed his mind as, staring at her, the sudden knowledge had come to him that she was no longer young or lovely or desirable. Wrinkled she was, her eyes lusterless, her face seamed with suffering. And he had smiled; had told her:

"Come!"

"Where?"

"To meet your lover."

So now, in the Place of Sweet Desire and Heavenly Entertainment, Lee Fong approached the platform where Han Mok was fumbling with his swords.

"DID I not tell you," he addressed him, "that when I was through with Lin Hai I would give her to you? Behold! I give her to you tonight. No"—as the other was about to rush from the platform. "Wait! I am a business man. There is the matter of the dower. You are poor. You cannot pay. Except—"

"Except?" whispered Han Mok.

"By amusing us with an exhibition of your ancient craft. Ah"—shrilly—"do your best tonight, O strong man, O tiger! Entertain us well—and entertain your bride!"

Came laughter and, a moment later, fear.

For as they watched it seemed as if the drug-soaked wreck was regaining his power. His eyes seemed clear, his wrists supple, his accents steady as he exclaimed:

"So be it!"

He picked up his weapons; went on:

"Stand still, all of you! Stand very still! Here—if you move as little as an inch—is death!"

The next second he launched the lengths of steel, left, right, with the utmost speed and precision. One swishing between Yung Long's left ear and his left hand held high in a gesture of terror. The second nailing one of Li Ping-Yeng's loose sleeves to the table. The third slicing off the button on Ho Ti's cap. The fourth tossed through the air; the fifth and sixth and seventh. And finally only one blade left; and swinging it around his head in gleaming circles, he stepped up to Lee Fong.

His features were an evil mask. He said mockingly:

"Now is the time for you to order shroud and coffin."

And then, as he was bringing down the sword, all at once he let it drop. He stammered in a thin whisper heard only by Lee Fong: "I—oh—I cannot do this—this thing. For once we were one—not two."

And his strength left him. He stumbled, fell, groveled on the ground, again the drug-soaked wreck. And the merchants, their rage released as their fear ceased, were about to pounce on him.

"Stop!" It was Lee Fong who spoke. He stood there, shielding Han Mok with his body. "I am the rich man of Pell Street. I command."

And to Lin Hai:

"What good are tears? Take your lover by the head—gently, gently—and I shall take him by the feet!"

And so, as years ago, there were evenings when Lee Fong sat by the side of Han Mok's couch arguing, imploring—as Lin Hai would be arguing, imploring; when, at times, with the craving upon Han Mok, Lee Fong attacked him with all his feeble strength and smashed the opium layout; when—as the other, maddened with desire, knocked him down—even then he continued to implore:

"Please! For my sake! Because we love each other! Because we are one—not two!"

And Lin Hai, smiling; saying softly:

"No, no! We are one—not three."

THE END

The Empire of the Kingfish

• READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

"DOWN there I'm the Kingfish!" he declared after his election to the Senate. The whole country chuckled then —but of late it has stopped chuckling and started wondering. "Down there" Huey Long *is* the Kingfish and no mistake. How so, and how much may come of it? These questions being upon every one's lips, Liberty sent Will Irwin to Louisiana to get the real answers. The result is this series. Beginning it last week, Mr. Irwin described the methods by which Long has made himself a veritable dictator holding his state in the hollow of his hand.

PART TWO—THE MAN WHO WOULD BE PRESIDENT

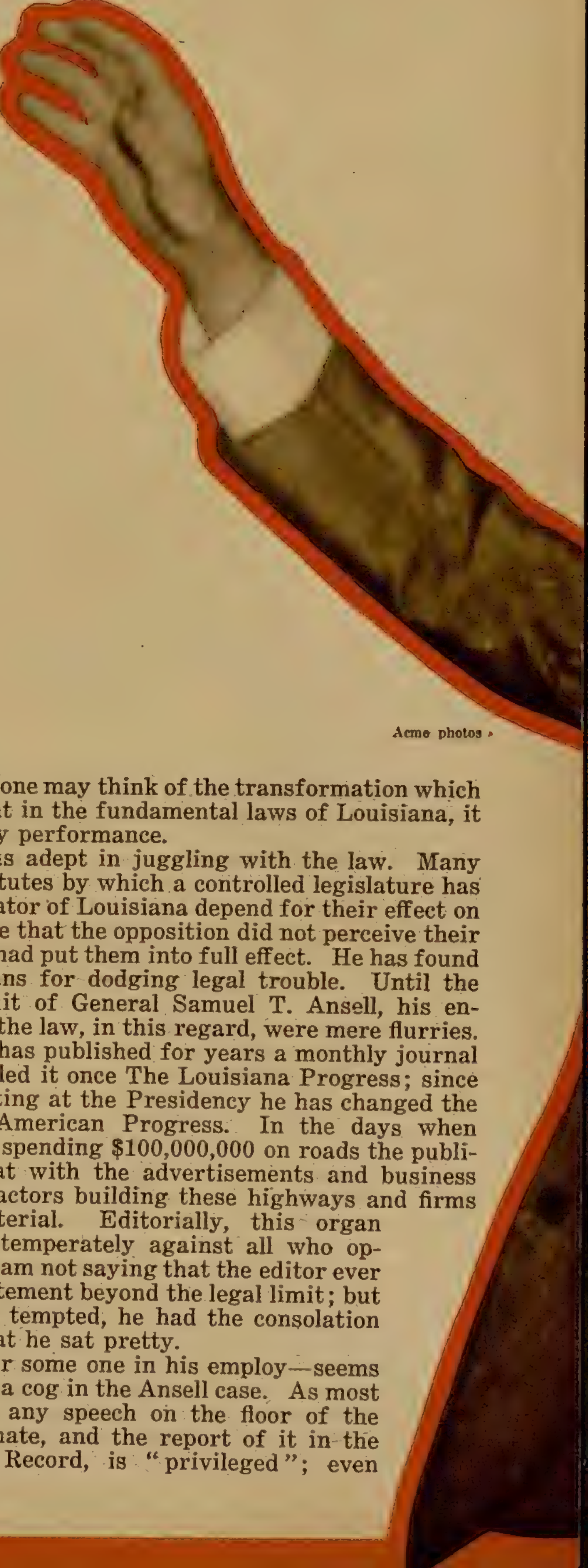
YOU may not like Huey Long but you cannot ignore him. The United States Senate discovered that before he had held his seat two weeks. Among those grave deliberate old men in the august Upper House he catches attention like a Mexican jumping bean in a mess of peas. He is never still. Even when he keeps his seat, his head is gesticulating, or his hands. Now he has risen and rushed to the door, literally to buttonhole a colleague. He has dashed across the chamber to throw his arm across the shoulders of some senator who may want no part of him. Almost in the pose of a tackle about to charge, he is yelling for notice from the chair. Action, action, action! This perhaps is the chief explanation for him. Like Theodore Roosevelt, he is superenergized; and that physical energy is only a nervous outlet for dynamic mental energy.

He has reached his strange eminence because of a mind which thinks twice while that of his opponent is thinking once, and which drives him to instant and decisive action. It may think superficially; but ninety-nine per cent of politics deals with superficial things.

One of its qualities is a prodigious memory. He absorbs a fact, whether from a book or from life, on sight; and he never forgets. He had been in his youth a roving peddler, first of patent medicines and then of kitchen commodities—a rough high-powered door-to-door salesman. Already, very likely, he was carrying round in his head the rudiments of his "Share-Our-Wealth" policy. Political ambition had already dawned on him, perhaps even his Presidential ambition.

Married and impoverished though he was, he entered Tulane University as a special student in law, completed a three-year course in eight months, and without pull or favor passed the examinations. He shows such uncanny knowledge of flaws or scandals in the characters or lives of even his meanest opponents that Louisiana cherishes the myth of an Intelligence Department busy collecting facts. "Hokum!" remarked an experienced Louisiana politician who was once in with Long and is now out. "He doesn't need a secret service. His recreation is gossip, and it's a tool with him. And Huey has never yet forgotten anything!"

He had only three years' practice at law—mostly with accident-indemnity cases—before, as a youth in his twenties, he got himself elected Railroad Commissioner and afterward Public Service Commissioner, and adopted politics as a profession. Since then he has held intermittently a partnership in a law firm, to which he gives few personal services. Yet when in 1932 his local opposition questioned the right of his delegates to sit in the Democratic Convention, he came through with a sound legal argument which won admiration even from his opponents. And whatever one may think of the transformation which he has wrought in the fundamental laws of Louisiana, it was a masterly performance.



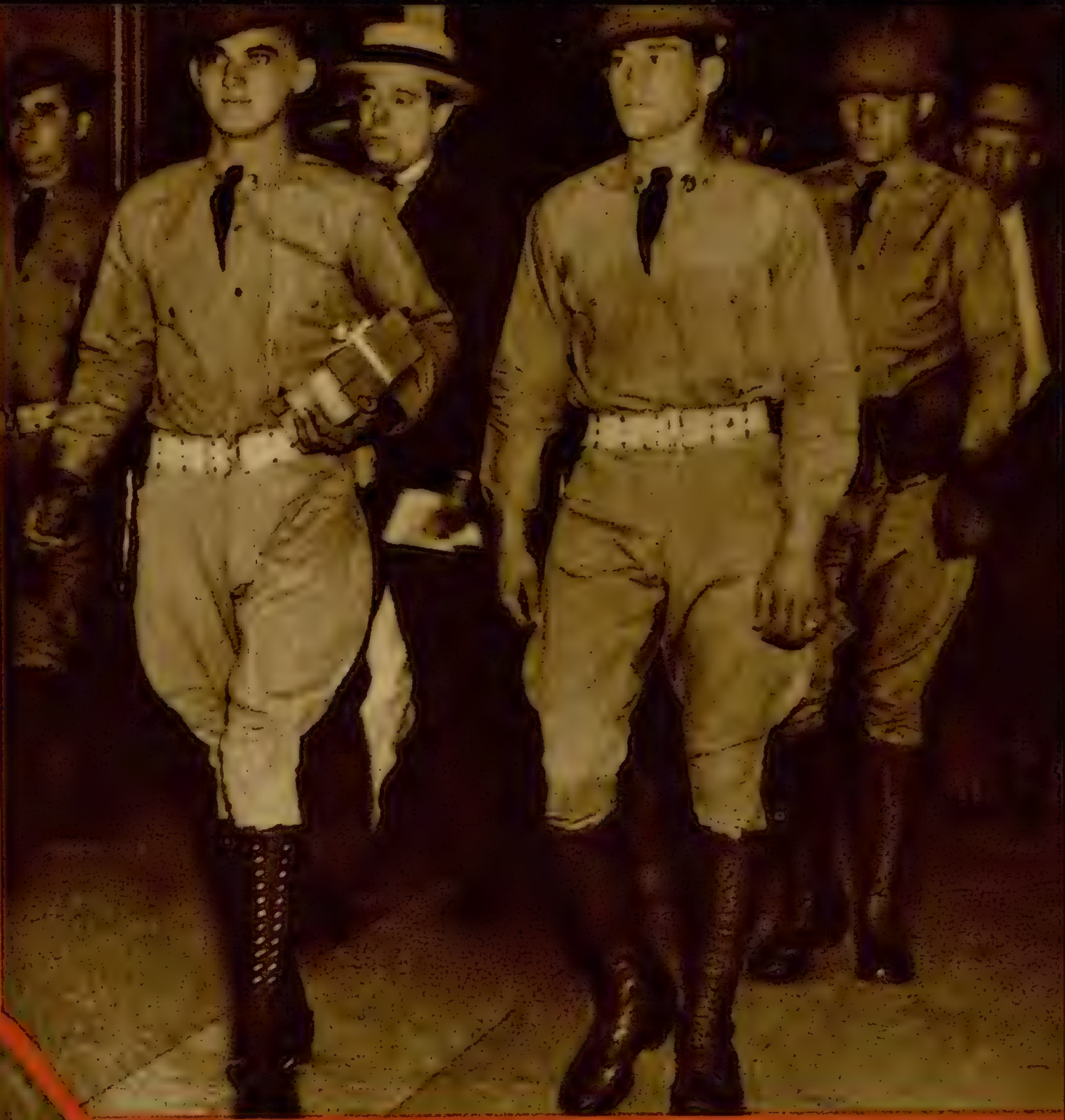
Acme photos

He is just as adept in juggling with the law. Many of the new statutes by which a controlled legislature has made him dictator of Louisiana depend for their effect on jokers so subtle that the opposition did not perceive their trend until he had put them into full effect. He has found ingenious means for dodging legal trouble. Until the recent libel suit of General Samuel T. Ansell, his encounters with the law, in this regard, were mere flurries.

His faction has published for years a monthly journal of his. He called it once The Louisiana Progress; since he began shooting at the Presidency he has changed the title to The American Progress. In the days when Louisiana was spending $100,000,000 on roads the publication grew fat with the advertisements and business cards of contractors building these highways and firms supplying material. Editorially, this organ raged most intemperately against all who opposed Long. I am not saying that the editor ever stretched a statement beyond the legal limit; but if ever he was tempted, he had the consolation of knowing that he sat pretty.

Yet Long—or some one in his employ—seems to have slipped a cog in the Ansell case. As most readers know, any speech on the floor of the House and Senate, and the report of it in the Congressional Record, is "privileged"; even

What Manner of Man Is Huey Long? Is He Clown, Despot, or Statesman? Here, Without Prejudice or Bias, Is an Attempt to Find All the Answers



"Guarded fore and aft by armed men"—in fact, entirely surrounded by them—the audacious but prudent Kingfish arrives for a state investigation of hostile New Orleans.

by WILL IRWIN

though the statement be false, the target cannot sue for damages. General Ansell had served as counsel for a senatorial committee investigating charges of fraud in a New Orleans election. As such, he bore down heavily on Long. From the Senate floor Long attacked Ansell. Warming up, he offered to abrogate his Senate privileges and "meet his man in the open." Taking him at his word, Ansell sued. Long backed down and pleaded his privileges. But he had the speech printed and widely distributed under his senatorial frank. First, however, some one sprinkled it with subheads which expressed an exceeding low opinion of General Ansell. These subheads had not been uttered on the floor. And on the strength of them the general is now pressing an annoying suit.

With that mind—somewhat untrained and therefore often inexact but powerful and daring—goes great talent as an impromptu actor. This is perhaps the chief element in his success as a rough-and-ready campaign orator. Is his audience skeptical or hostile? Long becomes the smooth honeyed persuader—a man slandered and persecuted, with a head bloody but unbowed. Is it unusually intelligent? He becomes the advocate at the bar.

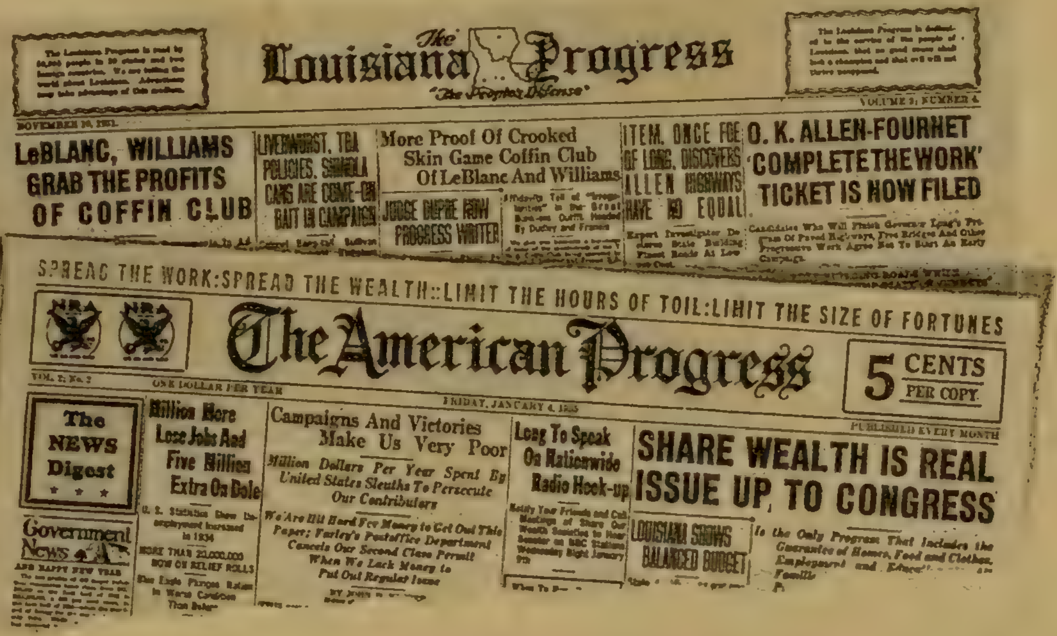
But he shines brightest when he faces a friendly audience of those Southern back-countrymen from whose midst he sprang. He gives his accent, his pronunciation, his vocabulary, and his grammar the native slant. He draws from the Bible. He rises to hysterical emotional climaxes—and then, like any good dramatist, lets off steam with a laugh. His stories before the rural audiences, whether old American or French Cajun in blood, have the native tang. Here is one as transcribed for a New Orleans newspaper:

"We've got two Baptist congregations in Shreveport—the white Baptists and the colored Baptists. I belong to the white Baptists." (Laughter here, of course.) "Every year we have a big revival meeting. The preacher asks us all to get up and tell what the Lord has done for us. Well, one year every one had got up and told what the Lord had done for him—all but one man. The preacher called on him: 'Get up, brother, and tell what the Lord has done for you!' The man did get up—with one arm gone and a hole in his head—and said, 'I'll tell you what the Lord has done for me. He damn near wrecked me!'"

Sometimes it is a flash of native wit. Once, running to the very heights of insult, he had been denouncing the New Orleans machine. He stilled the roar of applause which followed, and added softly:

"You ain't heard nothin' yet. I'm goin' back to the kitchen now and git some mo' fire!"

He can ring the gamut of thrilling and picturesque abuse. When some one at a meeting of his heaved a rotten egg he called the thrower "a suck-egg pup and a dirty polecat coward!" Above everything he is concrete in his promises. He does not paint for his rural audiences a picture of a vague Eden. Instead he shouts: "When I get started in this state, you're all going to own an automobile and a radio!"


The Louisiana Progress
"The People's Defense"
LeBLANC, WILLIAMS GRAB THE PROFITS OF COFFIN CLUB
More Proof Of Crooked Skin Game Coffin Club Of LeBlanc And Williams
ITEM, ONCE FOE OF LONG, DISCOVERS ALLEN HIGHWAYS HAVE NO EQUAL
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Campaigns And Victories Make Us Very Poor
Million Dollars Per Year Spent By United States Sleuths To Persecute Our Contributors
We Are Hit Hard For Money to Get Out This Paper; Farley's Postoffice Department Cancels Our Second Class Permit When We Lack Money to Put Out Regular Issue
Long To Speak On Nationwide Radio Hook-up
SHARE WEALTH IS REAL ISSUE UP TO CONGRESS
LOUISIANA SHOWS BALANCED BUDGET
Government News

In 1931 the Kingfish called his organ Louisiana Progress. Now, shooting at the Presidency, he has renamed it American Progress.

When J. M. Smith, his man, was installed as president of the State University, the dignitaries sat in cap and gown expecting Long to attempt an academic speech and speculating on the results. He fooled them. He swung into his impersonation of a rough humorous character. "About admission to this university," he said. "I don't want any entrance examinations. *I* couldn't have entered this university. You can't tell, when a boy comes up and applies, whether he's going to make good. You ain't any of you smart enough for that. Half of you weren't even smart enough to vote for me!"

"And," remarked a professor from a university which has no admiration for Long, "it's odd, but we found ourselves rather liking him!"

ONCE, very soon after he consented to sit in the Senate, Long spoke privately in New York before an assembly of writers, painters, and magazine editors. His newspaper reputation as a freak had preceded him; they expected to laugh at this clown. Instead he gave them, with the air of a statesman, a logical and reasoned exposition of his theories. He made no converts; but most of his audience left the hall wondering whether the newspapers had not been misrepresenting him. And they too found themselves liking him. Indeed, these sudden and shrewd variations of his act constitute one of his strengths. He has so behaved as to create in the mind of the observer the picture of a despot or a clown. Suddenly he performs a benevolent or statesmanlike act—always when you least expect it. The reaction is inevitable. Why, he's a good fellow after all! The newspapers must have been knocking!

Along with this goes a complementary talent as a showman. Not a daily newspaper in Louisiana supports him at present; yet they all publish his doings on the front page. Following the modern method, these hostile newspapers usually give this news an invidious slant. Long's supporters, indeed, declare that the local journals lead a nation-wide conspiracy to misrepresent him. But it gets printed. And in these days it is news, not editorial, that makes public opinion. This has stood always a canon to the press-agentry of politics: When they laugh with you—you have them. When they laugh at you—you are gone! Long, whose specialty is breaking precedents, broke this one before he had been six months in office. He could perform an act which, as reported in the newspapers, jarred the refined to the marrow of their bones, or rendered him as ridiculous as a pig in a trap—but it made the front page.

Sometimes, indeed, his most astonishing performances were not so indiscreet as they seemed. He received the commander of a German warship, calling officially, in a suit of green pajamas and bath slippers. No newspaper in the land failed to record that episode next day, with humorous or disapproving comment. But the back country, as one New Orleans newspaper noted, merely remarked in the local dialect, "Ain't that Huey a cutter!"

HOWEVER, the act had its flaw. *Silk* pajamas! He had to explain to rural audiences that those dude garments were a gift, not a purchase. When he signed his famous and fruitless cotton manifesto, he had himself filmed wearing the cotton nightshirt of simplicity and virtue.

When his recent radio campaign stirred the conservatives of the North and East with a faint unease, some one blamed the newspapers. "If they'd stop advertising him, he'd fade out," said this critic. But what newspaper can ignore him when he calls out the militia to suppress with small arms, gas guns, and artillery the vice of New Orleans or a "revolt" in Baton Rouge?

In this successful reaching for publicity, as in most of his political acts, the motto is Audacity. Here we run afoul of another contradiction in this amazingly complex character. Even allowing for the exaggerations of his opponents, it seems probable that he has a streak of physical timidity. From the moment when he became governor, he employed a good able slugger as a bodyguard—even though in that period no one else saw the need. Nowadays, when there is possibly some need, he emerges from the train at New Orleans guarded fore and aft by armed men. Yet again and again, in his rise to a small throne, he has seemed to stake his whole political future on an act which no one else would dare attempt.

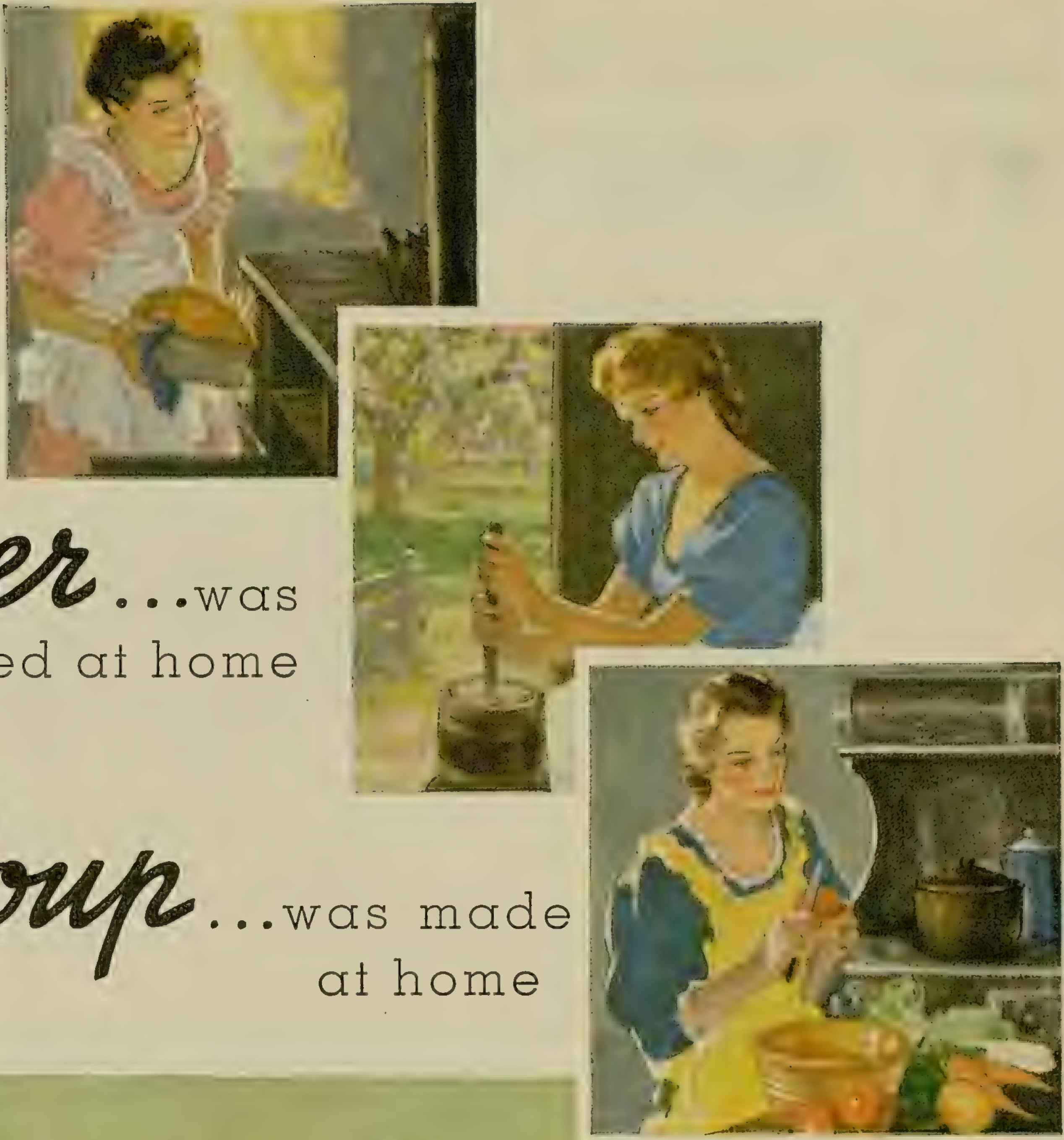
He has created burning and even murderous animosities, and affections and loyalties just as fierce. Even when he fails to get his charm over the footlights, he has about him a phalanx of men who would give their lives for him. His closest friends say that he has a wide sentimental streak. In a region where most men hunt and fish, he never does either. "He can't bear to kill anything," says one of his country constituents, "he's that soft-hearted!" They say also that he believes the Bible literally, even though he may stray occasionally from its ethics. He is forever snapping off an argument with, "It's all in the Bible; you can't go back of that!" To these friends he is a Croesus of generosity and service. "I've often seen him on the verge of crying over somebody's grief or misfortune,"

(Continued on page 19)

Bread.. was baked at home

Butter...was churned at home

Soup...was made at home



....until *Campbell's* brought a new idea in soup making!

Modern home management marches on... new kitchens for old... the bread comes from the baker's, the butter from the creamery, the soup from the grocery store... endless kitchen hours saved... yet the family dining table sparkles as never before.

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Served with ease!

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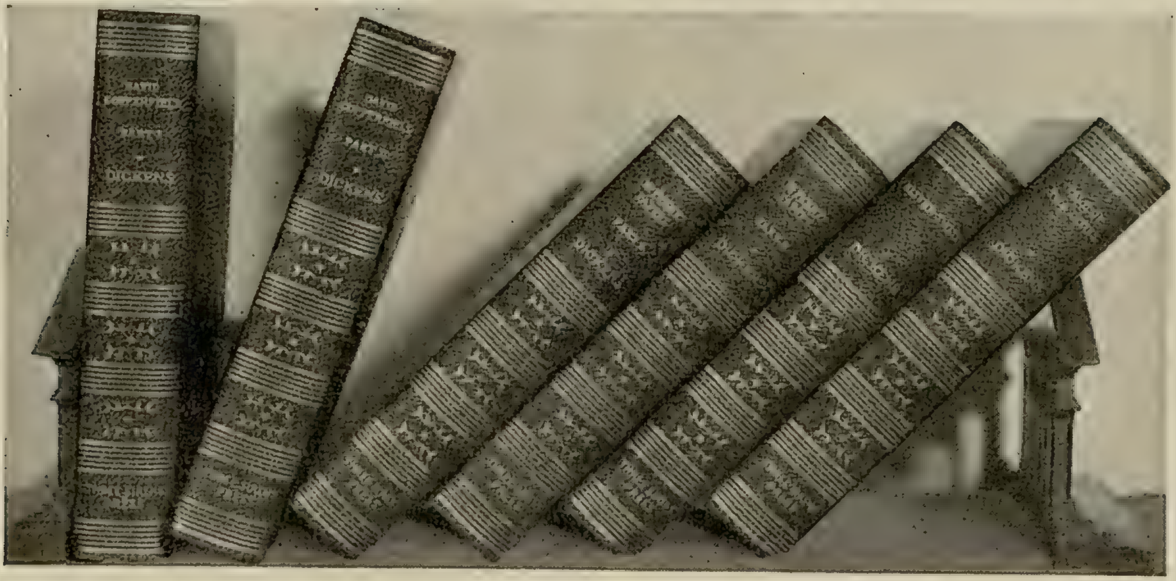

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(Continued from page 16) says the same informant. He seems to dislike physical exercise, although of late he has begun to trifle with golf. But he does like parties, either stag or mixed; and when the company is congenial he leads the merriment. His rough wit helps there. He has a good voice, and delights to lean his head up against that of a boon companion or a cabaret performer and draw out a barber-shop chord; he dances with abandon and enjoyment. An immoderate eater, he seems to work off the surplus nourishment with his mental energy. He was until recently a careless and casual drinker. Then, for what exact reason no one knows, he "cut it out."

Like many men who have a dynamo inside, he gets along with very little sleep. A constituent and confidant says that once he occupied the next room to Long in Washington. They struggled with a problem of Louisiana politics until three in the morning. Then the visitor, worn out, went to bed. At half past four Long waked him by sitting down on his feet. He had just hatched a splendid new idea. He thrashed it out until six o'clock; and at noon he was in his seat at the Senate, as fresh as a daisy.

Yet even these panegyrists of Huey Long admit his ruthlessness both to his enemies and to those among his supporters who have disobeyed orders. Wherever he sits, Huey Long must be head of the table. He has the temperament of an absolute monarch. Disobedience constitutes treason, and the penalty for treason to Long is political death. That ruthlessness serves him as one of his practical tools. "You see," remarked a cog in the Long machine in a frank moment, "we figure it this way: nineteen men out of twenty can be got and the twentieth can be skeered."

He does not hesitate to use revelation or the threat of it. In the impeachment proceedings of 1929 a newspaper publisher was opposing him. Nevertheless they were on speaking terms. One morning Huey Long remarked to him casually, "I sent you a message today by your managing editor. Did you get it?" The publisher had received no such message. Calling his managing editor into the office, he made him, reluctantly, deliver it: "Huey Long wanted me to tell you that he was thinking of publishing the names of all the Louisiana people who have relatives in insane asylums." This was a home shot at the publisher. His brother, a soldier in the World War, had returned from hard front-line service in France with his mind temporarily clouded. That very day the publisher bravely told this story on the front page of his newspaper; and the next night Long made good by retelling it, with the identity of the publisher transparently disguised, over the radio. Whoever opposes Huey Long must be a George Washington and a Sir Galahad, or else risk exposure on a sharp and vigorous tongue.

THIS method in politics is his safeguard from attack. It goes almost without saying that any ordinary man with his record would be extremely vulnerable. As long ago as 1929 he had about sixty relatives or connections by marriage on the public pay rolls. He has done many things for the material benefit, even the spiritual benefit, of Louisiana; and as recompense has packed up her ancient liberties and locked them in his closet. From his seat in Washington he runs the show. Holding no office under the state administration, he has taken personal possession of the legislature and forced the passage of bills which not only expressed his political theories but worked to perpetuate the power of his machine. During his own administration as governor and that of his rigidly controlled successor the state government spent some $100,000,000 for highways; and some of the details of this expenditure have caused criticism, to put it mildly.

But when any one starts a dangerous attack, Long wastes little time in defense. Stopping only to say "Liar!" he inserts a metaphorical dagger into a weak spot of his opponent's anatomy, and twists it round. By the time he has roared his charges across the footlights or over the air waves he usually has his adversary silenced by eloquent noise. It is an old maxim of publicity that the rebuttal seldom catches up with the original damaging statement. Long has reversed that. When he has finished, the case usually consists of rebuttal and nothing else.

Men with such native audacity are impatient of defense; resistance and disaster only sharpen their avidity for attack. Consider, as typical, the episode at the Sands Point Bath Club, Long Island, in the summer of 1933. This affair is still a little mysterious. Stripped to its essence: During a Sunday-night dinner-dance Long had behaved like a child of nature. He retired to the washroom, from which a minute later he emerged on the run, nursing a damaged eye. In the excitement he doubtless had no chance to think; but instinct worked. "This is the first time for years that I've gone out without a bodyguard," he said in effect. "And look what happened. Wall Street agents got me!" Before morning he was more specific. Four thugs, probably from the House of Morgan, had done the job. He had escaped with his life only by running between their legs. And he swung into a denunciation of Wall Street and all its works.

This affair might have ruined any other American politician. But Long! In Louisiana last January I found such constituents as remembered the episode believing that Huey had a narrow and fortunate escape from the janizaries of big business; while even his opponents wondered whether the Sands Point affair really happened or was just "newspaper talk."

WHEN in 1930 Louisiana elected him United States senator, Heflin of Alabama was leaving the Upper House, and a conservative senator remarked to me:

"Heflin's out and Long's in. And it's the same old Senate. We always have a wild man. We let him blow off steam—and then tame him." But Long proved to be of the same breed as those incurably bucking broncos. No senator ever born could hold a seat on *him!* From the first he showed a skill at negotiation, at trading, and at refusing to be bluffed, which got him what he wanted to an amazing degree. Some of his success in the Senate may be attributed to fear of that unbridled tongue. But the main cause is the man's genius not for statesmanship but for sheer politics. "He's a smart man," say even his enemies.

Apart from his own extraordinary abilities as an unpatterned politician, he owes his hold over Louisiana to two almost accidental factors. First, the hard times put jobs at a dizzy premium; and the Long machine, with the Long program, was a superb maker of jobs. Second, in his time Louisiana has brought forward no other equally skillful politician who has also the unblemished record which a man would need to win a finish fight with Long. Now he is out for domination of the whole Lower Mississippi Valley and the creation of a third party, or a faction of the Democratic Party, which shall some day make him President on his Share-Our-Wealth platform.

He had his eye on the White House—perhaps believed it his certain destiny—even when he was only Public Service Commissioner of the state. With characteristic audacity, he began his open campaign by frontal attack on the President and on Postmaster-General Farley. Here at last he is up against political class.

This is a character sketch of a man whom I do not know personally. It would be of no use, I suppose, to try to know him. I should find him, I take it, in one of his actor moods—showing but one facet of his character. I have preferred to construct him like a historical character from the tales and estimates of enemies, former intimates, present friends, and mere observers who have enjoyed his acquaintance for years. And they can tell you of his sayings and doings, but not much of the essential man. His inner springs are still a mystery. No one, I feel, really knows Huey Long. Perhaps that is always true of a genius.

What chance has Huey Long of being elected President in 1936?—in 1940? Will he persist in his third-party threat or try to capture the Democratic Party? How much does opposition to him in Louisiana amount to, and what would prosperity's return do to him as dictator? Read Mr. Irwin's concluding article in Liberty next week!

RIGHT to the HEART

A Stirring New Novel of Life and Love in These Exciting Times—The Story of a Fighter and a Lady and Their Brave and Buoyant Romance

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

HOLLY SAYLES, sitting out a dance at Bird Sexton's party with Ray Hallam, refuses his proposal of marriage, explaining that she feels cheated by life—that she wants something tremendously exciting which marriage with him will not supply. Bennie Harbough interrupts their tête-à-tête to inform them that he has four tickets for the fight between the heavyweight champion, Monty West, and the Texas Cock. Bennie, Frances Chester, Harris Beach, and Holly motor to the fight, where Holly, carried away by the excitement and the very apparent good looks of the champion, throws her handbag into the ring when the titleholder scores a knockout. After the fight the party of four meet Monty, and Holly tells him he can keep the bag as a memento.

Next day she casually informs her parents that she attended the bout and met Monty. They, just as casually, suggest that she should not have gone. Holly persuades Bennie to meet her in the city and bring Monty to tea. They meet, Bennie is forced to leave, and the champion and Holly go for a drive in the Connecticut hills. The two become so much better acquainted that when they part it is with the understanding that they will meet again the next day.

That night Holly reads several newspaper biographies of Monty and reflects somewhat miserably on his background and his rather obvious attire. Gradually, however, she realizes that it is the man himself that matters!

PART TWO—A CLASH AND A CLIMAX

"I TELL you, I don't care! I won't do it and that's all there is to it."

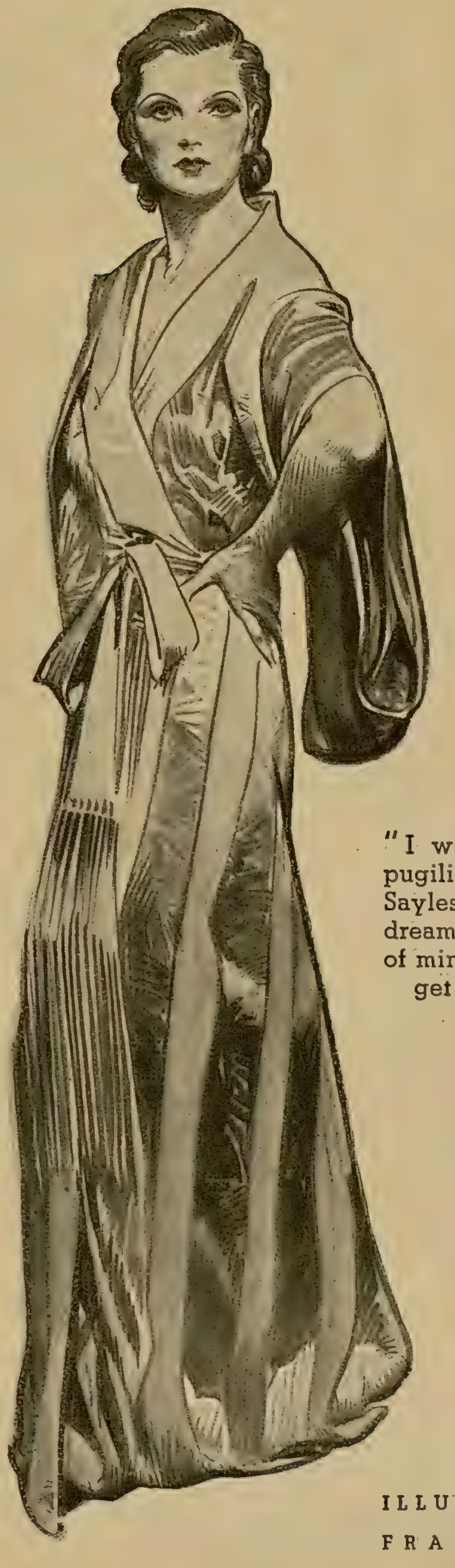
"But, for God's sake, *why?* If you'd tell me that—"

"I've already told you. I'm a boxer, not an actor," Monty said and stopped beside the table and looked grimly down at the paper, folded to show a half-page ad announcing: "MONTY WEST—IN PERSON! Come and hear the Champ's own account of his victory! See him in action! Get a close-up of the famous uppercut! MONTY WEST—IN PERSON!" Monty flipped the paper on to the floor. "I'm not going out on any stage and make a damn' fool of myself for anybody."

"Do you know how much that'll cost you?"

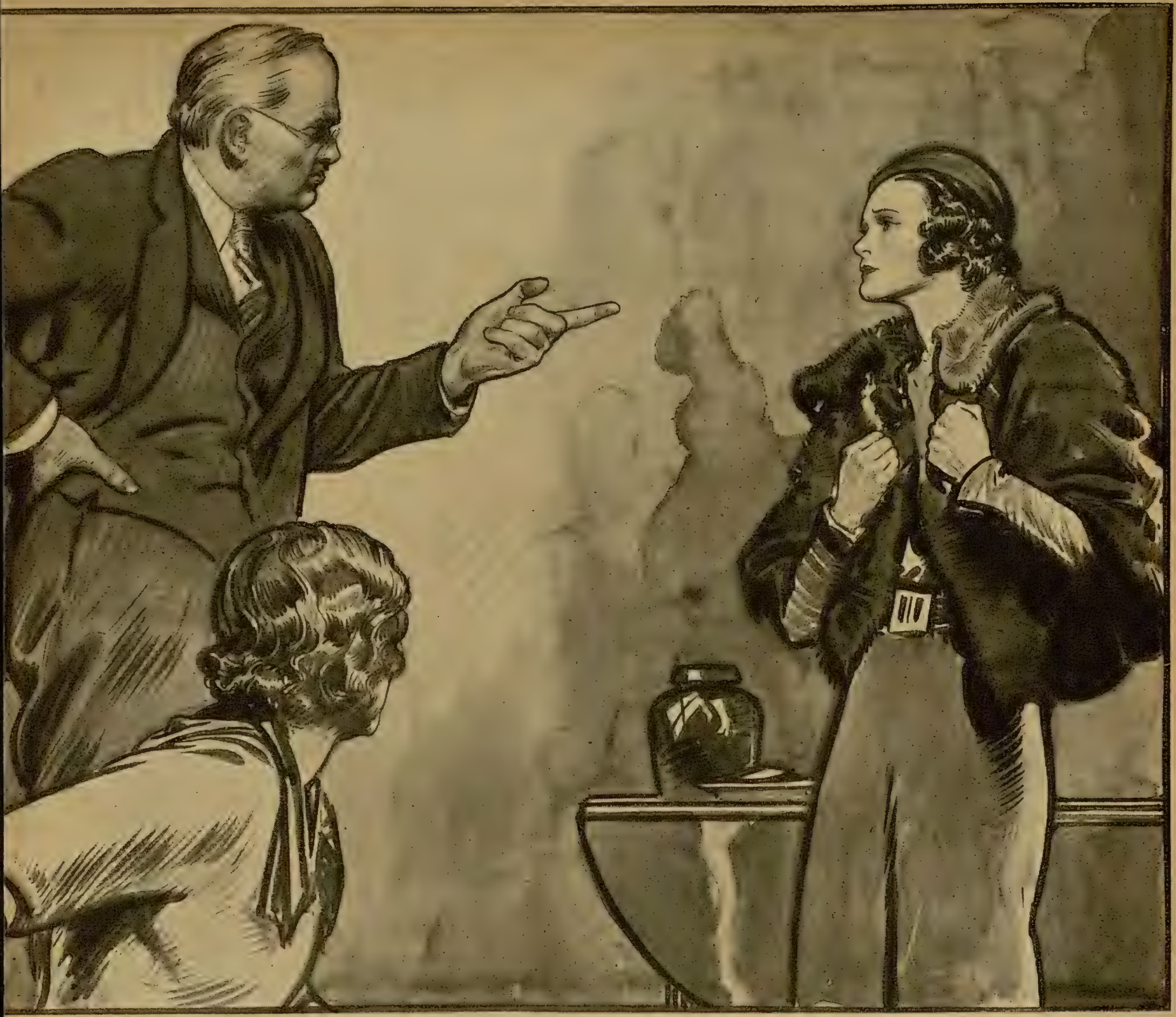
"I don't care what it costs me. I won't do it."

Old Otto had been on the verge of apoplexy. His fat round face, seamy as an ancient tree, was the color of



"I was referring to his pugilistic talents," Mr. Sayles snapped. "I never dreamed that a daughter of mine would so far forget herself as to—"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK GODWIN



by REITA LAMBERT

port. His scalp, under the few gray hairs plastered upon it, was the same shade. His shirt clung in soaked patches to his tubby old body. But now he gave it up. He went lax in his chair and smiled pleasantly.

"Fine!" he said warmly. "Maybe some day you'll get a nice job as Scoutmaster."

Monty loved old Otto Spech as he loved no one else. Otto had been his manager, his friend, his second father—more, a good deal more of a father than his first.

"Listen, Otto," Monty said gently. "It's bad enough to be a pug—"

"What do you mean—bad enough to be a pug!"

"Well, I mean—I don't mean what you think I mean, Otto. I'm not ashamed of it. I mean as long as a pug stays where he belongs, in the ring, he needn't be ashamed of it. There's a kind of dignity about it. I mean, boxing is a legitimate sport. But when he begins to—well, to commercialize himself—like punching a bag on the stage for a lot of counterjumpers and school kids, well, he cheapens himself."

Otto slanted a ragged eyebrow at him. "Where'd you get all them fifty-cent words?"

Monty grinned but his ears were pink. "I kind of felt this way about that vaudeville thing before I signed up. You know damned well how I hated it before."

"You didn't hate the money."

"I don't need the money now." He came and sat on the table and patted Otto's thick shoulder. From the next room the sound of loud and cheerful voices, the occasional clink of glass announced that the men gathered there to see the champion had found ways of beguiling the tedium of waiting. "Listen, Otto. You talk to Busch about this vaudeville business. He's a good fella. You tell him it wouldn't be fair to him for me to take his money. Tell him I know I'd be a flop. Maybe if we reimburse him for what he's paid out in advertising and things and add a little bonus, he'll let us off."

"Maybe he will. And maybe he'll be so pleased he'll give you a nice picture of himself to hang over the mantel." Otto labored to his feet. "And, speaking of pictures, if you don't start autographing some pretty soon you'll get writer's itch trying to catch up."

Monty looked at his watch. "I can't do it now. I've got a date. And listen, Otto. I can't see any more people today. You get rid of those guys. And ask Flemming to come into my room for a minute, will you?"

"Sure, your highness," Otto said. His lip curled back from his yellow teeth and his shrewd old eyes bored at Monty. "Listen, kid. I don't hire out to wet-nurse primer donners. What's the matter with you the last coupla weeks, anyways? Anybody'd think—"

"Let 'em," Monty snapped, and went out.

In his own bedroom, he attacked his thick fair hair with a pair of gold-backed military brushes. He was still at it when George Flemming came in. George Flemming, A.B., A.M., Ph.D. When George had accepted the job as secretary to the champion a few weeks before, Monty had looked at his card and asked what all those letters meant. George had explained that they were his degrees and Monty had been astonished. "I thought a degree was something you got when you got a divorce," he had said and laughed as loudly as George over his own simplicity.

"HELLO, George. Come on in and sit down. I wanted to ask you about autographing those pictures of mine. I thought maybe you could help me."

"You mean you'd like to have me sign them for you? Fake your signature?"

"N-no. I couldn't do that. After all, people pay a quarter for 'em and I wouldn't want to sell the poor devils a fake signature. But I thought maybe we could have one of those rubber stamps made of mine. Think that would work?"

"Why, yes. I think we could arrange that."

"I wish you would, then. They're kind of piling up and I'm pretty busy right now." Monty sat down on the edge of the bed. "Damn fool thing to do, I suppose. Still, actresses do it—movie stars, people like that." He eyed his secretary anxiously. "I mean, we don't make any money out of it."

"I should say it was a perfectly legitimate thing to do," George Flemming said. "If people want your picture, they should be willing to pay for it."

"Sure. That's it," Monty said, relieved.

George stood up. "I'll see about the rubber stamp this afternoon, as soon as I get the letters off. Is there anything else?"

"N-no. And thanks a lot."

"Quite all right. By the way, Miss Decatur phoned again."

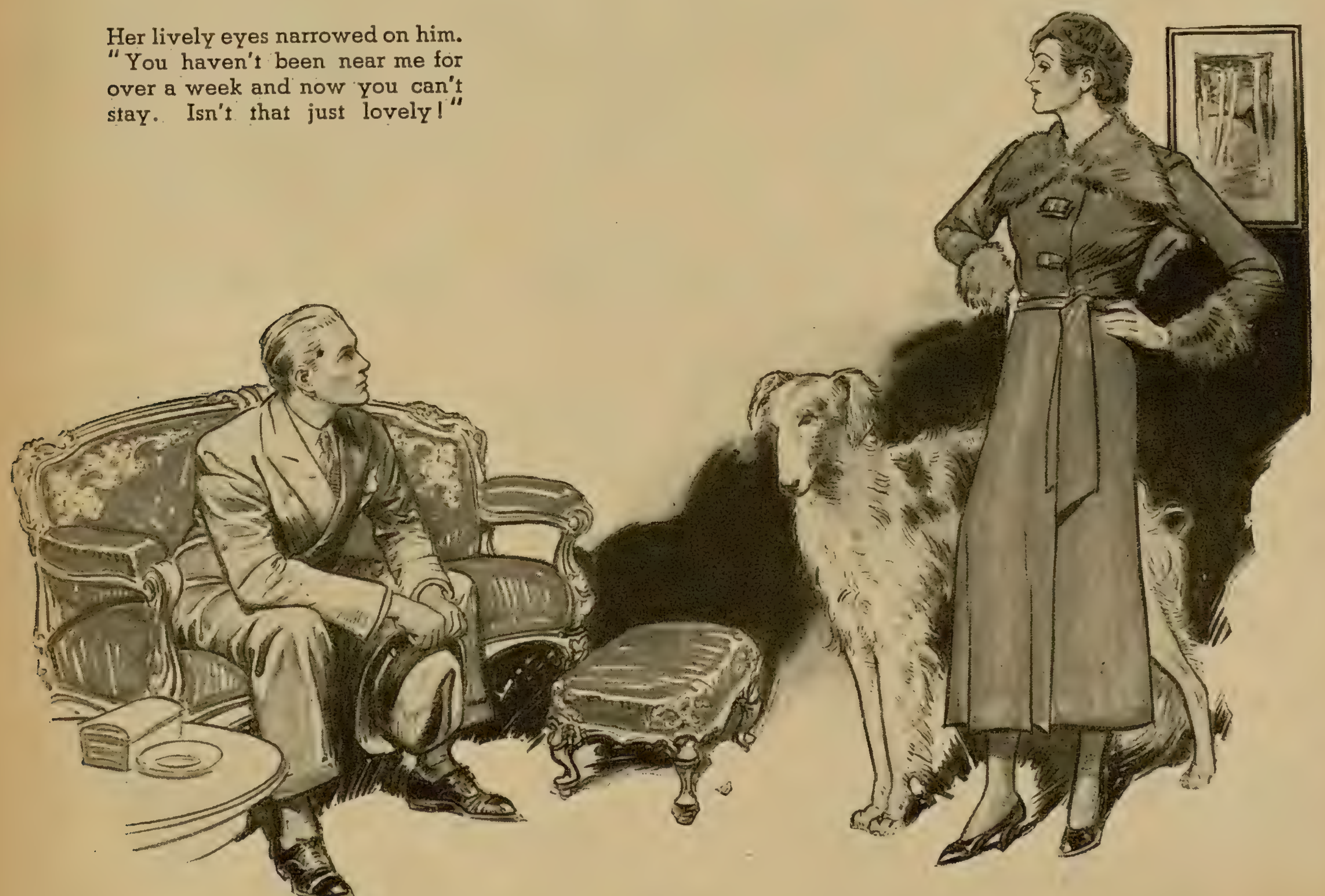
"Holy Pete! I forgot to— All right. Thanks."

His eyes followed the secretary out. He turned and looked at himself in the mirror, frowning at what he saw. There was something—it couldn't be the suit. The suit had cost him a hundred and fifty dollars. The material had come from England, soft gray with a faint line of lavender. His handkerchief—protruding just far enough from his breast pocket to show the monogram—and tie were a perfect match. Still—perhaps it would be better if they weren't. Flemming, he noticed, always carried a white handkerchief. Enormous very fine linen affairs, very white. And his ties were invariably dark.

Suddenly Monty ripped off his tie, found a gray one and put it on. He searched frantically through his bureau drawers and even his trunk. But it appeared he didn't own a white handkerchief. Not a plain white one. He gave up looking finally, shoved the lavender monogram inside his pocket, and went out. He had intended going straight to Bunny's on the chance that Holly might be early. But since she was invariably late, he decided to drop in at Annette's. She wouldn't forgive him if he let another day pass without seeing her.

When Annette Decatur's new show was a hit, she moved into a nice little furnished apartment on Fifty-second Street, installed a colored maid named Imogene, a Russian wolfhound named Petrushka, and settled down to savor her success. It had been a long time coming, for she was nearing thirty and had made her footlight debut—second from the end in the front row—when she was sixteen. But she had intelligence and perseverance, and the genial dimpled charms of a contented baby. And now her name was in electric lights and her picture—with the wolf-

(Continued on page twenty-four)



Her lively eyes narrowed on him. "You haven't been near me for over a week and now you can't stay. Isn't that just lovely!"

"LAST NIGHT HE PUT THE RING ON MY FINGER"

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Many a woman without realizing it is *spoiling her own looks.* She *thinks* she removes cosmetics thoroughly, but actually she is leaving bits of stale rouge and powder in the pores day after day. Then the pores become choked—tiny blemishes, dullness, blackheads, perhaps, warn of Cosmetic Skin.

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LUPE VELEZ

LUX
TOILET SOAP

USE ROUGE AND POWDER? OF COURSE I DO, BUT THANKS TO LUX TOILET SOAP I'LL NEVER HAVE COSMETIC SKIN

(Continued from page twenty-two)

hound—might be seen almost any Sunday in the rotogravure section of some metropolitan newspaper.

Today when Monty rang the bell it was after four and she was dressing to take Petrushka out for a walk. She had no very deep affection for Petrushka, but a smartly dressed woman with a dog on a leash had always seemed to Annette the ultimate achievement in chic. Petrushka lay beside the chaise longue, her nose resting on her paws, her melancholy eyes fixed hopefully on her mistress.

"Yeah," Annette told her over her shoulder, "you may have a pedigree but that don't keep you from smelling like a dog all the same— Come in, Imogene! What's on your mind—if any?"

"Mistuh West is callin', ma'am."

"Oh!" She turned quickly back to the mirror. "Well, tell him I'll be out in a minute. And listen. Take Petrushka in the kitchen with you. She drives Monty crazy."

She finished dressing hurriedly. The new rust velvet with the sable lapels and the streamline silhouette. She ran her palms over her hips and frowned. Success hadn't been any too good for her hips. She'd have to do something. Oh, well, Monty wouldn't notice her hips. He wasn't likely to notice anything about her if he was still mooning around like a doped hen. But maybe he wasn't. Maybe—

But when she saw Monty sitting on the pseudo-Louis Quinze sofa, hunched over, with his hat swinging between his knees, the hope went out of her.

He stood up. "Hello, Net! How's the girl?"

"Just dying to know, aren't you? Well, sit down and I'll put your mind at rest."

"I can't stay more than a minute," he said, sitting down, "but I thought I'd just drop in."

Her lively hazel eyes narrowed on him. "More than a minute! You haven't been near me for over a week and now you can't stay more than a minute. Isn't that just lovely of you!"

"Aw, now, Net!"

"And you're getting so damn' snooty that you can't even answer your own telephone any more."

"I've been pretty busy."

"Yeah. With a lot of heavy dates. I suppose you got one for this afternoon?"

"I—well, yes."

"Well, don't let me keep you, you great lover, you!"

He said pleadingly, "Aw, don't be like that, Net. Please."

SHE glanced down at him and suddenly she smiled and shrugged. "O. K., champ." She sat down beside him. "Come on, spill it. You still trying to break into the Social Register?"

"You've got this girl all wrong, Annette," he said. "She's as democratic as—as you are!"

"*Is* she! You mean she's had you up to dinner? Introduced you to poppa and momma? I see they've moved back to town. Saw it in the paper this morning. 'Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Prentiss Sayles have reopened their town house.' On Seventy-first Street, isn't it?"

"I don't know."

"I didn't think you would." She brushed his hand with scarlet-tipped fingers. "Listen, Monty. You're not really in love with her, are you?"

He tried to laugh, and pity caught her throat. "Who am I to be in love with a girl like that? You saw her."

Yes, Annette had seen her in the dressing room that night. She had seen Holly but Holly had not seen her. Holly had seen no one but Monty. "Sure I saw her and the rest of her slumming party," she said casually. "I thought she was kinda cute, but—"

"Cute!" he said so abruptly and loudly that she was startled.

"Excuse me. I guess that was the wrong line." He grinned sheepishly and looked down at his big hands. "So that's how it is. You really are crazy about her."

"I'm crazy all right," he said. "I'm crazy to *be* crazy about her."

"What do you do? Meet somewhere?"

He nodded. "And then we take a drive. Go out in the country."

"And park under a tree," she said scornfully. "You! The champion heavyweight of the world! Doesn't that show you, Monty?"

"Show me what?"

"She's just playing you for a thrill. These society girls are hogs for thrills. Listen. You don't go anywhere where you'd run into her friends, do you? She doesn't take you up to call on her folks, does she?"

"I'm not interested in her folks," he said sullenly.

"Oh, don't talk like a fool! What do you think you're going to do? Marry her?" His big body went suddenly limp as from a blow, and her heart set up a dull thumping. "Listen. You can't do that. I mean, even if she'd have you—and she wouldn't—you couldn't do it. They'd freeze you out. They'd tear you to pieces and look at the bits through their lorgnettes. People like that'll come and watch you fight, but just try to get your nose in their front parlors."

"Oh, I guess we could afford to have a front parlor of our own, if it came to that," he said with a piteous attempt at jocularity. "And if a girl loves a fellow—"

"She don't. That girl's getting a kick out of you because you're a pug, that's all. And even if she did marry you, it would be hell for her. Having to give up all her friends—everything she was used to. She might pretend to like it for a while, but she'd go back to her own kind after the novelty wore off. They always do. And where would you be?"

HE got to his feet and looked down at her with contrite woebegone eyes. "I'm sorry, Net. I didn't mean to come here and bellyache all over you. I guess I'd better go."

"I guess you'd better. And listen. The sooner you quit playing around on Park Avenue, the better, see? Park Avenue isn't healthy for prize fighters. Look what it's done to you."

"Yeah," he said. "I guess you're right," and squared his shoulders. "You're a good kid, Net."

"So are you." She placed her hand on his shoulder and smiled at him, her dimples deepening, her voice and eyes soft. "You're grand, champ. Good enough for—for any girl, only—well, you know how it is. Life's funny."

He grinned wryly. "Isn't it?" he said. "I could laugh myself sick over it sometimes."

When he had gone she went back to the pseudo-Louis Quinze sofa and sat down. She leaned back and closed her eyes, remembering that night in the crowded dressing room after the fight; the heat and smoke and confusion, her suffocating joy over his victory. And then Holly Sayles coming in—her hair flying, her dress crumpled, her eyes blazing with excitement. She remembered how the coarse faces and loud voices that filled the stuffy room had enhanced the flavor of the girl's quality. One looked at Holly's dainty bones and small delicately poised head and saw behind her a train of governesses and finishing schools, all the upholstered protection that insulates the rich.

She had known even then that it was an epic encounter—the girl from Park Avenue in her crumpled chiffon and the prize fighter in his gaudy bathrobe, standing there looking into each other's eyes, seeing nothing else.

Annette felt a cold moist nose on her hand and opened her eyes. "Oh, it's you, is it, you old pedigreed pup, you?" Annette eyed her sourly. "Pedigree!" she said. "A lot you care about that, trying to make up to every mongrel mutt you meet. You haven't got any more pride than that Sayles girl—"

She stopped and sat up suddenly, then hurried into the bedroom and began to leaf the telephone directory. Petrushka followed and squatted near the telephone.

"I'd like to speak to Mrs. Sayles, please. She wouldn't know my name. Just tell her it's something very important—something that concerns her daughter." She smiled grimly into the dog's interested eyes. "The only way to be happy in this world is to know your place and keep it. Oh, is that

(Continued on page twenty-six)

GET YOUR SHARE of $500,000,000 A MONTH!

IF YOU credit Terminal taxicab passengers with ONLY an average of $500 a month income they would spend $500,000,000 in a month. "$52,000,000 a year is spent for taxicab rides in New York City alone." Fifty-five cents is the average cost of a trip in Terminal taxicabs. Over 600,000 trips are made a month. Based on taxicab passengers in the City of New York spending $1,000,000 a week for taxicab rides, what amount must they spend for clothing, food, amusements, traveling, and all the other luxuries of life that this high income group purchase.

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of this large amount of money? Terminal cabs, the elite of cabs in the City of New York, offer you an opportunity of advertising, at a very low cost per thousand, to 500,000 passengers who are the best group of travelers residing in New York City, plus 500,000 visitor-passengers—1,000,000 in all per month. We show advertisements in Terminal cabs by means of a rotating device containing 22 beautifully colored cards, electrically lighted by four bulbs and placed where they must be read—directly in front of our seated passengers Each advertisement is shown seven seconds. It returns to the passenger's attention in approximately two and a half minutes.

The best type of businesses in the City of New York are today advertising in Terminal cabs. Terminal advertisers have been and continue to be sellers of luxuries. A partial list of concerns follows:

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Balsams Hotel, New Hampshire
Ballantine's Scotch
John Wanamaker
The St. Regis
Griswold Hotel, New London
The Park Lane
Casino de Paree
Maplewood Club, New Hampshire
Bill Brown's Physical Training Farm
Hotel Astor
Crouch & Fitzgerald
White Rock
Fownes Bros. & Co.
Marlboro Cigarettes
Charles of the Ritz
American Airways
Hotel Pennsylvania, Philadelphia
Hotel Fairfax
Grace Line
Buick Motor Car Co.
Fifth Avenue Hotel
Scribner's Book Shop
Hotel Marguery
C. C. Shayne Furs, Inc.
Boue Soeurs (Gowns)
The St. Moritz
Hotel Pennsylvania, New York
Crillon Restaurant
Waldorf-Astoria Hotel
Inverurie Hotel, Bermuda
College Inn Tomato Juice
Cadillac-LaSalle
New York American
Golf Illustrated
Rockefeller Center
The Benjamin Franklin, Philadelphia
Hotel Lincoln
Ten Park Avenue
The Biltmore
Hotel Dennis, Atlantic City
The Claridge, Atlantic City
The Ambassador, Atlantic City
The Belleview Biltmore, Belleair, Fla.

A great many plays in season

We said Terminal cabs were the elite of cabs in New York. They are because they are the only cabs operating from the PRIVATE STANDS at the Grand Central and Pennsylvania Terminals, at the Waldorf-Astoria, at the leading steamship piers and at the ferries serving the Lackawanna, the Erie, the West Shore and the Central Railroad of New Jersey. They carry the largest percentage of wealthy travelers from New York City and elsewhere. To sell quality merchandise, you must reach people with money. Can there be any doubt that taxicab passengers (as a group) have more money than the average group gathered together by any other advertising medium. An order to the driver takes Terminal taxicab passengers to your front door. Point of purchase advertising.

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"I'VE NEVER FOUND ANYTHING LIKE OLIVE OIL FOR PREVENTING SKIN IRRITATION!" SAID JACK HARRIS, TRAINER OF ELLSWORTH VINES, WORLD-FAMOUS PROFESSIONAL TENNIS STAR-
-OLIVER-

NO IRRITATION AFTER SHAVING

. . . when you use Palmolive, the shaving cream made with Olive Oil

GRUELLING tennis is mighty tough! But this shaving day in and day out gives your skin plenty of punishment, too!

So, to prevent this after-shave irritation —to keep your face fresh and smooth . . . in perfect condition all the time — Palmolive Shave Cream is made with just the right amount of olive oil!

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LARGE SIZE TUBE—100 SHAVES

FOR 25¢

40¢ GIANT SIZE 200 SHAVES

PALMOLIVE SHAVE CREAM
PALMOLIVE SHAVE CREAM

(Continued from page twenty-four)

Mrs. Sayles? This is—well, it won't do any good to tell you my name because you don't know me from Adam, but I'm a friend of Monty West's. The champion, you know. The man your daughter's playing around with."

She waited through a long silence before a polite voice told her, "I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I don't quite understand—"

"Then I guess maybe you didn't know your daughter was cruising around with Monty. I kind of thought you didn't. That's why I called up."

"Thank you, but I would rather not discuss—"

"Wait a minute, Mrs. Sayles. Don't let your pride trip up your common sense. Of course, if you approve of your daughter keeping dates with a prize fighter, that's O. K. by me. If you do, all I can say is that Monty West is one grand boy. He's as straight and fine as they come. But if you don't, I don't want him hurt, see?"

"I think," the polite voice said, "that you are quite mistaken. Possibly you have us confused with some one else. I assure you my daughter knows no one by the name of West—"

"She's out with him somewhere right now," Annette said. "I happen to know because he's just been here and he was on his way to meet her. They've been seeing each other almost every day for the past two weeks."

"That's impossible. I feel sure you—"

"Oh, no, you don't. You don't feel so sure now. I can tell by your voice that you're doing a little simple addition. And listen. I want you to call your daughter off. Monty's in love with her and maybe she thinks she is with him. If you could get her away, they'd forget each other, see?" She waited through another long silence and broke it finally by demanding, "You don't *want* a pug for a son-in-law, do you?" The receiver let out a small strangled sound and she said grimly, "I thought not. And *I* don't want Monty marrying any dirty little high-hat who'll ruin his life, see!"

She slammed the telephone down and sat panting, her cheeks a hot red under the rouge, her underlip trembling.

FOR once Holly was on time. The clock over Bunny's bar said exactly four when she slipped into the booth where Monty usually waited for her. But he was not waiting today, though a great many other people were. Monty was the best thing that had happened to Bunny's since repeal. The word had gone round that a large young man, strongly resembling the world's heavyweight champion, had lately been seen slipping into the place at the comparatively zero hour of four and the modest ex-speakie was enjoying quite a little burst of prerepeal popularity.

Holly had nearly finished her cigarette when the buzz and stir behind her announced that Monty had arrived. "Hello!" she greeted him. "These people seem to know you."

"Yeah." But he was not smiling and his eyes slid away from hers. "What do you say we leave?"

She nodded and picked up her gloves. He laid a bill on the table and they started out. Halfway to the door, some one shouted, "Hi, champ!" and a dozen other voices took it up. They left in a cheerful bedlam.

"Well, Bennie warned me," Holly said, starting her car. "We'll have to find another trysting place." She glanced at him but he was looking straight ahead and she accused him lightly, "You were *hours* late."

"I'm sorry. I was detained."

DETAINED! She knew she ought to think that was funny, but something blocked her sense of humor. Something unusual in his manner, in the way he sat, erect and rigid, as though withholding himself from her. She threaded the traffic skillfully, a little recklessly. Well, if he wanted to be like that! When they were stopped by a red light and some one recognized him and he smiled and saluted, she was filled with a deep hot resentment.

"You ought to go masked," she told him. But he did not reply, and she drove on, not a little piqued.

She followed their customary route, leaving the Post Road above Greenwich for what was little more than a rutty path that ambled over the hills.

Holly pulled off the road into the leafy cul-de-sac they had made their own. "Reading from left to right," she said, "celebrity trying to escape his public." She took off her hat and smiled at him. "You don't suppose there's any one hiding behind those trees, do you?"

"No, I don't think so," he said and turned and looked at her. Their eyes met and locked. Holly's heart set up a furious beating. "Monty, why are you looking at me like that?"

"I was just thinking about what you said—about our finding a new place to meet."

"You're so popular," she began lightly.

"Girls like you don't usually meet fellows the way you've been meeting me, do they?"

"Of course! Goodness—"

"Mostly your boy friends come to the house for you, don't they?"

She tried to laugh. "You're being terribly formal all of a sudden, aren't you?"

"I've been wondering how your folks would feel if they knew you were meeting me on the sly."

"But I haven't! I haven't made any secret of it."

"You mean they know we—that we're friends?"

"I— Heavens! *I* don't know!"

"Oh, yes, you do," he said.

She had been so astonished that she had answered him automatically, as meekly as a child. Now his inimical accusing voice roused her and she stared at him indignantly. "Are you trying to quarrel with me, Monty?"

"What do you think?"

"I think you're being rude."

He shook his head. "I don't mean to be. But I've been thinking—I mean, it's not my way to go sneaking around behind people's backs. I like to fight in the open, with the referee right there to see fair."

Wounded and bewildered, she cried shrilly, "Then you *are* trying to fight with me!"

"No—I—" He dragged the flat of his hand across his mouth. "Now you're trying to twist me all up."

"There's no reason why we should meet again at all, ever," she said. "I hadn't dreamed I was corrupting your morals." She stepped on the starter. "Would it hurt your conscience too much to drive back to town with me or will you take a taxi?"

"You—you can drop me off at Greenwich," he said. "I guess you've taken me for a long enough ride."

She went into reverse, the gears shrieking. Humiliation, fury, a sinking sense of loss fed her growing hysteria. How dared he! How could he! Out of a clear sky! Then, suddenly, she realized what he had said. She braked the car and looked at him. The color had left his face and his lips were as white, drawn thinly over his teeth. He turned his eyes to her, and at sight of their bleak despair her own filled with tears, her mouth began to tremble. She made a little gesture of supplication. "Monty! Why, Monty, you didn't think—"

WITHOUT a word he took her in his arms. She felt his lips on her eyes, her cheeks, and his heart pounding beneath her own. She was clinging to him, crying uncontrollably, and at the same time an almost intolerable happiness filled her.

He began to speak, the broken phrases trembling against her lips, her cheeks, her hair. "Don't cry, my sweetest—I didn't mean—God, I wouldn't hurt you—I was only trying to—Holly, I love you so, and I know I shouldn't. That was why— Holly! My sweet—my darling—"

"For just a m-minute I thought you d-didn't love me."

"Love you!"

"I think I've been in love with you ever since that night. The night of the fight, Monty."

"Holly, you can't be in love with me," he said and his voice was harsh with strain. "You can't marry me. I couldn't let you. It wouldn't be right."

She put her hand on his cheek and turned his face toward her. "Don't you want to marry me, Monty?"

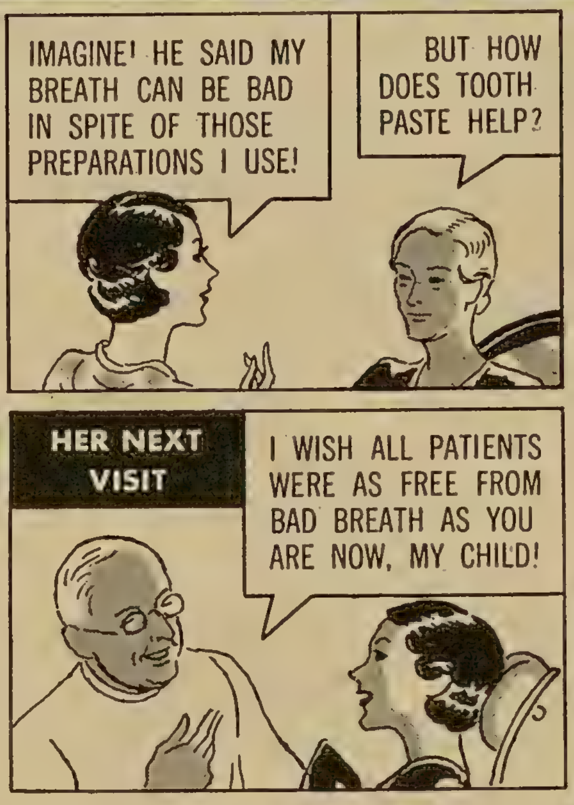
He went crimson and his eyes burned, but he said steadily, "You know I want it more than—more than I can say. But I want you to be happy."

"Then you'll have to marry me," she said.

He looked away from her. "I'd do anything, everything. I'd spend my

"MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!" HER DENTIST TOLD HER

AND SHE LEARNED HOW TO GET REAL PROTECTION


IMAGINE! HE SAID MY BREATH CAN BE BAD IN SPITE OF THOSE PREPARATIONS I USE!
BUT HOW DOES TOOTH PASTE HELP?
COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM HAS A DETERGENT ACTION THAT REMOVES THE CAUSE OF MOUTH ODORS
WE'LL USE COLGATE'S HEREAFTER!
HER NEXT VISIT
I WISH ALL PATIENTS WERE AS FREE FROM BAD BREATH AS YOU ARE NOW, MY CHILD!

COLGATE'S keeps breath sweet while it makes teeth cleaner, brighter!

THE same thing that causes much tooth decay causes bad breath, dentists say! So they warn: To combat bad breath, see that your teeth are *thoroughly* cleansed!

Don't trust your breath to preparations not made to *clean*. Nor to toothpastes which merely polish exposed surfaces.

The safe, *sure* way to correct bad breath is regular use of Colgate's Dental Cream, with its two special cleansing ingredients.

Why Dentists Advise Colgate's

This toothpaste makes a penetrating foam which works into all crevices of the mouth. Wherever they hide—between teeth, on tongue or gums—deposits that cause odors are emulsified, washed away! At the same time, a soft, grit-free ingredient gently and safely polishes enamel. Stubborn stains disappear. Your teeth gleam with renewed natural lustre.

In addition, every tube of Colgate's Dental Cream carries the following Double Your Money Back Guarantee:

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A UNITED HOTEL

life trying to make you happy. But could I? You know what people will say—what your folks will say if you marry a—a prize fighter. A poor dumb—"

"Do you think I care what any one says?" she cried fiercely. "And, Monty, it'll be different—it'll be all right when they know you. When they see how wonderful and fine you are. When I tell mother and dad that I love you, they'll love you too." She gave a little laugh. "Dad's crazy about you already."

"Is he? Do you think he'll be crazy about me as a son-in-law?"

He felt her go tense in his arms. Would her father be crazy about Monty as a son-in-law? And her mother? She shivered and clutched at him. "If he isn't it won't matter. If you love me, that's all that matters. If we love each other, that's all we need. That makes everything all right, don't you see?"

He thought he did see. It seemed to him that she had given voice to a solemn and divine truth. A half phrase came back to him out of his brief school days: Love levels all ranks—something like that.

After a little he released her and said, "Holly, I'll have to see your father."

She was startled. "See father! But why?" Her eyes wavered from his grave face and she laughed nervously. "You mean you want to ask him for my hand in marriage?"

"Well, I wouldn't have put it just like that."

"Don't, Monty! Don't let's risk it," she said quickly. "They—well, you know how people are. People who are too old to know what it's like to be in love. They don't understand. They can't." She laid her hand on his arm and pleaded breathlessly, "Let's just go off and be—be married quietly and tell them afterward."

But he shook his head. "I couldn't do that. That wouldn't be playing the game. He can throw me out if he likes, but not until I've made my little speech."

THERE was a little pause. Slowly Holly's eyes filled with a new radiance and she felt that her heart would burst with pride. She reached up and kissed him lightly on the cheek. "All right. Let's go get him."

It was well after six when Holly opened the door of the big Sayles house on East Seventy-first Street. Holly closed the door softly. "Scared?"

"Who—*me!*" Monty said. "Scared! I'll never be scared of anything again."

"Neither will I," Holly said and stood on tiptoe to be kissed. Then she pushed him away. "Now you wait right here. I'll run up and get him."

She went up the long, curving stairway, leaving Monty standing there, holding his hat. And he *was* scared, not so much of Holly's father as of something else he could not quite comprehend. Of the house, perhaps. It was so utterly different from what he had expected. He had always thought of wealthy families as living in smaller editions of the grand hotels he had visited. Houses with a good deal of gilt and marble and plush about them, armies of bebuttoned servants in velvet pants and silk stockings.

Monty could have risen to marble and gilt, and he doubted if there was a butler or footman in all Christendom he could not humble in one stare. But there was something about this house which, even though he had seen so little of it, intimidated him. Something almost formidable in its solid dignity. The high-backed chairs, the mahogany console table, the deep-piled rug under his feet, the tall old clock ticking on the stair landing—none of these things suggested wealth as Monty understood it. They suggested, rather, an indifference to wealth. The indifference of a family which for generations has taken wealth for granted.

FOR the first time in his life, Monty became acutely aware of his own lack of background, of reputable ancestors. He looked up at the picture of Great-grandfather Sayles and felt himself diminish under the cold stare of that sedate old gentleman. The hands clutching his hat grew moist and his sense of unworthiness was so overwhelming that almost he ran away. Almost, but Holly held him back. He could not give her up.

There was no one on the drawing-room floor and Holly hurried up the second flight to her mother's room. She called, "Mother, are you here? Is dad home?" and went in.

Mrs. Sayles was seated in a deep chair. On the table beside her was a glass of water and a bottle of little pills. She had been crying but Holly did not see that. She saw her father standing in the middle of the room and heard him say, "Here she is!" and her mother's faint "Holly dear!"

All the evidences of a long and painful scene were here: her father's presence in his wife's room when, ordinarily, he should have been sitting over his highball and paper downstairs; her mother's white face and limp figure; the little pills. But love is blind and Holly saw nothing. The afterglow of Monty's kisses still lingered in her eyes and on her cheeks and lips. All the way home she had pictured this scene, thought of what she would say. Not that she would say much. Monty needed no defense. Once they saw him for what he was—

Her father said, "Hello, there! Where have you been?" in as natural a voice as he could muster, for they had decided that with a girl of Holly's temperament they must be tactful. And they must not be too hasty. They must not judge their child on the evidence of an anonymous telephone message.

Holly said, breathing quickly, "I've been out. And, dad, I'm so glad you're here. I've something to tell you. Dad, you remember Monty West?"

Her mother half rose from her chair and sank back again with a low moan. Mr. Sayles's face seemed to swell.

"The prize fighter?"

"Yes. I—"

"You see, Oliver, it's true!"

"Easy now, mother," Mr. Sayles said soothingly. "What about him, Holly?"

"You remember I told you I met him the night of the fight?"

"Yes, I remember. Is that where—is that who you've been out with today?"

"Yes. I—"

But Mrs. Sayles could not be easy. "Is it true that you've been out with him every day for the past two weeks?"

"Not every day," Holly said earnestly and glanced at her mother. "Don't look like that, mother. You don't know Monty. Wait until you've met—"

"Don't talk nonsense, my dear," Mr. Sayles said, his diplomacy giving way almost audibly. "Your mother has no more desire to meet the man than I have."

HER eyes swung back to him and she said eagerly, "But you'll be crazy about him, dad. You both will. You couldn't help it. He's so fine. He's splendid. You remember, you said so yourself—"

"If I did, I was referring to his pugilistic talents," Mr. Sayles snapped. "I never dreamed that a daughter of mine would so far forget herself as to—"

"I didn't forget myself! And you've no right to speak of Monty like that before you even know him. Just because he's a prize fighter—"

"Isn't that reason enough? It *should* be reason enough for you—for any girl—any well bred girl—"

"It's no reason at all!" Holly cried hotly, rising furiously, almost exultantly to her lover's defense. "He may be a prize fighter, but he's finer than any man I ever knew. He has better principles than *I* have. I wanted him to elope with me—"

"You—what?"

"—but he wouldn't, because he said it wouldn't be fair to you. He said it wouldn't be playing the game—"

"Wait a minute! Am I to understand that this—this man has actually asked you to marry him?"

"No; I asked him," Holly said. "He wouldn't ask me because he thinks I'm too good for him."

Mrs. Sayles gasped, "Holly!" and clutched at her throat.

Her husband hurried across to her. "Leave the room, Holly. I'll talk to you later. You see what you're doing to your mother!"

"But I don't mean— Dad, if you'd just *listen!* He wants to see you. He made me bring him home so he could ask you—"

"What! *Here?* You mean the fellow's here—in the house?"

"Dad, please! He might hear you. He's waiting down in the hall."

Mr. Sayles took two steps to the

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wall and jabbed at the bell. "You actually brought that prize fighter here—to your own home?"

"Yes, of course. Why shouldn't I? Dad, what are you going to do?"

Mr. Sayles jabbed again at the bell. "I'm going to have him thrown out."

Holly's eyes spread and she brought her fisted hands up hard against her breast. Her mother's sobs filled the room. Her mother's "Holly, Holly, how *could* you?" went unanswered.

"You won't even *see* him?" she asked, unbelieving.

"See him! No, I'm afraid I couldn't trust myself to see him," her father said and opened the door at the maid's knock. "Nellie, there's a young man downstairs waiting to see me. I want you to tell him that I can't see him today or any other day."

"Dad!" Holly said. "Don't do that! You *can't* do that!"

"Just to make sure he understands you," Mr. Sayles said, his eyes on Holly's white face, "you might hand him his hat and open the door for him."

The maid said doubtfully, "Yes, sir." But Holly slipped suddenly past her.

"You needn't bother, Nellie," she said. "*I'll* tell him."

She went swiftly and without a backward glance down the hall, as swiftly down the two long curving flights of stairs.

Monty was standing where she had left him, his hat in his hand. At sight of her face he stepped quickly forward to meet her.

"My father wants me to tell you that he can't see you today—or any other day," she said. "I told him I'd tell you."

A slow red wave washed over his face but he tried to smile. "So that's what he said, is it?"

She nodded. Her eyes were burning in her set white face. "Come along," she said, and slipped her hand in his and drew him toward the door. "Hurry."

"But what—where are you going?"

He felt her slim fingers, cold and a little damp they were, curl tightly around his and saw her mouth shaking at the corners. "I'm going with you," Holly said.

But will Holly's fine abandon of love carry her through the ordeal she faces? Where can they go? To whom can they turn? Next week's installment of this vital romance solves some problems for the ill-matched pair, but presents further obstacles in the path of their love.

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1—Where and by whom were dahlias discovered?

2—What do the letters P. R. N. on a prescription mean?

3—Where and when was William Shakespeare buried?

4—After what famous Indian was Brantford, Ontario, named?

5—What country once required that every automobile be preceded by a man on foot waving a red flag and that its speed should be no more than four miles an hour?

6—A *siffleur* is what?

7—Which states first passed laws making eight hours the legal workday "unless otherwise agreed"?

8—Where was the late Sir Charles Tupper, former Canadian Prime Minister, born?

9—What do the letters, N, X, or C in combination with a number on an airplane mean?

10—What is a spasmodic inspiration suddenly arrested by an involuntary closure of the glottis called?

11—Who said "When the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw"?

12—When and where was alfalfa introduced into the United States?

13—Who is Jagannath?

14—Who is William Maxwell Aitken?

15—Who said "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof"?

16—What is the name given by upholsterers to a strip of ornamental flexible material hanging from a window, doorway, or mantelpiece as a decorative drapery?

17—What is the general term used to describe all types of lighter-than-air aircraft?

18—By what name is the Canadian clergyman the Rev. Charles William Gordon better known?

19—Who wrote "And those that were good shall be happy: they shall sit in a golden chair"?

20—Where is the first record of a burial in potter's field?

(Answers will be found on page 65)

Tuneful, Timely, Trite

Some Victor Herbert Melodies Are Colorfully Revived; Miss Sten and Mr. Cooper Examine the Current American Scene, and a New Chevalier Musical Proves Itself Up to All the Old Tricks

by BEVERLY HILLS

Anna Sten and Ralph Bellamy in The Wedding Night, a film with a New England background.

4 stars—Extraordinary
3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good
1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ NAUGHTY MARIETTA

THE PLAYERS: Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Frank Morgan, Elsa Lanchester, Douglas Dumbrille, Joseph Cawthorn, Cecilia Parker, Walter Kingsford, and others. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. Book and lyrics by Rida Johnson Young.

VICTOR HERBERT'S sentimental and hardy operetta, Naughty Marietta, comes to the screen in a pictorial and colorful version which, while not as humanized as it might be, is none the less a film of much musical and photographic appeal.

Nelson Eddy, whom M-G-M snatched from the concert stage and then promptly forgot about for two years, is introduced as a tall and handsome baritone with a lusty voice and a pleasantly masculine manner which should bring him into belated but deserved popularity. In this Mr. Eddy is seen as a mercenary backwoodsman of colonial Louisiana who befriends Jeanette MacDonald, a lovely fugitive from France. Later, learning that Miss MacDonald is not the husband seeker she pretends, but a royalist running away from Paris to escape a loveless political marriage, Eddy snatches her from the elegant Frenchman to take her chances with him in the rugged West.

Both Eddy and Miss MacDonald give spirited renditions of the perennial favorites, Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life, I'm Falling in Love with Some One, and the other Herbert melodies, and M-G-M gives the film its usual sumptuous dressing.

VITAL STATISTICS: Naughty Marietta was born twenty-five years ago, with book and lyrics by Rida Johnson Young and deathless music by Victor Herbert. Oscar Hammerstein I impresarioed it, Emma Trentini (around a few years back) and Orville Harold warbled its lovely lullabies, and Joseph Cawthorn would have clowned in a specially writ comic role for him, except he was otherwise engaged at the time. Therefore this will be the first time he played the part. Your dad remembers him, I'm sure, as comic tops of not so long ago. . . . Victor Herbert was a Dublin boy who started as a serious concert cellist and wound up as our greatest lilt writer of all time. His music is considered a happy marriage of Irish humor, German thoroughness, and American successfulness. . . . The old operetta was freshened by screen scriveners John Lee Mahin, Frances Goodrich, and Albert Hackett. Mahin is seen around with Patsy Ruth Miller. . . . Gus Kahn freshed up the old lyrics. . . . Lanky, leathery Director Van Dyke is just about M-G-M directorial tops. Has been a lumberjack, truck driver, newspaperman, actor, writer. Played twenty different bits in Intolerance. Threw late party for Jeanette MacDonald, then ordered everybody on set at 8 A. M. All arrived sleepy and cross, to find it a Van Dyke joke. In reply, MacDonald threw dinner party in public place. On arriving, Van Dyke discovered himself to be only male guest among fifteen women. All pretended to be madly in love with him. They danced him to a frazzle. Ah, Hollywood, Hollywood, thy pranks! . . . Jeanette MacDonald is fiancéed to Bob Ritchie, her manager, but she won't wed him until she finishes having a career. She brings her English sheep dog, Captain, to work with her. . . . Nelson (Providence, Rhode Island) Eddy is an ex-newspaper feller. Started singing by imitating voices of great baritone warblers on phonograph records. Made stage singing debut in '22 in Philadelphia at Academy of Music in something called The Marriage Tax. . . . Elsa Lanchester you know as Mrs. Charles Laughton. She's English-known as the female Charlie Chaplin of Europe.

Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald, singing stars of the film version of Victor Herbert's Naughty Marietta.

Ann Sothern and Maurice Chevalier in The Folies Bergere, a lavish and gorgeous screen musical resume.

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★ ★ ★ THE WEDDING NIGHT

THE PLAYERS: Gary Cooper, Anna Sten, Ralph Bellamy, Helen Vinson, Siegfried Rumann, Esther Dale, Leonid Snegoff, Agnes Anderson. Directed by King Vidor. Story by Edwin Knopf.

EXCEPT that the characters are much too continuously articulate about themselves and their problems, The Wedding Night—starring Gary Cooper and Slavic Anna Sten—is a provocative film both in its knowing treatment and timely setting. The picture, as did Our Daily Bread, also directed by King Vidor, discloses another vital phase of the current American scene.

The Wedding Night is a story of today's New England, and tells, with rare understanding and equal sympathy for both old Americans and the hardier new arrivers, of the battle the Poles have to eke a living from the barren Connecticut soil.

As honest New Englanders recognize, these new people are tougher and more eager to labor constantly for the meager rewards that come reluctantly from the rocky—and to present Americans almost untillable—soil.

Against this scene The Wedding Night places a simple yet touchingly pointed story of an embittered novelist who leaves New York a failure and returns to his boyhood home to find himself surrounded by these strange new people. He finds, too, a theme for his new book and a deep love for the neighbor farm girl. Both the angular Cooper and the sturdy Miss Sten are strikingly well fitted to their roles as the writer and the tragic Polish daughter.

And as with all Goldwyn productions, the film is photographically superb and intelligently mounted.

Helen Vinson, Siegfried Rumann, and Ralph Bellamy round out an almost ideally realized cast that blends right into the powerful racial theme. Yet, for all its significance, The Wedding Night is neither preachy nor propagandic but entirely capable of standing on its own as a slow but impressive modern romance.

VITAL STATISTICS: Picture, an original by writer Edwin Knopf (who is related to the bookie Knopfs) and screen-adapted by Edith Fitzgerald (Greenwich Village Art Theaterite and no relation to the flaming youthful F. Scott), is one of the infrequent releases of Hollywood's master showman, Samuel Goldwyn. He spends endless time and patience on his work, writing and rewriting his scripts in rehearsal. Dubs himself a screen perfectionist. Took the worst flop in comic history—Eddie Cantor—and made him one of the biggest money-makers. Maybe he can do the same for that other magnificent flop: Ed Wynn. Has committed Hollywood revolution by hiring Dame Rachel Crothers to write him screen original in stage manner: i.e., for an advance and a percentage of the royalties. Usually author never collects minute part of screen profits of his brain baby. Stallings got only $25,000 for The Big Parade and it made about $5,000,000. . . . Anna Sten is not Russian. Her father was a Ukrainian (now free territory), her mother Swedish. Her father was killed in the Russian revolution and Anna knew hell as a gal. Now, by marrying German Dr. Eugene Francke, she is become a German cit and remains in this country under an artist's agreement. She likes it here and has built herself a modernistic functional glass house at Santa Monica, where she garden-putters happily and lives the bourgeois life. . . . Gary Cooper, who's really Frank J. Cooper, worked for Sam Goldwyn in 1926 in a cowboy role for seventy-five dollars a week. He gets a hundred times that for this picture. Gary's still enthralled in his long-distance honeymoon with Sandra Shaw. Has installed a gadget over his doorbell to discourage chronic bell ringers and tourists. You have to pay a dime to ring his bell. The money goes to charity. Now everybody rings the bell for the heck of it. . . . King Vidor is thataway about Bettina Hall. He alternates between hits and flops. Wrote fifty-two scenarios before he got Hollywood start, coming here from Texas with lovely Florence Vidor, now Mrs. Jascha Heifetz. Has been wedded to Eleanor Boardman too, but remains marriage-restless. Has an expectoration gag in every picture. Brings him luck and laughs, he claims. . . . Gregg Toland, who photographed The Wedding Night, is youngest, highest paid cameraman in biz. Is thirty and has put in fifteen years in films.

★ ★ ½ THE FOLIES BERGERE

THE PLAYERS: Maurice Chevalier, Ann Sothern, Merle Oberon, Eric Blore, Ferdinand Munier, Walter Byron, Lumsden Hare. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. From the play by Rudolph Lothar and Hans Adler.

TWENTIETH CENTURY'S lavish backstage spectacle, The Folies Bergère, gives the gorgeous Merle Oberon her first American film. But there is nothing else in this musical that hasn't been done time and again ever since Broadway Melody was produced back in the days when people made money in the stock market.

The Folies Bergère is a sort of résumé of all screen musicals. There are all the old chorus routines, with the girls forming every conceivable image and being photographed from the ceiling, the ground, and off Chevalier's lip—the lower one. Then, too, there is the same old plot about the gay entertainer, done in Chevalier's oo-la-la manner, who looks like a famous nobleman, also played by Chevalier, but without the oo-la-las. And just to make sure that nothing is missed, there is the same old mix-up, stressing much naughtiness when the actor and nobleman change places. And last of all there is the wife who wonders if that was really her husband, or just the imitator, who kissed her last night.

By this late date all picturegoers have seen everything in Folies Bergère often enough to know whether they want to see it again, even at its best.

VITAL STATISTICS: The Folies have been heating up Paris for the past sixty-five years. Were thought up originally by Mons. Bergère himself as a naked comment on la vie Parisienne, but have remained as the prize attraction along Rue de Suckaire Americaine. You buy your seats not from the b. o. but from specs: cost, six dollars or so. Were considered hot stuff around 1922, but in recent years have become dull even to touring village idiots. Most Folies stars, except Chevalier, flop on coming to this countree. . . . Wishing to avoid backstage story, Twentieth Century's Zanuck got plump Hollywood-capable Bess Meredyth to hand-adapt Central European farce The Red Cat (with Folies background) for the film's plot. The Bess is wife to Michael Curtiz, director. . . . The film rights to the title had to be purchased from Paris for po-lenty. . . . Two Parisians from the Bronx wrote the music: Jack Meskill and Jack Stern. . . . Production, originally scheduled to cost around $500,000, ran up into a cold million, the mitey Zanuck deciding in midfilm to pour it on for musical numbers. . . . That counter-revolving three-decked exaggerated hat you see cost $12,000 alone. It was designed by Dave Gould, dance director who carries along his own art department to carry out his magnificent ideas for scenes. . . . The Rhythm in the Rain bit also cometh to much, much expense, necessary for elaborate rain-sprinkling system overhead, including mechanisms in fifty-dollar umbrellas that become parachutes when gals leap from clouds. The stocking bill was $4,000 and seventy costumes worn by the chorus came to $200 apiece. . . . The strain on the chorus was admittedly terrific. For a mere $70 a week gals had to rehearse hour upon hour. Some found going too tough and dropped by the way. Chorus was constantly attended by doctor, nurses, masseuses, resting cots. The Code allows gals to work up to sixteen hours a day, and married life is much more peaceful for them, though it keeps them busy the whole twenty-four. . . . M. Chevalier, borrowed from M-G-M for this one, got, they tell me, the combined wages of the three Roberta leads for his services. Chevalier, nearly ruined in public favor by the Unmerry Widow, admits he cannot sing but that he has a cheerful bellow. Reintroduces Valentine, the song that he used first to turn on the heat in this country. . . . They made a French version along with the version you'll see. It was done behind a locked set and I hope you'll be catching it abroad this summer. They say eet eez plentee 'ot!

★ ★ ½ TIMES SQUARE LADY

THE PLAYERS: Robert Taylor, Virginia Bruce, Pinky Tomlin, Helen Twelvetrees, Isabel Jewell, Nat Pendleton, Jack La Rue. Directed by George B. Seitz. Story by Albert Cohen and Robert Shannon.

TIMES SQUARE LADY is a sprightly little melodrama about a beautiful Iowa girl, Virginia Bruce, who comes to New York to take over various shady enterprises bequeathed by her racketeering father. The Times Squareheads make things somewhat more than warm for her by beginning a reign of terror in her many businesses, which include about everything from night clubs to dog racing.

Instead of being frightened out of town, Miss Bruce, with the two-fisted support of Robert Taylor, a repentent slicker, and Nat Pendleton, his assistant, remains in the city to fight it out.

Introducing Pinky Tomlin, a comic corn-fed song writer and crooner, and further establishing Robert Taylor as the most promising of the new players, Times Square Lady is a swift and entertaining enough item of no importance but worth seeing if it comes your way.

VITAL STATISTICS: Well, they keep reconciling Virginia Bruce (Briggs) Gilbert with John Gilbert, but nobody seems to do anything about it. Virginia, however, keeps climbing the screen heights with her milk-blown charm. She's 5 feet 6½ inches, weighs 128, has peaches-and-cream complexion, blue eyes, and never diets. She has Susan Ann Gilbert by the irrepressible John, with whom she lived two years. She draws, tennises; likes her close friends, Mrs. Donald Ogden Stewart and Mrs. Gary Cooper; lives at Toluca Lake, Hollywood; was educated in Fargo, North Dakota, after a Minneapolis birth; hasn't any superstitions; and is distantly related to both Presidents McKinley and Garfield. Her mother was once a golf champ. . . . Helen Twelvetrees is a modernized Lil Gish, always seeming on the verge of tears—i.e., a powerfully fragile type. She picked up the name of Twelvetrees from a former marriage. Her screen career, halted a year or so ago by the coming of a kidlet, is on the up and up again. . . . Robert Taylor got going because an M-G-M-ite caught him at a Pomona College verzh of Journey's End and thought well of him. Bob's an Alpha Delt, a collie lover, a sweater collector, a theater hounder, a black-cat hater, a hunch believer, and a disliker of those who whistle in his dressing room. . . . Pinky Tomlin plays himself in the picture. He's the country boy who wrote the song smash The Object of My Affections, and sings it in this role. Pinky is three months removed from a truck dump in rural Oklahoma. He gave up the idea of becoming a lawyer when he won a local hog-calling contest and decided to become a crooner—it's the same thing, folks! Got a job in a movie house, and was discovered singing there by director's dotter.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Roberta, David Copperfield, The Lives of a Bengal Lancer, Imitation of Life, Chu Chin Chow.

★★★—The Little Colonel, Ruggles of Red Gap, Murder on a Honeymoon, Society Doctor, The Secret Bride, The Man Who Reclaimed His Head, Here Is My Heart, The Mighty Barnum, Babes in Toyland, Fox Movietone News, The President Vanishes, Sequoia, College Rhythm, Broadway Bill, The White Parade, Anne of Green Gables, St. Louis Kid, The Gay Divorcee, Menace, We Live Again, One Exciting Adventure, Screen Snapshots, The Pursuit of Happiness, Happiness Ahead, The Merry Widow, The Count of Monte Cristo, The Richest Girl in the World, The Belle of the Nineties, You Belong to Me.

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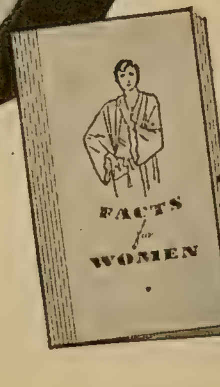

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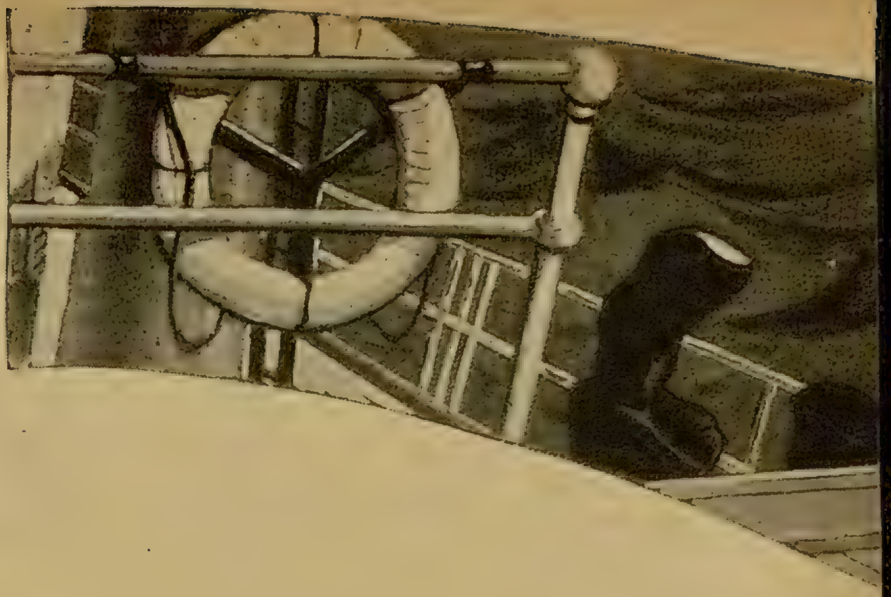


If It's Thrills You Seek, Don't Miss This Tense Tale of the Sea and an Old Salt's Triumph

READING TIME ● 35 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

CAPTAIN SAM McWILLIAM, commodore of the Merrill-Ackroyd Line, with his broad hands tucked behind the skirt of his old brown dressing gown and his faded blue eyes on the horizon, took a turn on the bridge. Although it was indubitably his bridge, he trod it warily. His plump good-natured face was constrained.

With an occasional whisk of spray the blunt bow of the freighter butted aside the lively blue seas of the Caribbean.

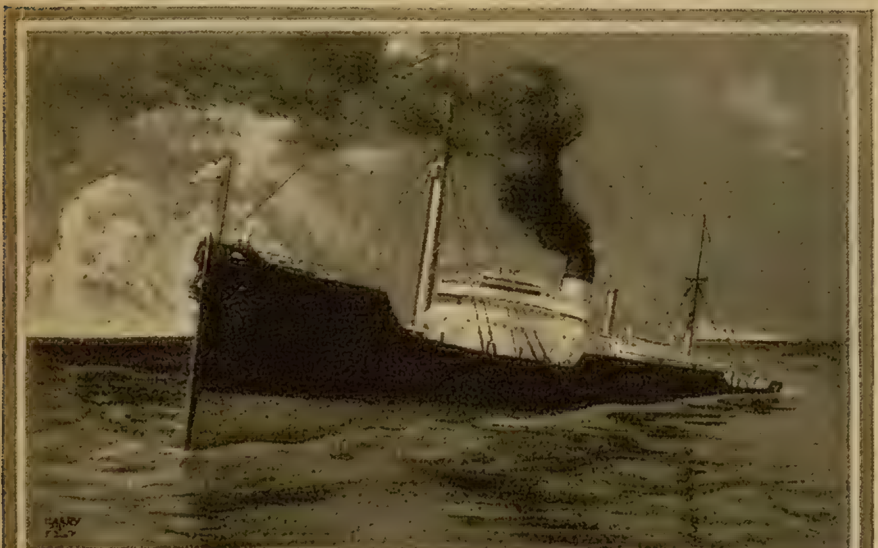
Behind the shipmaster and at the same slow gait trailed an old Airedale. The dog's wiry shock of hair closely resembled in color the dusty straggling mustache of his master.

Below on the well deck Mr. Fowler, the cadaverous and solemn mate, stood over a gang washing her down. It should have been as peaceful a scene as you'd see anywhere on deep water.

Immaculate Fourth Officer Clifford Hart, standing the morning watch for the mate, saluted the master with vehement smartness.

"Nice day," said the round-bellied old shipmaster to the tall and stiff-backed junior.

"Aye, aye, sir!" snapped resplendent young Mr. Hart. His eyes, deep as sounding wells and sharp as auger points, bored into the captain's broad face. "Barometer thirty eighteen and rising slowly, sir. Temperature of the air, seventy-seven. Temperature of the water—"



"Yes, yes," the skipper interrupted the torrent of nautical information. "Uh—a—a nice day. Well—uh—well, I must be going."

He turned back. The dog and the tight-lipped, slit-eyed fourth officer followed as he passed into the wheelhouse. Captain McWilliam nodded casually to the stocky quartermaster, which courtesy made the fourth officer wince. The master glanced at the compass.

"Keep her on it," he murmured mechanically and walked out the leeward door.

As he descended the bridge ladder the rasp of Mr. Hart's voice rebuking the helmsman for being off the course came to his ears.

"I shouldn't have said that," he told himself. "Dear, dear! How that young man does scold my crew!"

Within his comfortable quarters he sat down in an easy chair, lit his pipe, spoke to the dog, and picked up a woolen sock he had been darning for the North Atlantic. He had made only a few well considered passes with his needle when somebody knocked briskly.

Captain McWilliam quivered. Then, with convulsive haste, he hurled the sock and needle well under his brass bed and caught up the latest Notice to Mariners from the table as he called "Come!"

It was only Mr. Fowler, the gloomy mate.

"Thought it was that brassbound young whippersnapper, Andy," the commodore said, slowly lowering himself to his knees to retrieve his darning. "What I've gone through since Mr. Hart signed on—" He sighed.

The mate filled his pipe from the captain's humidor.

"What we've all gone through, Sam," he corrected. "All! Men cursed around till they're afraid to touch the gear. Mates jumpy because they're afraid they're not smart enough. And the master—"

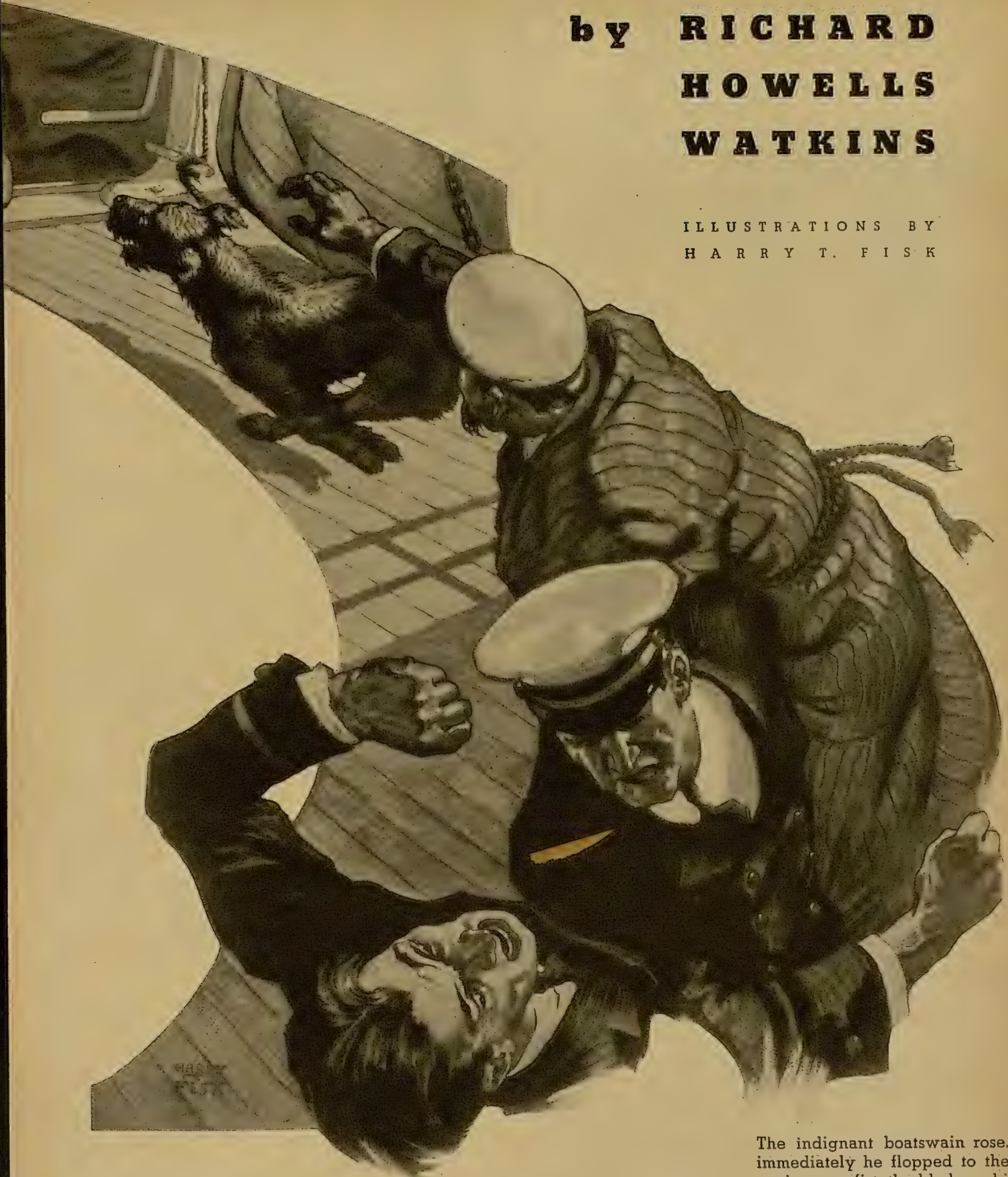
"Feels like a beachcomber on his own bridge," McWilliam put in, with a glance at his threadbare dressing gown.

Mr. Fowler leaned toward him confidentially. "There's plenty in that chatter I heard at Colon about Cap'n Peter Hart angling for the Thelma," he whispered. "He's tired of his own old wagon. And Fourth Officer Hart of the Thelma is playing his father's game. He's boring from within, I tell you. That's why the owners are bleating about the need for more smartness and efficiency on the Thelma. And meanwhile old Roaring Hart in the Alice is reeling off fast passages, stinting his crew on marmalade, and selling himself to the owners. Boring from within—disrupting the ship—that's young Hart!"

"I've got to be fair," Sam McWilliam said. "Mr.

by RICHARD HOWELLS WATKINS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY T. FISK



The indignant boatswain rose. But immediately he flopped to the deck again as a fist thudded on his jaw.

Hart's a brisk modern officer disgusted at being under a fat sloppy old master."

"That man's a salesman," Mr. Fowler asserted. "A sea salesman. He's out to sell 'em the idea he should be commodore."

"Cap'n Hart's welcome to the title, but I'm damned if I'll give him my ship without a scrap," the plump skipper said with decision.

Once more somebody knocked on the door. Captain McWilliam whirled toward it, thrusting the sock into the pocket of his dressing gown.

"Come!" he said apprehensively.

It was the boatswain, a huge baboon of a man, flying a grin so wide that the top of his head seemed insecure. With slightly exaggerated tread he advanced two paces into the room and brought his heels together with as loud a click as he dared. "Mr. Hart's compliments, sir, and the wind's hauled one point to north'ard," he said in a voice husky with suppressed glee.

Captain McWilliam snorted. "Get out of here, Mike!" he rumbled.

The old Airedale looked up, growling at the unusual sound of the anger in his master's voice.

Mike saluted. "Get out o' here, sir," he repeated gravely. "Aye, aye, sir."

With a stout man's sudden ire the captain started toward him.

Mike, backing hastily, tripped over the coaming and went sprawling out on to the deck.

With a snarl the old Airedale leaped after the fallen seaman. McWilliam reached but missed the dog's collar. His thrust sent him stumbling out the door. He thudded down on top of Mike.

The carpenter, lingering outside with a hammer and screwdriver to explain his presence on the saloon deck, booted the dog vigorously as the animal charged at the flattened breathless boatswain. The shipmaster, clawing to his knees on the deck, shouted sternly at the dog. But he got to his feet too late.

The aroused Airedale soundlessly changed course to lunge at the carpenter. That man, no dog lover, dropped his tools to flee. Quite without premeditation he found himself thumping down the ladder to the well deck on his chest.

The indignant boatswain rose. But immediately he flopped to the deck again as a fist thudded on his jaw.

It was the fist of Fourth Officer Hart, who had come down the bridge ladder in three jumps.

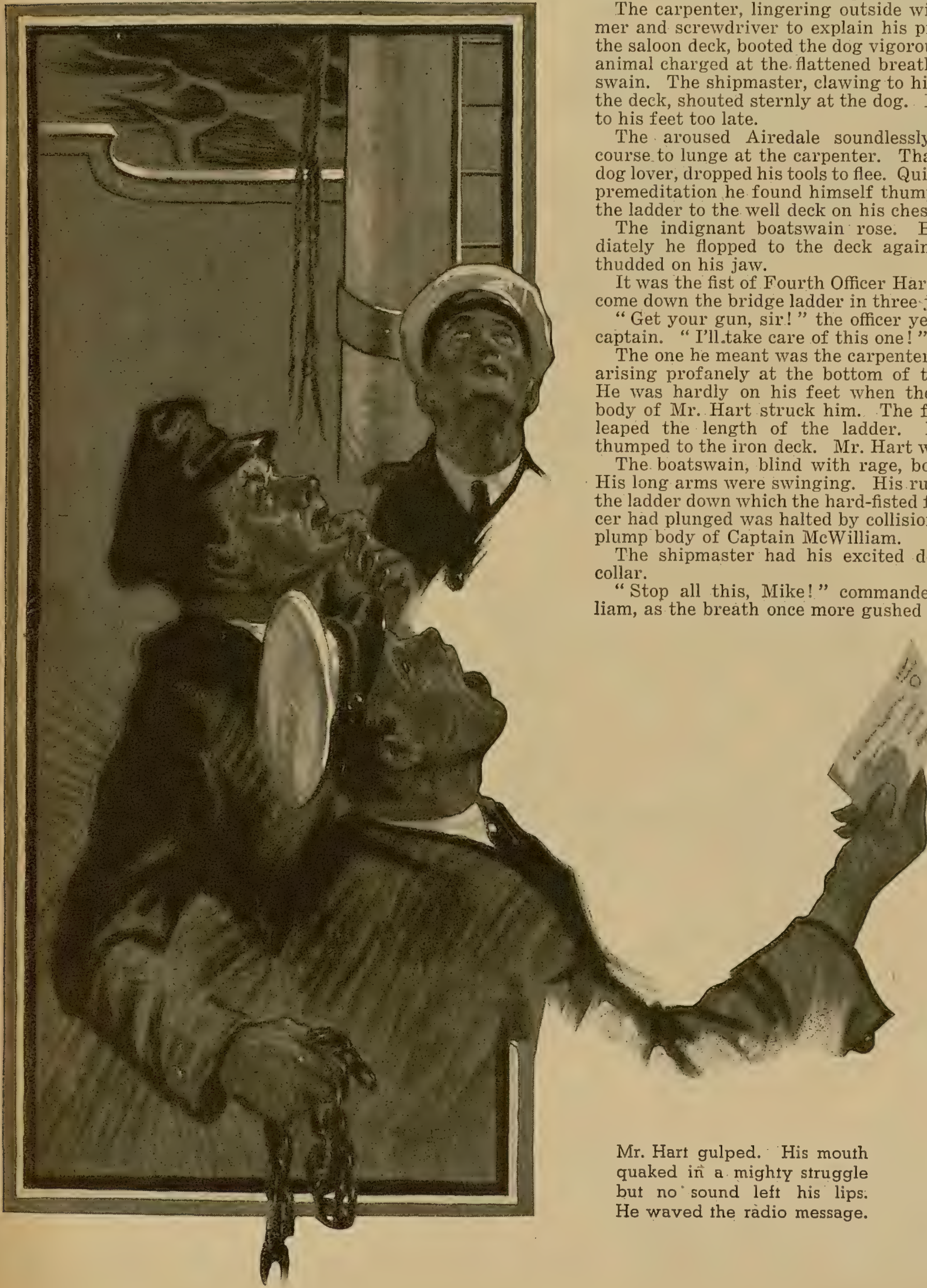
"Get your gun, sir!" the officer yelled to the captain. "I'll take care of this one!"

The one he meant was the carpenter, who was arising profanely at the bottom of the ladder. He was hardly on his feet when the hurtling body of Mr. Hart struck him. The fourth had leaped the length of the ladder. Both men thumped to the iron deck. Mr. Hart was on top.

The boatswain, blind with rage, bounced up. His long arms were swinging. His rush toward the ladder down which the hard-fisted fourth officer had plunged was halted by collision with the plump body of Captain McWilliam.

The shipmaster had his excited dog by the collar.

"Stop all this, Mike!" commanded McWilliam, as the breath once more gushed out of the



Mr. Hart gulped. His mouth quaked in a mighty struggle but no sound left his lips. He waved the radio message.

boatswain's lungs. “Get back to your work! Mr. Hart, pick up that man! Is he conscious?”

The fourth mate got up off the carpenter.

“I think he's still out, sir,” he said crisply. “Shall I get the irons?”

“What irons?” demanded Captain McWilliam. “What— Of course not! What do you think this is, Mr. Hart?”

“What I saw of it looked very much like mutiny to me, sir,” said the fourth with curt conviction.

“Oh—blah!” roared the shipmaster. “Get back on the bridge, sir!”

“Get back on the bridge, sir,” repeated Fourth Officer Hart. But his manner was completely unconvinced.

The big boatswain at last got back his wind. He expelled it all in a howl of wrath. He shook his clenched fist at the shipmaster.

“Turn loose your dog on me, flatten me out, and then strike me!” he raged. “An' look what that whelp done to the carp! I'll have you pinched soon as we make port!”

“Run away!” said the captain impatiently.

The mate assisting, the carpenter was borne away, still dizzy, with an egg no hen had laid arising on his head.

Large as it was, the lump on the carpenter's head was the smallest part of the affair on the saloon deck. The Thelma had been a smooth ship, with men who had been in her for twenty voyages between New York and Caribbean and South American ports. Nothing ever happened on Captain McWilliam's ships. They carried their freight.

But Mr. Hart's indefatigable hazing and sharp tongue had powerfully stirred up the men, destroying the balance of reason and regulation maintained by the skipper. And now the petty officers stamped about in an uglier mood than the men. Johnson, the carpenter, had a vague notion that somebody had thrown him down the bridge ladder before Mr. Hart had jumped him, and the boatswain swore that he would take his undeserved treatment to the owners, to court—to heaven's throne, if need be.

It was just the sort of situation that at the least means lost time in port, with a tight schedule slung out of gear and owners demanding irately full particulars which they will not believe. And thus are men ashore convinced that a man afloat has lost his grip and is going downhill. Particularly a fat easygoing skipper who had always got by because nothing unlucky ever seemed to happen to him.

THERE were glum faces and grim faces on deck as the Thelma took her departure from San Salvador light and headed due north for New York and trouble. Only Captain McWilliam apparently recovered his placidity. His mask of calm fronted alike the black looks of his crew, the jumpiness of his watch officers, and the untiring and watchful scrutiny of his fourth mate.

It was almost a relief when Sparks jerked out of the air a radio message not addressed to the Thelma Merrill. The Agnes Merrill, Captain Denny Lynn, New York to Nassau and other West Indian ports, was aground on Little Bahama Bank.

“Near Elbow Cay,” muttered Captain McWilliam, staring sorrowfully at the radio slip and plucking at his dust-colored mustache. “Denny must have missed his landfall in thick weather to put her on there. He'd have picked up the light if a seaman could.”

“Hart in the Alice is nearer than we are, isn't he?” the mate asked soberly.

Captain McWilliam nodded. “He's practically on top of her, if he's on schedule, which he is,” he said. “Let's have that weather, Andy.”

He took the latest radio report from his mate. “The norther's dying, but there's a low on the way,” he summed it up. “Tough on Denny—if she's there to stay.”

“I wouldn't say the line could stand a lost ship right now,” Mr. Fowler muttered. “It might be tough on all of us, Sam.”

Captain McWilliam nodded but said no word.

As they slogged on the radio gave them an intermittent account of the travail of Denny Lynn. Captain Peter Hart of the Alice, who was standing by the stranded ship, kept the line well informed, though in curt and seamanlike language, of his efforts.

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"A sea salesman," Mr. Fowler declared sadly.

The Agnes was hard aground on a sandy bank, one of the outlying reefs of the Little Bahama Bank. The bank flings its treacherous shallows and islets of sand and coral 140 miles across the path of ships bound southward for the West Indies.

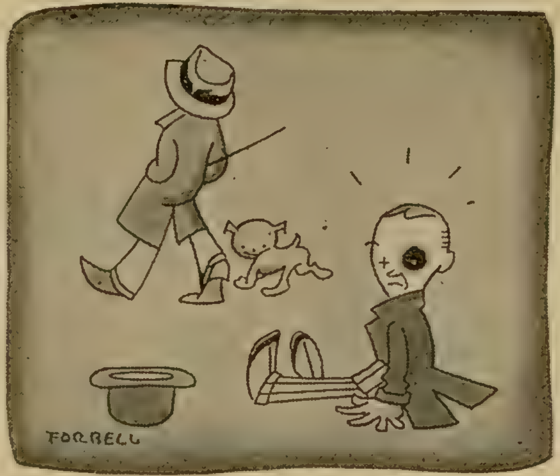
Denny, having laid out and then hauled home his heaviest ground tackle with his windlass and winches under Captain Hart's suggestions, was now busily engaged in jettisoning coal.

Captain Hart, heaving to just off the bank, had succeeded in putting three lines aboard the Agnes with his gun. He had snapped all three heavy towing hawsers without budging the Agnes. High water, a neap tide with a predicted rise of no more than two feet nine inches, might help.

"If he doesn't run out of hawsers in the meantime," Captain McWilliam commented. "We'll alter course now, Mr. Fowler, by way of assisting the owners to make up their minds about it. If Denny doesn't get off before that low arrives—" He left it at that.

What Do You Say?

by Charles H. Forbell



Swatted: W--- d- y-- s--?

Swatter: Aw, nuts!

Swatted: W--- i- y--- g----?

Swatter: My wife got a cinder in her eye and it cost me three dollars.

Swatted: T---'s n------. M- w--- g-- a f-- c--- i- h-- e-- a-- i- c--- m- three hundred.

The answer will be found on page 65

With Mr. Fowler he plotted the new course, a straight run in deep water of about 160 miles to westward. Having spoken succinctly to the chief engineer, the master turned the bow of the Thelma almost into the sun that was setting in a yellow bank of clouds.

Throughout the night came the winged reports of Captain Hart, varied by an order from New York to the Thelma also to go to the assistance of the stricken Agnes.

It was more and more apparent that the Agnes was in a bad way. The long swell over which the Thelma was riding beat also on the stranded ship and it was working her harder up on the bank and farther from the ministrations of Captain Hart in the Alice. High tide came and went, but the Agnes stayed fast aground.

An hour after high water Captain Hart burst into speech again. This time his message made Captain McWilliam cock his head in thought.

In plain language Captain Hart warned New York that the Agnes's position had become so critical that concerted action on the part of the Thelma and his own vessel was needed to save her. And he added boldly that such action must of necessity be under one seaman's direction.

"'Under one seaman's direction,'" Captain McWilliam repeated. "I'll not have to wait till we dock in Brooklyn to learn what they intend to do about me, Andy. Hart's demanding a decision right now."

The mate jerked his head in assent.

"What a drag he must have to risk a message like that," he commented unhopefully.

THE captain sat down again on the chartroom settee. He had already plotted the predicted course of the low approaching them from the Florida coast. It was a deep low and there would be wind in it. Now he was engaged in reading paragraphs from Hydrographic Office Publication No. 128, also known as West Indies Pilot, Vol. 1.

"I should think you'd know plenty by now about the banks," Mr. Fowler remarked.

"Nobody knows plenty about the Bahama banks—not even the spongers," muttered Captain McWilliam, chewing his pipestem. "What deep-water man ever bothered about the bank—till he hit it?"

The night dragged on, while men under the glare of cargo clusters overhauled Manila hawsers and wires and the gear to ease the strain on them. New York did not answer Hart's demand.

It was sunrise, a fair, almost cloudless sunrise, when the hard-pressed Thelma Merrill neared the edge of the vast shoal. Not a breath of air was stirring. The northerly swell ran over the surface as smoothly as a roller might lift a sheet of flexible glass. Among the shallows and on the white-sand cays the glittering seas burst thunderously in a smother of breathless whiteness. Astern lay the matchless blue of deep-sea water; ahead pure green folds of water arose; and in the distance, farther in on the bank, this greenness gave place to shining sand, to golden water and brown water of the clarity of clean air.

"NICE day," muttered Captain McWilliam without conviction, as he rested his faded blue eyes after a long intent study of the layout.

"Seen the barometer?" asked Mr. Fowler. "There's not much time."

"The tide's rising again," retorted the skipper.

Fourth Officer Hart said nothing, but his eyes had an eager covetous glint in them as he surveyed the Agnes.

The stranded ship lay among the light-green, golden, and brown waters, bow in but with stern high and with a slight list to port. Her cargo booms were swinging ceaselessly and a black stream of coal was flowing overside as her crew toiled at jettisoning bunkers.

Out where the heaving blue water shoaled to green, Captain Hart's Alice Merrill, with a hawser tailing over her stern, stood by. There was now no strain on the hawser, although it was made fast to the stern of the stranded Agnes. Near Captain Hart's ship hovered a salvage tug. Through his glasses Captain McWilliam could see the tug's master leaning out of his pilothouse with a megaphone.

"It would be cheaper to let her rot than take that fellow's hawser," Mr. Fowler snapped, glaring at the tug. "What those crooks—"

His voice faded out as the steward came up the bridge ladder with a radio form in his hand.

Captain McWilliam took in the words of the New York office at a glance:

CAPTAIN HART IN CHARGE SALVAGE OPERATIONS AGNES MERRILL STOP RENDER HIM ANY ASSISTANCE REQUESTED

The master's plump countenance did not change. "I expected that, Andy," he said to Mr. Fowler, and read it in a voice that all his officers and the boatswain, standing by under the bridge, could hear. "They got it to me just in time, didn't they?"

The fourth officer's eyes gleamed like ball bearings but he did not move a muscle.

For an instant the shipmaster stared again at the varicolored water of the bank, and then, minutely, at the foremast of his ship. He moved toward the port wing of the bridge, with the mate at his elbow.

"'Render him any assistance requested,'" McWilliam quoted. "Requested! Well, in about thirty seconds Captain Hart will be requesting me to part my hawsers trying to tow the Agnes across shallows you couldn't sail a clamshell on."

"She's there for keeps," said Mr. Fowler.

The steward returned again just then with confirmation of this view. He bore a radio message from Captain Hart to the New York office:

ACKNOWLEDGE RECEIPT OF AUTHORITY TO DIRECT SALVAGE OPERATIONS STOP REGRET THAT THELMA MERRILL HAS ARRIVED TOO LATE TO BE OF ASSISTANCE STOP AGNES NOW HARD AGROUND AND IN DANGEROUS POSITION WITH GALE THREATENED STOP WILL ENDEAVOR TO PREVENT LOSS OF LIFE ABOARD HER HART

"Nice of him," muttered Captain McWilliam. "Sort of sliding out from under, isn't he?"

He turned forward and with a sigh looked down at his ample bulk.

"If I get up I'll never get down," he declared.

"Up where?" inquired the startled mate.

The captain waved his hand up toward the lookout cage. "You should read your West Indies Pilot, Mr. Fowler," he said severely and thumped page 96 with a blunt forefinger. "Clap your eyes on that remark about the Bahama Bank:

"'A most remarkable feature is the exceeding clearness of the sea water, which enables the bottom to be seen from aloft at considerable depths and at some distance; the navigation of the bank is consequently conducted almost entirely by the eye, but care must be taken not to run with the sun ahead of the vessel.'"

"From aloft," muttered the mate. "Yes, I've heard the spongers do it, but—"

"Mr. Fowler, I want you to send me up any radio messages from Captain Hart at once—unless I am engaged in critical maneuvering of the ship in shoal water."

"Unless—" Mr. Fowler paused. His jaw dropped; then he smiled. "Aye, aye, sir," he said heartily.

"Where's Mr. Hart?"

"Went aft, sir, toward the radio shack," said the second mate. "Shall I get him for you?"

Captain McWilliam, at the top of the bridge ladder, shook his head. "No, let him stay there," he said and his eyes sought Mr. Fowler's.

"Acts like he expected a message," muttered the mate. "Knows who it's from, maybe, the treacherous eel!"

"Does seem suspicious," conceded the captain.

He descended to the well deck and mounted to the forecastlehead. With his binoculars on their leather thong riding his broad chest, he climbed, groaning, the iron ladder on the foremast. He was panting like a donkey engine as he heaved his stiff old bulk into the lookout cage. Hooking his elbows over the edge, he rested, winning back his breath and quieting his thudding heart. He ignored utterly the incredulous scandalized regard of his crew. An Old Man aloft!

His faded blue eyes searched the water around the bank with steady keenness. In this high eyrie he had the vision of a gannet. The depths as well as the surface were at his command. He studied at length that maze of many-colored waters, cays, and shallows into which the Agnes Merrill had driven.

"Just what I thought," he growled as he brought his binoculars to play. "If those seas hadn't washed her along they'd have broken her up."

From here it was plain that the towering swells had swept the Agnes far over shallows of swirling sand and broken frothing water into water almost deep enough to float her. But all the efforts of those pygmies below in paying out chain cable, stretching hawsers, and rigging bridles and purchases to share the strain on them—all those efforts were futile. They were attempting to force a ship already aground into even shallower water.

"'By the eye,'" muttered Captain McWilliam, and it was more a prayer than a quotation from the West Indies Pilot.

With all the intensity of vision sharpened for many a long year by the immensities and uncertainties of the sea, he studied in three dimensions the tangle of shoals and channels spread out before the bow of the stricken Agnes Merrill. There was green water—deep enough, with fathoms to spare—just ahead of her. But beyond that were impossible shallows. To the right— He was a long time at his survey, while the ship stewed and men gazed uneasily upward at their Old Man in his eyrie. At last he hailed the bridge and ordered the ship ahead, dead slow.

While he was confirming with his glasses what his eyes told him, the sound of angry voices came up to him from the deck. He looked over.

At the foot of the foremast the foreshortened body of the mate stood, back to the ladder. And in front of him, shaking a radio form in his face, bulked Mr. Hart.

"I tell you, sir, I've got a message for the master!"

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bawled Mr. Hart. "I'll have your ticket if you try to stop me!"

"Get back to the bridge!" commanded Mr. Fowler in a level voice. "You heard my order the first time, Mr. Hart."

Toward them, idly swinging a short piece of chain in his right hand, strolled Mike the boatswain. His left hand gently caressed the spot on his jaw where Mr. Hart's fist had landed during the affray on the saloon deck. He stood by hopefully.

"I know what you're trying to do!" railed the fourth in a voice that shook the ship. "It's a trick to refuse to obey my father! You can't get away with it! I'll show you all up—"

"Which ship are you serving on?" demanded Mr. Fowler. "If I have to repeat that order again—"

"Mr. Fowler!" hailed Captain McWilliam.

"Yes, sir," the mate responded. Three heads turned up toward the lookout cage.

"Send Mr. Hart to his room at once!" the shipmaster said severely. "I can't have this brawling with the ship on the edge of the bank. Not a word, sir! Are you attempting mutiny or merely barratry?"

Mr. Hart gulped. His mouth quaked in a mighty struggle but no sound left his lips. He waved the radio message and his eyes blazed.

RICHARD HOWELLS WATKINS *was born in New York City but now lives in Connecticut. He spent some time in England and France but likes Connecticut best. For nine years he was in newspaper work and he served one year in the navy. He is the author of four books as well as many short stories.*

"And tell Sparks, Mr. Fowler, that he is not authorized to hand messages for me to any one but the steward," the shipmaster added with asperity, and drew his head back into the cage.

No other voice reached his ears. His plump face was grim as he turned toward the bank again.

"I'm cooked after this," he muttered. "Cooked like Denny, unless—Here goes!"

He hailed Mr. Hansen, the second officer on the bridge, and gave him a course. Startled, the man repeated it in a tone bristling with question marks. Then, gingerly, he relayed it to the helmsman.

THE Thelma Merrill turned her bows from the Alice Merrill and the salvage tug and from the Agnes. She turned to southward, edging slowly in toward the vast shoals, her screw churning through green water that steadily paled in hue. They were steaming on to the bank. No leadsman was in the chains.

On the bridge three mates, tense as the shrouds of the foremast, awaited commands that did not come. On the forecastlehead the boatswain, his piece of chain forgotten in his hand, felt the carpenter's grip upon his shoulder as they stood by the anchor windlass. At the wheel the quartermaster's jaws had ceased their rhythmic motion.

A coral head, fairly awash in the swell, drifted by to starboard. The foam of broken waves trailed off in one direction only. A current was running swiftly over those shallows. The Thelma left that ugly chunk of coral astern.

The popeyed steward came aft to the bridge with another message. No man's hand reached for it. He left it under the West Indies Pilot in the port cab of the bridge.

The water around the Thelma Merrill was no longer colored. The men, looking over the side, realized that now. They peered down distrustfully at the bottom, plainly in sight. They braced themselves for the hiss, grind, and thud of arrested progress.

But the Thelma moved on.

ORDERS were coming from the foremast cage now. The master's voice was placid and no louder than necessary, as usual.

Disturbed water and visible sandbanks drew close on either hand. Only ahead and astern did there seem to be any water at all. And yet the ship kept swinging to port and starboard under the urge of the master's voice, and always moving on farther and farther from decent blue sea water.

She seemed now forever condemned to crawl on through the wicked intricacies of the unholy bank.

Suddenly an order came that was not a change of course:

"Mr. Fowler! Get that gun ready to sling a line over the Agnes!"

It broke the spell. Men raised their eyes from the bottom and from the turning bow of the ship. They looked around a broader sweep of sea and sand. They were not far from the Agnes. But they were inside her—deeper on the bank. Captain Hart's Alice and the tug alongside her looked like things apart, remote, out where the water was deep green.

The second mate sped toward the gun. The line, light but strong, was already flaked out on the foredeck, clear for running.

The Thelma Merrill glided on over water so clear that she seemed to be floating on air, just above a weird land of sand and strange vegetation. How close to her keel in feet or inches that strange countryside lay, only the eyes of the skipper, aloft, could estimate. But he gave no order to reverse engines. The Thelma Merrill moved gently on, and her helm at the master's word compensated for the current that slid glassily over the varying shallows and kept her in the middle of the tortuous branching way gouged out by swift tidal currents.

The shoals awash on either side of the ship slowly began to fall away; to spread apart. Ahead, between them and the stranded Agnes, was opening a sort of basin, one of the numberless holes in the wilderness of sand and coral. But the water in it looked to their suspicious eyes less deep than that under them.

Captain McWilliam's quiet voice stopped the engines. In a silence distinctly ominous the ship slid on toward the crystal-clear bowl.

"Try a shot, Mr. Hansen," the master called.

The second mate jerked his cap tight down on his head, stared at the Agnes, and squatted beside the gun. The ship was moving almost head on toward the vessel in the sand, but beyond the basin rose between them many sandbanks with the reaches of a few winding crazy canals showing here and there.

The gun spoke. In giddy lashing coils the light line vanished from the deck.

"Baby!" muttered the second mate in terrible suspense. His first glance had told him that the shot had split the barrel of the old gun wide apart.

Captain McWilliam, squinting, saw the projectile, curving high, arch toward the Agnes. It reached its zenith rapidly and plunked into the sea just beyond the freighter. The light line was across her, aft of her single funnel.

"Good shooting, mister!" called the captain. "Slack off the line and run your end aft on the port side, outside everything, while we swing her."

A sound, half murmur and half moan, rose from the decks of the Thelma. Swing her here?

"Swing her, sir?" called Mr. Fowler.

"Swing her!" replied McWilliam, and under his breath he added, "D'ye think I've come this far to keep the Agnes company through the breeze o' wind that's just over the horizon?"

HE gave the orders. It was a job with two anchors and two screws ahead and astern. Before Sam McWilliam was through he felt like a man with an eighteen-foot ladder in a twelve-foot room and there was hot salt sweat streaming down his neck. But swing her he did, with never a grate of stem or sternpost on the edges of the basin.

Not until he had dropped an anchor in the mouth of the channel by which he had come and, reversing, run out a long scope of chain, did he give the word to pass a Manila line to the Agnes.

On that unlucky ship the work of slinging good coal overside had ceased. Captain Denny Lynn, failing to get Captain Hart to cast off his end of the long hawser, had let go his own. He was weary of attempting an impossible stern-first transit of dry land. Now his stocky little form, on the bridge, was turned ahead toward the Thelma, and his men, under the mate, were preparing gear to take the strain off the anchor windlass on the forecastlehead. A boat was out, sounding the water ahead of the ship.

On the deck of the Thelma, just outside the radio shack, the steward leaned on the rail. He had quite a sheaf of radio forms in his hand and Sparks was taking down another message.

"Red-hot!" said Sparks with a grin as he handed over the latest.

"It'll be stone-cold before the Old Man gets it," the steward assured him. "He's still crikitally maneuvering the ship in shoal water, eyn't he?"

When the Agnes let go his hawser Captain Hart abandoned his position astern of the stranded ship. Mr. Fowler, sparing him a glance now and then, saw a string of international code flags hoisted on the Alice as she got under way.

"An' they'll transmit your orders no better than your wireless, captain," Mr. Fowler grimly assured the distant director of salvage operations. "We're in so deep now you could sit on Sam McWilliam's head with a megaphone rammed in his ear an' he'd never hear you. Piloting—and not to be disturbed."

The Alice, drawing clear of the bank, came steaming down the edge with a plume of black smoke, doubtless no blacker than Captain Hart's brow, over her stack. The flags fluttered rigidly on her signal halyards. The Thelma's grinning radio operator was still busy with his pencil nevertheless.

At a window in the bridge house the taut face and smoldering eyes of Fourth Officer Hart surveyed as much of the scene as his range of action permitted. With a pair of binoculars he read and made note of the signal displayed by his father's ship. It was plain that Mr. Hart was waiting —just waiting.

The hawser had followed the stout Manila line across the gap of shoals between the stranded Agnes and the anchored Thelma. The men on the Agnes made it fast.

Captain McWilliam leaned over the edge of the lookout cage.

"Message to Captain Lynn of the Agnes," he called down to the bridge. "We'll try to start him into deeper water with our engines and anchor. If we float him, I suggest he attempt to con her out of that nest of sand from aloft and then follow the Thelma."

WHILE the radio was still flashing this across to the Agnes, word to go ahead came by wigwagging flags from the bridge of that ship.

"Slow ahead, Mr. Fowler!" called the skipper. "Carpenter, heave in on the windlass!"

With one hand McWilliam mopped his wet forehead, but under the dripping handkerchief his old blue eyes were darting ahead and astern, studying the two ships and the water round about them.

Sluggishly the Thelma took up the slack of the hawser tailing out astern. At the same time she hove in on her anchor until the chain cable stretching out ahead had a strain on it.

The Thelma's way was checked by the drag of the stranded ship astern.

"Open her up!" commanded Captain McWilliam above the clatter of the windlass.

This was the moment of destiny.

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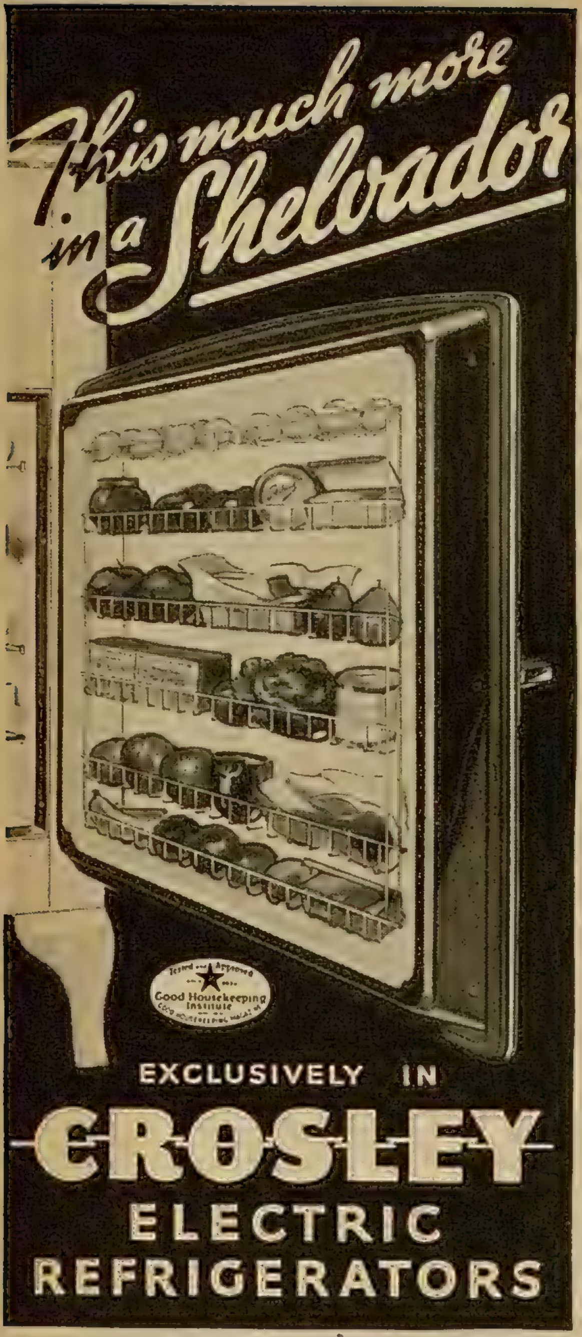

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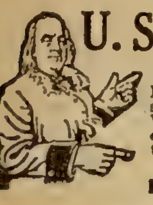

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The Thelma's screws lashed into action. They sliced through the placid water and sent it swirling in mad sand-laden surges far astern. On the teeth of the windlass wildcat each huge link of chain ground and smoked as the straining cable tugged at the anchor laid out ahead.

The Agnes's propeller, too, was thrashing at the shoal water under her counter. Her engine was giving everything it had to free the lightened ship from the grip of the sand.

"Deeper water ahead!" muttered McWilliam, staring back at her.

The lookout cage on the foremast was aquiver with the vibrations that were shaking his ship.

Seconds passed like centuries of agonizing effort. The third mate was staring at the trend of a drift lead line that hung over the Thelma's black side.

Suddenly a white plume of steam burst into sight against the black stack of the Agnes. The roar of her whistle came to them across the shallows.

The towing hawser was still as taut as steel. McWilliam could make out no indication of forward movement on the Thelma. He glanced down at the bridge.

In the port wing the third mate, one hand on the lead line, was capering wildly, his mouth split grotesquely wide. The Thelma was going ahead!

By inches and then by feet the shaking ship surged on. The captain, eyes trained astern, made out now the movement of the Agnes. She was coming off!

Hastily he motioned to the mate to ring down the Thelma's engine. No use dragging the Agnes off one bank to put her on another.

The hawser slackened, but Denny Lynn in a maze of sandbanks kept edging ahead.

An instant later Captain McWilliam made out the stocky figure of the Agnes's master hastily climbing the foremast. Again he wiped the sweat off his forehead, and grinned as he did so.

"Get her around that one bend, Denny, and you're as good as at sea again!" he muttered. "Con her from aloft, Denny! 'By the eye'!"

PAINFUL moments followed. The Agnes had neither the length nor depth of the Thelma, but those tidal channels between the Agnes and this basin curved like snakes. Painful moments, but Denny Lynn got her around them.

The Thelma was breaking out her anchor. The Agnes entered the basin as the Thelma left it. Only then did she let go the towing hawser. And, like a duckling following a duck, she clung to the course of the Thelma in her slow and cautious progress between sandbanks and coral heads to where pale-green water deepened to honest sea-green. With her steering engine thumping and her quartermaster spinning the wheel with clammy quick hands, the Thelma went back to the sea.

Only when the bank was astern did Captain McWilliam descend the iron ladder from the lookout cage and climb to the bridge.

"Tell Mr. Hart he may leave his room now, Mr. Fowler," he said to the mate, while the second and third officers grinned broadly. "Did I hear some one say there was a radio message or two for me?"

Mr. Fowler neither obeyed the order nor answered the question. He gestured emphatically to port.

"Look, sir!" he said. "That's what you get when you shave the bank too close! Look at Hart!"

CAPTAIN McWILLIAM looked. On the edge of the sea-green water, not half a dozen cable lengths from the channel by which the Thelma had entered the bank, lay the Alice Merrill. Her bow was canted high, as if she were mounting the bank of a giant comber. But it was a wave of sand, not water, that Captain Hart's command rode. She had run up on an outlying shoal as she stormed along the edge of the bank with her code signals of command whipping aloft.

Aft, the sea was churned white by her reversed screws, but they did no more good than would the electric fans in her master's cabin. Close to her hovered the salvage tug, with her master megaphoning hopefully to Captain Hart from his pilothouse and the tug's crew standing by with a towing hawser on the after deck. The long, rolling swells were working the ship steadily higher on the bank.

"Too bad," said Captain McWilliam gravely, and jumped for the engine-room telegraph.

"Aground on a nice bright day like this!" muttered the mate, shaking his head.

"He hasn't read the book lately, Andy," said the captain. "'Aloft' and 'by the eye'! 'Care must be taken not to run with the sun ahead of the vessel.' We'd better pass him a line before that salvage tug induces him to take hers."

"Or before Captain Hart murders that tugmaster," Mr. Fowler added. He looked again at the stranded Alice and then hastened to convey Captain McWilliam's message of release to Fourth Officer Hart. The situation of the Alice, Mr. Fowler felt, was something that young Hart really should not miss.

Captain McWilliam stood at the bridge rail sunk in thought as the Thelma, keeping carefully to deep-green water, surged toward Captain Hart's command. Captain Lynn, in the Agnes, followed him. The two ships ate up the distance.

Fourth Officer Hart by permission of the master returned to the bridge. He looked hard at the Alice Merrill and sideways at his engrossed captain.

"Too bad that line gun burst!" Sam McWilliam said aloud to nobody in particuuar. "Now we'll have to waste time in putting a boat over to get a line to him. If only we had a good swimmer on board—"

"Let me take him the line, sir!" Fourth Officer Hart stood at the shipmaster's elbow, pulling off his coat. His voice was both humble and imploring.

"He'll be hard on there with this swell running! It's not a hundred feet!"

Captain McWilliam's mild blue eyes looked deep into his fourth mate's.

"Go ahead, Mr. Hart," he said at last. "Good luck to you. Filial devotion's no bad fault if not carried to extremes. Mr. Fowler! Will you radio to Captain Lynn that he'd better throw a line to the Alice, too? This looks like a two-ship towing job to me."

A two-ship job it was after Mr. Hart, with a line around his chest, had swum across to his father's ship. But the gear for the job lay ready on deck and there was plenty of deep water astern of the Alice Merrill. She came off before the salvage-tug captain's voice gave out or his hawser was needed.

NOT until after the Alice was off did Captain McWilliam make use of his radio transmitter. Then, while the Thelma peacefully put her stern to the bank and her bow to her course, he got off two messages. The first was to Captain Hart:

SUGGEST YOU NEED AN EXTRA PAIR OF EYES ON THE BRIDGE STOP KEEP MISTER HART STOP HE HAS MAKINGS OF MASTER BUT AS FOURTH MATE HE IS BLASTED NUISANCE MCWILLIAM

The second, to New York, was equally pithy:

TOWED STEAMSHIP AGNES MERRILL OFF BANK STOP ASSISTED STEAMSHIP AGNES MERRILL TO TOW STEAMSHIP ALICE MERRILL OFF BANK AND PROCEEDED MCWILLIAM

"Since Hart himself told 'em the Agnes was as good as lost and then piled himself up, this will be an out for Denny Lynn," said Captain McWilliam to Mr. Fowler. "At least the weather was thick when Denny took the ground. And maybe they'll beach me for insubordination and maybe they won't."

"Nothing succeeds like success," Mr. Fowler agreed soberly, thrusting his pipe into the captain's humidor. "I hear the carpenter's going to build you a sea chest and the boatswain's doing the rope handles of it, using some special and intricate knots he was saving for his own coffin handles."

"That's great," said Sam McWilliam absently. His mild blue eyes were searching the room.

"At sea," pronounced the mate heavily, "there's only one thing that can beat salesmanship, and that's seamanship."

Sam McWilliam frowned. "You haven't seen that sock I was darning a while back, have you, Andy?"

THE END

Frederick H. Ecker to Speak on Liberty Forum on March 28

FREDERICK H. ECKER, president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., will be guest speaker on the Forum of Liberty broadcast over the Columbia network Thursday, March 28, at 8.30 P.M. Eastern Standard Time. During his address he will tell how the insurance companies of the country maintained financial stability throughout the nation's time of economic stress.

In May, 1933, Mr. Ecker completed a half century of continuous service for his company, during which he progressed from the post of office boy to the presidency and played a leading part in the growth of the Metropolitan from a company of modest size to the largest institution of its kind in the world.

Mr. Ecker was born in Phoenicia, New York, August 30, 1867, and all but one year of his business lifetime has been spent in the service of the one company.

During this Forum of Liberty broadcast Edwin C. Hill, the famous commentator, will tell the fascinating story of the development of insurance from a casual business to the status of a world-important enterprise. A musical program will be given by Edward Nell, baritone, and the orchestra directed by Arnold Johnson.

The program will be broadcast over the following stations: Akron, WADC; Albany, WOKO; Baltimore, WCAO; Boston, WNAC; Buffalo, WGR; Chicago, WBBM; Cincinnati, WKRC; Cleveland, WHK; Detroit-Windsor, CKLW; Fort Wayne, WOWO; Hartford, WDRC; Indianapolis, WFBM; Kansas City, KMBC; Louisville, WHAS; New York City, WABC; Philadelphia, WCAU; Pittsburgh, WJAS; Providence, WEAN; St. Louis, KMOX; Syracuse, WFBL; Toledo, WSPD; Washington, WJSV.

GOOD BOOKS by OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ **THE AMAZING MADAME JUMEL** by William Cary Duncan. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The Cinderella story of one of the most remarkable women in the history of the country. From a sordid beginning she was successful in reaching a position of amazing influence and power.

★ ★ ★ **A MAN CALLED CERVANTES** by Bruno Frank. The Viking Press.

No wonder Cervantes was able to write one of the world's greatest novels in Don Quixote, and write it while in prison at that. The twentieth century seems tame after the thrilling adventures he experienced in the Spain of the sixteenth century.

★ ★ **MOTHER LODE** by Louis J. Stellman. Harr Wagner Publishing Co., San Francisco.

The gold-rush days in California. Well authenticated with interesting photographs of the "ghost" towns.

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DEPRIVE FEMALES OF ALL RIGHTS?

CALGARY, ALTA.—Editors of responsible magazines and newspapers should hesitate, nay, refuse to publish the irresponsible outbursts of the female of the species.

Compared to the male, she is inferior mentally, morally, and physically; but because of sex, man has given her far too much liberty.

The female lacks power of concentration and can never give to the world anything worth-while in literature, commerce, or the professions, and her place is—where man originally meant her to be—in seclusion, bearing children and not the burdens of a distressed world.

The moral code is man's prerogative and the opinions of modern young females (who are wrong in theory and principle) can have no influence whatsoever on his vastly superior ethics.

The greatest reform that man could institute today would be to deprive the females of all the rights and privileges they now have, compel them to live silently, so far as external affairs are concerned, and when that was accomplished the world would be an Eden.—*R. Blair.*

THE SHORT END OF LONG

CHELSEA, MASS.—Don't sell America short—sell Long short instead.—*Ellsworth Sherin.*

SAFE IN A CAVE

CINCINNATI, OHIO—Harold W. Lauber in his February 9 Vox Pop letter suggests free flying instructions for our young men as a means of making the nation air-minded.

That certainly would put things in a pretty mess. With planes as numerous as autos, which now kill 36,000 people per year, the only safe place would be a cave, and those who valued their lives would have to travel by burrowing through the ground like moles.—*D. Davidson.*

FAME FOR FANNIE

CHICAGO, ILL.—If I were asked to name the greatest achievement for humanity for 1935, I would nominate Miss Fannie Hurst's recently concluded serial, No Food with My Meals.—*Paul Feinstein.*

THE WALL STREET SKIN GAME

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—The efforts of today's monetary reformers to save the country from the diabolical machinations of Wall Street remind one of the old-time religionists who tried to save us from the devil.

Their intentions were honest but their methods of operation were certainly hard on the human system.

And who wants to be saved from Wall Street anyway? For, assuming that Wall Street did skin us, didn't they make the process pleasingly pleasant?

Let them pluck us again if they will give us an anesthetic of costly suits, shirts, motor cars, and airplanes.

Won't some one please page the Wall Street boys and get them started skinning us out of our hides once more?

Those of us who remember the good old days are tired of eating beans and saving our pennies for a haircut.

We would like to bite into a two-inch steak just once more before we die!—*L. D. Sisson.*

MINT JULEP TO NUTS

AURORA, ILL.—Our dear friend of noble birth, Robert R. Wilson, whose vox-popping in February 9 Liberty classes the New Dealers as degenerate white trash, must have had a large mint julep before he wrote what he did. For any one calling himself an aristocrat, a gentleman, and in the same breath saying, "Nuts to the New Deal," must be slightly cockeyed.—*I. R. Priegel, Jr.*

ROCHESTER, MINN.—Robert Wilson's statement that he is an aristocrat is prima-facie evidence that he is not an American. My ancestors on both sides of the family were in Colonial uniforms when Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown. That was the end of any aristocracy in America.—*A. P. Parker.*

THE PENNY AND THE CENT

VISALIA, CALIF.—It appears that the misnomer "penny," used to denote a cent, cannot become more pronounced in the United States than it now is. In California, since the inception of the sales tax, a person can hardly make a purchase without being asked whether he has a "penny" or "pennies."

There is no such denomination as a penny in United States money; however, there is a cent. A penny is a British coin, worth two cents, about the size of a half dollar, and is a monetary unit of not only the United Kingdom but of certain English dominions and English colonies as well.—*Timothy P. Delay.*

LATER SCHOOL YEARS?

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—Most American parents—at least in the towns where I have lived—seem to be able to take care of their children until they have finished high school.

It is interesting to speculate on what would be the result if children should start to school two years later in life—at seven instead of five—and finish high school at twenty instead of eighteen.

We would have parents supporting their children for two more years; but we would have, also, say 1,500,000 more jobs for grown people.

We would have children out in the open for two more years in babyhood, building stronger bodies to withstand the diseases to which they will be exposed as soon as they start to school, and we would have young people under home influence and school restraint until a later period in life; and this might perhaps help to solve the problems of delinquency now so prevalent among the younger generation.—*M. L. Briggs.*

BEER TRAINING STARTS EARLY

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In his Vox Pop letter in March 2 Liberty J. N. Walker states that the nation spent $60,000,000 less for milk during the first year of repeal, and then wonders if the parents robbed their babies of milk in order to buy beer.

Of course not! Parents are training their children to drink like gentlemen, as Mr. Mencken would say.—*W. A. Daniel.*

BEGIN PENSIONS AT TWENTY-ONE?

NORFOLK, VA.—If the Townsend Plan is so good, why limit it to people sixty years and over?

I'm not sixty, but I'd like nothing better than to draw down fifty a week for the rest of my life without doing anything for it and to spend it as fast as I can get it. Ten dollars a day ain't nothing to me when I get started at real spending.

So why limit this good thing to geezers sixty years old?

Why not start with every one who is free, white, and twenty-one?

Of course it has sort of puzzled me who'd get all the money spent and whether it would go to the ABC salons or maybe the banks; but that really doesn't make any difference so long as the money keeps coming. It's the money that's gone that raises Helenmaria.—*Jay Lewis.*

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL

VANCOUVER, B. C.—Out of the wisdom of his seventy-eight years a great brain speaks.

What atomic souls these great minds have! But then this savant, Nikola Tesla, declares in his A Machine to End War, in February 9 Liberty: "What we call 'soul' or 'spirit' is nothing more than the sum of the functionings of the body. When this functioning ceases, the 'soul' or the 'spirit' ceases likewise."

The whole doctrine of our Christian faith is founded on the immortality of our souls, and if we deny that our churches might as well be turned into garages or factories.—*Vancouverite.*

BEST AUTO SAFETY DEVICE

ENID, OKLA.—The greatest safety device any autoist can have is located about nine inches above the shoulders. —*Fred A. Hügel.*

COMMODITY CURRENCY

MOUNT VERNON, ALA.—If there are somewhere in the world huge surpluses of cotton, wool, and leather, while people suffer from lack of proper clothing; if there is an abundance of grains, vegetables, meats, and other edibles, while millions starve for want of them—then there is dire need for an adjustment of the world's economic machinery!

This adjustment can be accomplished through the action of each individual nation by the issuance of commodity currency, augmentative to the national currencies, and acceptable therein as of the identical value of the currency thereof. Each country, of course,

Pop

should only issue sufficient currency to stabilize prices and labor and take up unwieldy surpluses of staple raw materials within its borders. Portions of these surpluses should be bartered with other nations in need of them for staple commodities of which they are likewise deficient.—*J. A Curry.*

WHAT SHOULD WE CALL OUR GOVERNORS?

San Francisco, Calif. — The title "His Excellency," now being so graciously applied to governors of states, grates on the American ear because it is too suggestive of the fancy fawning and fickle favoritism of Fascism. — *Margaret Clare Mulcahy.*

OUR OPINION, TOO

Huntington, W. Va.—In my opinion, such stories as Edward Doherty's Abraham Lincoln and a Frightened Girl (February 16 Liberty) serve to influence young people to be greater men and women. Who could read such an appealingly human document without being inspired to do greater things?—*R. A. Guthrie.*

BOLSHEVISM IF HITLER FAILS?

West Carrollton, Ohio—A prophet, like a fool, is born every minute. First, from Germany we have the prediction of a military dictatorship; and, that failing to materialize, along comes Princess Catherine Radziwill in her series, Hitler's Coming Doom, to predict a new monarchy.

Why doesn't some one tell us that if Hitler should fail the result would be Bolshevism? Out of a Communistic Germany will emanate a Bolshevik Europe and eventually a Communistic America. Why withhold respect and admiration from the man who is saving the western world from such a plague? — *James T. Sommers.*

Victoria, B. C.—Our history teacher has been using Hitler's Coming Doom as an authoritative piece on modern history.—*D. Brousson.*

NEUTRALITY

San Leandro, Calif.—I heartily respect Colonel Edward M. House for his excellent contributions. But I also heartily disagree with his How Free Are the Seas? in the February 23 issue. The Hague Conference in 1907 abolished invading neutral territory and the use of Zeppelins in war. Did not Germany invade poor defenseless Belgium in 1915, and did they not use Zeppelins and poison gas in 1918? Neutrality means nothing to a belligerent nation except when the other nation is stronger. — *Robert Brayton.*

A RACE OF JUNE BUGS?

Springfield, Mo.—I was utterly surprised at the letter appearing in March 9 Vox Pop, signed by Mrs. P. V. and suggesting the United States government create an incentive for larger families.

If her proposal were followed it would undoubtedly bring about a race of June bugs similar to those found today in Italy, India, China, Russia, and other overpopulated countries.

Can Mrs. P. V. understand why it is that nearly half of the total population are living in semistarvation? Overpopulation is the answer.

What we need today is quality, not quantity.—*L. A. Wilson.*

CONVINCED?

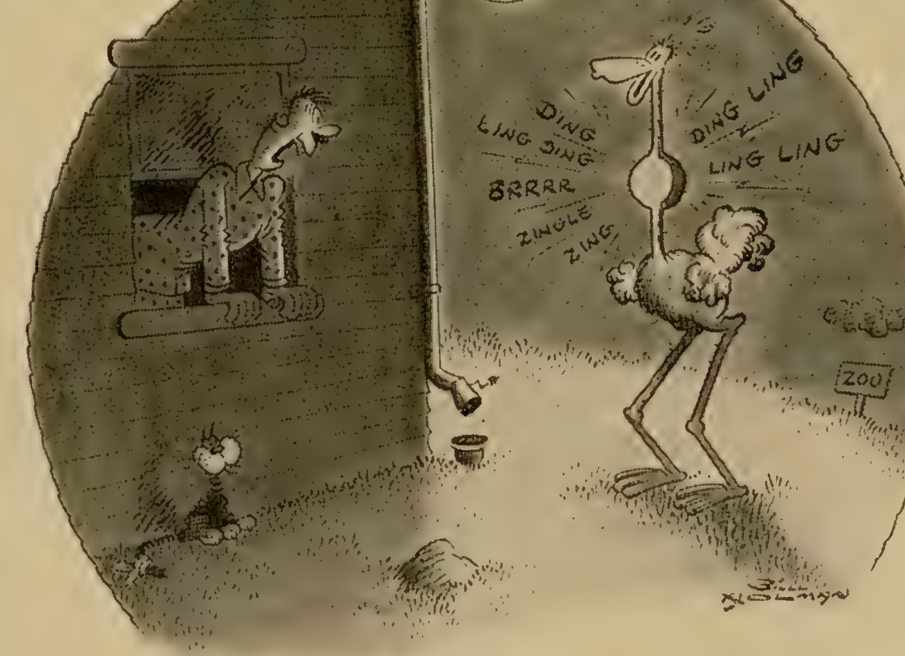
St. John's, N. F.—A lot of these Vox Poppers sure know their stuff, and some are just the opposite; but there's a very human strain in every issue, so keep up the good work. Some claim you make Vox Pop up, so here's your chance to prove them wrong.—*H. R.*

CLIMAXED WITH A GLORIFIED TRIAL

Dayton, Ohio—Bernarr Macfadden's editorial, Our Habit of Glorifying Criminals, which appears in February 23 Liberty, seems to me to be the most timely and reasonable article that I have read for some time.

And I certainly agree with him in saying punishment for crime should be swift and certain. That would do much to discourage lawlessness.

The majority of gangsters have a streak of yellow up their backs a foot wide when they are required to face instant death; but if they can have a lot of publicity with sort of a glorified trial just at the finish of their career, they will not hesitate to continue to that finish.—*James R. Anderson.*



"So that's what happened to my alarm clock!"

"SENATOR BRANDYWINE" AGAIN

Washington, D. C.—The Senate's defeat of the World Court is a kick in the teeth for Cordell Hull and Frank Sayre (Wilson's son-in-law), who sold the President on the old international banking theory that our safety depends on going soft. The truth is, of course, that going international simply gives the supreme power to the only existing international group in the modern world—the big bankers and the Bank of England.

The more we examine Europe and Asia the better we like the looks of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. America is going nationalist hard, fast, and loose.

There's one bad side to this—there always is!—the Japanese. The idea was that, when we fell into our usual temptation to get morally militant about affairs eight or ten thousand miles away, we should have built up a perfect alibi in advance by showing our peaceable and loving nature in the World Court.

All of the advantages of world public opinion were to be put at our disposal—not that they're worth a snootful of cracked ice when there's a good war on—and we could have felt quite righteous about killing Japs and terribly outraged at being killed by 'em.

Now that elegant hope has gone native, and if we are pushed into a fight we'll have the Hoover of a time making out that it's a holy war. Of course we will, just the same; but some of our experts in legal homicide feel that it's a pity to miss out on our answer to that "Where were you on the night of January 29, 1935?" business when the shooting starts.—*"Senator Brandywine."*

HOLES IN CHEESE AND HUSBANDS

Des Moines, Ia.—One of the highest plastic arts known to civilization is making a husband out of a man. It requires science, tact, patience, common sense, faith, and loads of charity.—*M. B. C.*

La Grange, Ill.—The average adult is a master of bluff but otherwise knows only half as much as he did at twenty.—*W. Pamperien.*

Los Angeles, Calif.—Do you know that Swiss cheese is made in the U. S. A. and the holes are imported from Switzerland?—*H. Schoffer.*

THE NERVOUS GRASSHOPPER

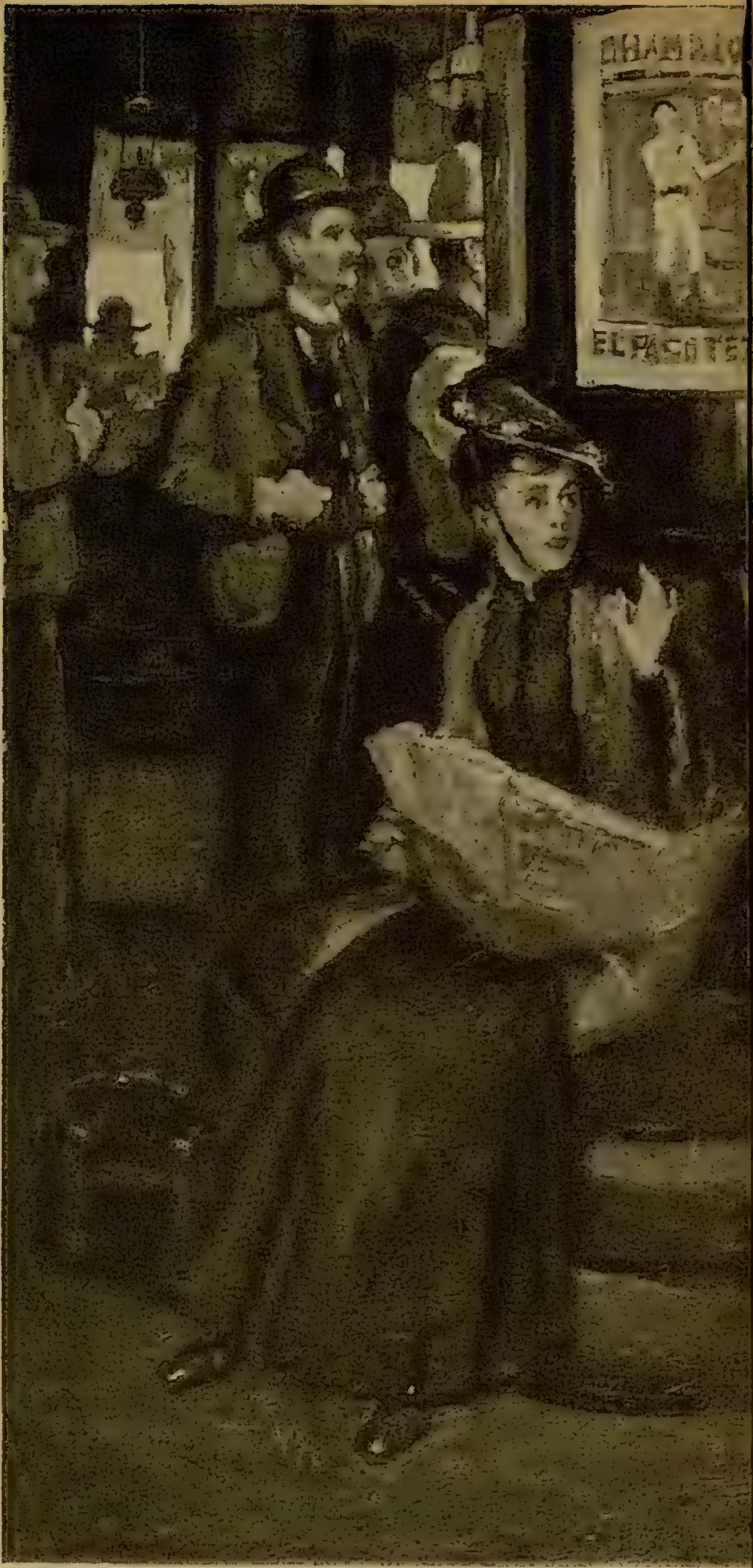
Seattle, Wash. — High-school students are taking up the study of the nervous system of a grasshopper. My gosh! What's become of the three R's and the old-fashioned school? I was born forty years too soon. I never knew a grasshopper got nervous.—*Albert H. Ryan.*

MEMORIES

Cleveland, Ohio — The title of your publication is very reminiscent of something we used to be proud of.—*Herb Jones.*

Hell in Boots

The Captain Shoots It Out with a Killer and Gives a Prize Fight the Gate . . . Continuing the Saga of Bill McDonald, Master Man-Hunter of Texas



by TYLER MASON

READING TIME
21 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. S. HULME

THROUGHOUT the Southwest the fame of Captain Bill McDonald is still very much alive around the campfires. No storyteller dealing with his exploits could improve upon the truth, of which this series consists—only a few names being fictionized. He is a historical figure; he was a bodyguard and friend of two Presidents, as well as a friend of Colonel Edward M. House.

In last week's installment Tyler Mason showed him fearlessly rounding up a band of terrorists. That done, Captain Bill went alone into Indian Territory as a fruit-tree salesman and located " a passel " of murderous outlaws, whom he presently went back and gathered in. Next, he heard that Sheriff Pike was gunning for him. He knew the sheriff of old, knew him for a killer. He now faced him down after arresting one of his pals. But the next time Bill came to town the sheriff and his gang were waiting. Bill walked up to him deliberately.

PART THREE—THE MAN WHO WAS THE LAW

I'M warnin' you! " the sheriff shouted. " I'm lettin' nobody do my arrestin' for me! "

Bill McDonald smiled. " Your business, sheriff, seems to be keepin' guilty men out of jail," he said softly. " Mine's puttin' 'em in."

Bill was close now.

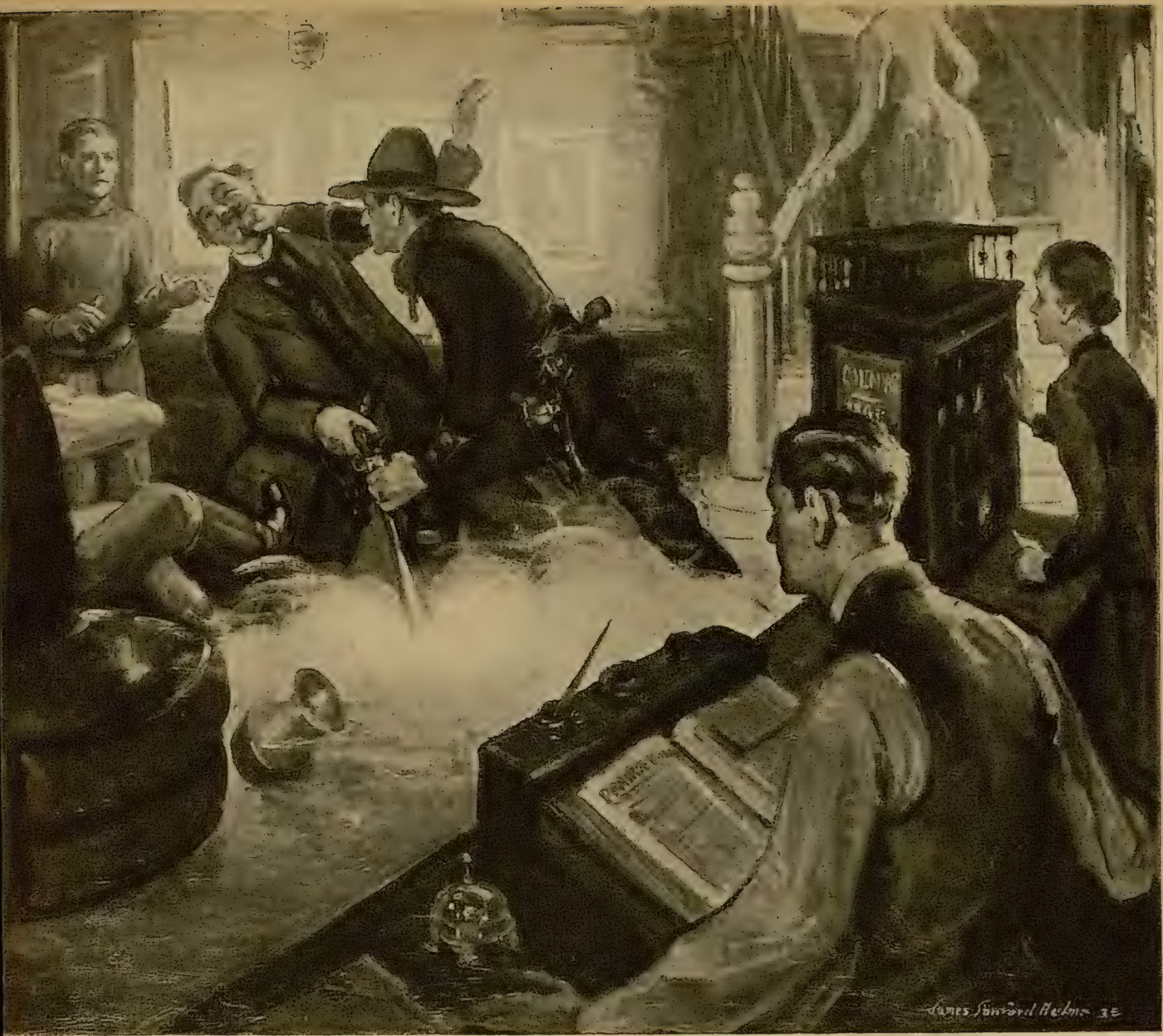
The sheriff edged behind one of his deputies. His arm swung to his holster. But his gun seemed to stick in the leather.

Bill's .45 belched twice. Both bullets went straight toward the sheriff's heart. But a plug of tobacco and a book prevented them from entering his body.

The sheriff fired across his deputy's shoulder, but the shock of those two bullets and the delay in getting out his gun had unnerved him. He missed the ranger, but the powder burned Bill's cheek.

Bill stepped in closer and shifted his aim. The sheriff's friends were cutting loose now. A bullet crashed into Bill's shoulder, ripped his lung, and plowed down toward the small of his back. It made him reel backward, but he did not fall. His eyes never left the sheriff. He had to get him first. With cool deliberation he took aim, paying no attention to the bullets fired at him—though three of them tore through his left arm.

He fired his third shot. The sheriff fell.



Before he could aim, Bill hit him under the chin and—just as the gun was about to go off—seized it.

Bill turned on the others, but as he started to cock his gun a bullet struck his right shoulder, skidded around his neck, and edged down his left side. His fingers went numb. Paralyzed, he bent over his gun and tried to cock it with his teeth. No use. He couldn't do it.

He waited for the last shot. It didn't come. The battle was over. Two men were lying in the street. One was the sheriff, the other the deputy behind whom he had tried to hide. The sheriff was badly wounded. The deputy was merely scared.

"Don't shoot!" he cried now, unaware that for the first time in his life Bill was unable to shoot.

Bill's gun dropped from his nerveless fingers. He forced himself to walk toward the curb. Perspiration trickled down his haggard cheeks.

He collided with a hitching post and clung to it. Then he eased his body down, and sat there.

"I'm a dead rabbit," he said to a friend who ran to him. His lips twitched in a smile.

Rhoda came running out. A doctor was with her. They carried Bill into the hotel.

"Never mind my neck," he said. "Get the slug out of my back and let the blood out. There's a young Niagara spoutin' in there—feels like."

The doctor thought he might as well humor a dying man. Bill sighed deeply when the operation had been completed. His hands found Rhoda's and held them.

"Now I'll pull through," he whispered.

"Of course you will," she said.

Her eyes, swimming in tears, sought assurance. The doctor shook his head. Rhoda glared at him.

"If Bill Jess says he'll pull through," she declared, "he'll pull through."

And so he did.

. . . . .

THE City National Bank of Wichita Falls had been held up by "Kid" Lewis and a pal named Crawford. They had killed the cashier and wounded the bookkeeper. They had escaped with a bag of gold and silver coin. When the rangers reached Wichita Falls they learned that Deputy Sheriff Matt Long had taken the trail with a posse. The bandits were evidently heading for Indian Territory.

A few miles outside the town Captain Bill and his men met the posse coming back—with no prisoners.

"Howdy!" Long called. "You're the very man we're lookin' for, Captain Bill."

"Thought you were lookin' for outlaws," Bill said.

"Well, we give 'em a good chase. We got close enough to kill Lewis's hoss. But blame if they didn't steal a

couple plow hosses from a farmer!"

A young ranger pulled in beside the captain. "Don't fret," he said. "Cap'n Bill'll run 'em dizzy, pronto."

"My nephew," Bill introduced him. "Ranger Jess McCauley."

The sun was already low and the creek bottoms were growing dim. But Bill's eyes followed the trail through the heavy undergrowth. The rangers were not far from the Wichita River, and he made for it, picked his way carefully down a steep bank, and kept along by the water. Suddenly, where an embankment swerved abruptly, he came on a team tethered in the bend, their flanks streaked with mud and sweat, their sides heaving.

Bill was off his horse, Winchester ready. He padded through the brush. The men followed. Back and forth he went, then paused at the river's brink, unbuckled his cartridge belt and holsters, and, holding them and his rifle above his head, stepped into the icy water.

"This'll warm us up," he whispered to his nephew.

"Golly, Cap'n Bill," McCauley said, "a polar bear would plumb get chilblains in this!"

On the farther bank Bill shook himself and peered into the tangle of heavy brush that climbed the steep slope.

Just above his head, well hidden in a maze of scrub cedar, two figures crouched. As the ranger captain's Stetson swung into view, one of them took aim. The other held his arm. "Plug him, and all the rangers'll be in here," he said.

Bill didn't know about that until later—much later.

He passed on, listening, looking, smelling, but did not detect the hidden outlaws.

"Pick up some horses," he bade his men. "If they've taken the trail that goes to the Territory, you can't miss 'em. Jess an' I will mosey round down here."

A sudden gust of wind whipped across his drenched shoulders. He shivered. It was scarcely three months since his gun fight with the sheriff. His wounds still troubled him.

"Git that slowpoke posse to hop along with you," he added.

For hours, in the cold and the dark, he kept beating the brush with his nephew. Twice more he crossed the icy river. The cold cut into him like razors. He turned to the boy with a wry smile.

"This water treatment is kill or cure," he said.

"It'll s-s-s-sure enough c-c-c-cure me, if rangerin' is l-l-l-like this all the t-t-t-time," the lad made answer. "A c-c-c-cup o' c-c-c-coffee an' a f-f-fire—"

Bill's reply was characteristic.

"You came by freight, son. I been headin' into a cup o' coffee for the last half hour."

WITHIN a few moments they came to a bunkhouse and a leaping fire and a solicitous host who claimed to have the best coffee in Texas. But they had hardly begun to feel warm and dry when they heard shooting.

Hastily borrowing and saddling horses, they mounted and tore through the brush. Ahead of them a hill lifted its hump in the moonlight, and on the hump Bill could see the posse.

Charging in among them, he looked to right and left. "Well, where are they?" he asked impatiently.

The deputy pointed toward the thicket below.

"They're hidin' yonder."

"Then what are you doin' here?"

Bill didn't wait for an answer. He spurred his horse down the slope toward the thicket. One lone figure followed—Bill's nephew.

"You can't shake me, Cap'n Bill!" he cried.

At the edge of the thicket they dismounted. Gun in hand Bill went forward. A sudden stirring tensed him, but he didn't shoot. The two men here were rangers. They had left the posse before he had arrived.

"They're over behind that big cottonwood," one of them whispered to the captain.

With a motion of his arm he signaled his three men to spread out. Then he charged the tree.

To his surprise the ground fell away sharply, and he found himself on the edge of a creek. The cottonwood was on the other side of that creek, and two men were crouched beneath it.

"Throw up your hands!" he said.

He stepped boldly into the water, his leveled Winchester gleaming in the moonlight.

The outlaws sat in a daze, their guns on their laps.

"Get up," Bill commanded.

Kid Lewis began to recover from the shock. Like many other outlaws, he had believed the rumor that Captain Bill was dead. He thought fast, and remembered an ancient ruse.

"Our guns is cocked, cap'n," he protested. "If we budge, they're liable to go off. We'd sure hate to shoot you—by accident."

"Stand up, or something else will go off, and it won't be accidental," Bill said.

Lewis and Crawford scrambled to their feet.

"Git movin'," Bill ordered.

The outlaws shuddered.

"You ain't makin' us wade that there ice water?"

"You had me wadin' it all afternoon. Now git."

THE posse and the deputy tried to take charge of the prisoners, but Bill would have none of that. He was going back to that bunkhouse to drink some hot coffee and borrow a wagon "for our guests."

He intended to take his prisoners to Henrietta; but Deputy Long persuaded him to bring them back to Wichita Falls, on the ground that "it'd sure be inconvenient for the witnesses to have to high-tail it over there to testify." Bill feared there would be a lynching at Wichita Falls. But he gave in.

"Dad slap it," he said, "if I can't hold off a lynchin', I reckon it's time I quit."

To make sure that he would get his prisoners into jail safely, he sent a man into Wichita Falls to "git the calaboose opened up, and keep her open."

It was two o'clock in the morning when the town lights blossomed out in the black sky. Bill heard the roar of half a thousand throats—and knew what to expect.

As he neared the jail throngs of people gathered about him and his men and the members of the posse, trying to get at the prisoners. "Lynch 'em!" they shouted. "Lynch 'em!" Guns were pointed at Bill—hundreds of guns held in firm hands.

Captain Bill McDonald rode through the mob, his Winchester ready, his eyes cutting through men like blades.

"For God's sake," Long called out desperately, "own up yo're licked, cap'n! We can't risk our lives for these curs!"

"Clear the way," was Bill's only answer. His voice was calm but there was a ring in it. "Stand back. These men are mine, and they're going to get a fair trial."

Slowly, inch by inch, the mob made way for him. He got his prisoners into the jail without any trouble. They fell on their knees and thanked him.

"I'll see you get a nice orderly hangin'," he promised. "I hate lynchin's."

He made a quick about-face and chased the mob home. Then he detailed his men to vantage points about the jail, and settled down to watch out the night. He had suffered terribly from cold and exposure and fatigue that day. His wounds were burning like fire. But there was nothing to do but stand guard.

A clatter of hoofs brought him to the door of the jail.

"Hello, ranger!" a man's voice whispered. "Hill Loftus is hidin' out yonder. You can catch him."

McDonald's mind lunged after that name. Hill Loftus—dean of outlaws, Kid Lewis's partner. If he was in the vicinity, he had planned the bank robbery and was waiting for his split.

"Where is he?" Bill asked at once.

"In a dugout 'longside Devil's Creek. I'll show you the way."

Cautioning his men to keep strict watch, Bill rode out of the jail yard. This was better than standing guard. This might call for shooting.

A mile out of town his guide turned off toward the bottoms, showed him an all but invisible trail through the brush, wished him luck, and rode away.

Bill slid out of his saddle and went down the trail cautiously, gun in hand, until he saw a stovepipe. The dugout had been built into a creek bank. The windows were dark and the door stood ajar. Bill stepped inside and looked around.

There was no one there. No one had been in the place in some time.

"They handed me a blind steer to get me out of the way," Bill told himself, "an' I fell for it."

He rushed back up the path and leaped into the saddle. He was hours from the jail. He forced his horse to its limit, and hoped still to be in time. But the sight of his nephew Jess galloping toward him dashed his hopes.

"The lynchers!—we can't hold 'em!"

"Ride," Bill said.

"They'll have 'em strung up before we get there!"

"Ride!"

The roar of the crowd came to them while they were still far out of the town. When at last their horses streaked around a corner, there was the mob, surging about the jail. The horses went through it like boats through a heavy sea, flinging men right and left, knocking them down, riding over them.

"Where are the prisoners?" Bill asked his men.

"Still inside, captain."

He whirled his horse around.

"Stand back," he thundered, "or I'll fill this town with dead men!"

He charged into them, and they gave and broke. They went running, whipped to the last man.

BUT Bill knew his victory was but temporary.

"I've got to take these prisoners to a safer place," he told the sheriff. "I can't stay here all the time. I've got work to do other places. And as sure as I leave this town, the mob'll string 'em up. I aim to take 'em with me."

But the law was against him. The crime had been committed in Wichita Falls. There they must remain for trial and punishment.

Twenty-five men were appointed by the governor to guard them. Bill was ordered elsewhere. He left with a heavy heart.

Almost as soon as the last ranger had vanished, the mob formed again. It overpowered the twenty-five guards and the sheriff and his deputies, brought the two prisoners from their cells, and hanged them to telegraph poles near the City National Bank.

Captain Bill McDonald is the man of whom the story is told that when he stepped off a train in a town of turmoil and riot, and a member of the delegation that met him asked, "Did they only send one ranger?" he replied, "Hell, there's only one riot, ain't there?"

But it wasn't a riot that squeezed that classic remark out of Bill. It was the Bob Fitzsimmons-Peter Maher prize fight. And what Bill said was:

"Dad slap it, there isn't more than one prize fight, is there?"

The fight had been promoted by one Towsley. The Governor of Texas had forbidden it and sworn it would not be held on Texas soil. It was to have been held in El Paso, then known as the "little Paris of Texas." Towsley swore it would be held in spite of the Governor of Texas, the state militia, and all the rangers. But that was before Captain Bill got off the train.

IT was rumored that Towsley had about a hundred gunmen to back him up—and Towsley himself was one of the quickest and surest gunmen in the West.

Bill went to find him, and came upon him at the Prairie Palace. He was telling a roomful of friends that the fight would be held.

A little man began to talk about Bill.

"He ain't no ordinary ranger, that man ain't. There'll be crepe hangin' on Mrs. Towsley's doorknob. And them as ain't wearin' rope necklaces'll be buyin' black neckties. I say we hold the fight in Mexico."

Towsley turned on the man.

"You pore snivelin' fool! They give you a string o' boiled spaghetti for a backbone!"

"Mebbe. But I tell you, you ain't promotin' prize fights now. Yo're sellin' coffins."

"Mebbe you'll buy one, then!" Towsley roared.

As he spoke he drew a gun. But before he could aim, Captain Bill had moved close, hit him under the chin, and—just as the gun was about to go off—seized it. The bullet made a neat hole in the floor.

There was a tremendous hush, and then the calm, almost amused voice of the ranger saying, "I'm returning your gun this time. Next time I'll keep it."

He looked down at the floor.

"There'll be a bill of damages for that," he said. "But it'll cost a heap less than this man's funeral would have."

Towsley's intended victim looked sick. Bill smiled at him and turned to the crowd.

"An' remember, gentlemen, prize fights don't go in Texas."

The prize fight was not held in Texas. It was held in Mexico, and Fitzsimmons won with a knockout.

A special train was chartered by the promoter to take the fighters and the fans across the border. Bill was one of the passengers. Before the train reached Langtry, from which town it was to cross into Mexico, it

WHY DRAIN YOUR CRANKCASE ?

Have you ever wondered, when a service station man drains several quarts of used oil out of your car, *whether you are being wasteful?* Whether you couldn't "get by" with merely adding a quart or two of fresh oil?

There are very sensible reasons why oil should be completely changed at regular intervals. Oil at work in your motor is contaminated with many things: dirt and dust, fuel residues, water, and minute metal particles.

It is true that most cars nowadays are equipped with oil filters, and these have prolonged the useful life of your oil. But all too frequently, you forget to *renew* your filter. And even if you renew it regularly, the filter cannot remove *all* of the foreign substances that collect in your crankcase.

It is also true that Quaker State has been able to eliminate the "light-end" material found in ordinary oil—thus, increasing materially the efficiency of the oil. But even this advance in oil refining doesn't remove the necessity for regular crankcase draining. You can't afford to take chances of motor damage. *Oil—even the best oil—is cheaper than machinery.*

How often you should drain depends upon the conditions under which you drive your car and the brand of oil you use. Some oils go to pieces under the terrific heat of your motor *long before the accumulation of dirt, etc., would normally cause you to change.* So you should drain and refill much oftener with such an oil than with a long-lived oil such as Quaker State.

There is only one safe and truly economical rule: use the best oil you can buy — and drain your crankcase at reasonable intervals. Quaker State Oil Refining Co., Oil City, Pa.

●

"First choice of Experience"

QUAKER STATE MOTOR OILS

stopped at Sanderson to let the passengers eat.

It was a large crowd, and the Chinese waiters were rushed—and perhaps excited. Ravenous fight fans quarreled with them bitterly. Bill McDonald was sitting at a table with Towsley and others. A Chinese, with a mountainous pile of dishes on his tray, hurried past.

Towsley called after him. The Chinese hastened on. Towsley reached for a heavy glass saltcellar and poised it as though to hurl it. He found Bill's hand grasping his forearm.

"That waiter's doing the best he knows how," Bill said quietly. "Let him alone."

"Perhaps you'd like to take it up," Towsley suggested. Bill made the barest of gestures toward his .45.

"I already have taken it up," he said.

Towsley looked at Bill with respect. He knew a man when he saw one. The Chinese came back to the table when he could, and no man said a harsh word to him.

. . . . .

"A feller in the wrong," Captain Bill once observed, "can't stand up agin a feller in the right that keeps comin'!" He gave this expression to his credo and philosophy along in the late '80s, when assigned to clean up a ring of cattle thieves operating in and out of the Cherokee Strip and Hansford County, Texas.

These men stole cattle, butchered them, sold them as beef in various markets, and disposed of the branded hides as best they could. Bill found one of their disposal dumps—a deep water hole in the shadow of a gaunt cliff. He hid himself near by and waited.

He waited hours. Hoofs sounded down the trail. A young man slid out of a saddle and threw down a pile of skins. He began to weight them with rocks, preparatory to sinking them.

"Reach!" Bill said quietly.

The man recoiled as though a sidewinder had struck him. His arms went up.

"Higher! Straighten them elbows."

Now Bill stepped out of concealment, disarmed his prisoner, and drew a hide from the bundle at his feet.

"Diamond-tail," he said. "So this is where them critters have bogged down. Stampeded, butchered, an' their hides dropped where only the fishes can read their brands. Pretty slick. Well, you've sold your last sirloin, you sorry scoundrel. Pick up them skins an' we'll git goin'. You tote yore own evidence."

The prisoner protested he hadn't stolen the cattle. "All I did was drown them skins," he insisted. "They made me do it."

Bill said little until they came into the town. "Look here," he advised, then. "Mebbe I might forget about that calaboose if you were to help me rope them skunks yo're workin' for."

The outlaw's face paled. "They'd kill me."

"You give me their names, an' nothin'll kill you but old age."

IN the jail, with the sheriff present, the prisoner grew loquacious. He told names and dates. He told where stolen herds had gone, where some of them might still be found. As for the gang, there were half a dozen in it and "Big Tex" was their leader.

They lived in two dugouts in the Cherokee Strip, just across the border of Hansford County—a few hundred feet beyond the sheriff's jurisdiction.

"I'll give you all the authority you need to go after them," Bill promised. But the sheriff was unimpressed.

"Captain," he said, "I ain't at all ambitious. Any more authority than I got right now would make me too proud."

"Go get a hack," said Bill.

The sheriff looked up disconsolately but obeyed. Bill harnessed his horse and the sheriff's to the conveyance, piled the saddles in, handcuffed and trussed the prisoner and took him along for safekeeping. Then he headed the team toward the dugouts.

"Now the way I would of stacked up this here layout," the sheriff counseled, "would of been to organize a posse."

"Sure," said Bill. "That's why outlaws hereabouts are thick as fleas in a prairie-dog town. Yore posses don't git within shootin' distance."

"How about them gettin' in shootin' range of us?"

It was then Bill made his sage observation about "a feller in the wrong." "Jest remember that, sheriff," he said, "and keep a-comin'."

Presently they wound through low hills. Far off a white-and-brockle-faced herd was feeding.

"Them's the Diamond-tails," the prisoner declared. "They haze 'em over here so's to make it look like they drifted this way natural. Then they cut 'em out gradual and beef 'em. Tex's dugout is where they trail in with th' carcasses. We're linin' in close now."

"We better go easy-like," said the sheriff.

Bill pretended not to hear him.

"THE fust of them dugouts is round the next bend," the prisoner directed. "Yo're liable to find a full house. They'll fly at you like an Injun uprisin'."

"That'll be fun," Bill said soberly, drawing up the team and jumping down. "Come on, sheriff."

"I'll camp here," the sheriff said, "and watch how you do it, Bill. I ain't got no call to go bustin' in on nobody over here where I ain't got no authority. Might be resented-like."

"You come with me," Bill commanded. "I'll be yore authority."

The unhappy sheriff climbed down, looked at his shooting irons, and tagged along in Bill's rear.

Bill walked directly up to the first dugout, Winchester ready, and kicked open the door.

"Lined out," he said, with a suggestion of disappointment in his mild voice. "Must have smelled trouble. I bet a stack o' blues they're a-hidin' in the bottoms."

They went back to the hack, unharnessed the horses, mounted, and turned off the trail into the arroyos that zigzagged through the prairie. As they emerged from a deep-cut creek bed, McDonald drew up short.

"Look!" he whispered. "Up there."

Three men with sawed-off shotguns in their hands were walking slowly back and forth on the hilltop just ahead.

Taking advantage of the bushes, Captain Bill and the sheriff went around the base of the hill until the bulging slope hid them from view of the sentries. Then, his hands carefully poised on grip and trigger, Bill started up the hill.

He had covered half the ascent when the quarry dropped suddenly out of sight. Bill kept on going.

"Keep a-comin'," he whispered to the sheriff. But he didn't look around and so was unaware his companion had stopped—as though the climb had exhausted him.

As he reached the summit, Bill saw the outlaws scampering toward the dugout at the bottom.

"Come on!" he shouted. "We got 'em!"

He ran down, his long legs springing over the ground. He expected the fugitives to take refuge in the dugout, but they fooled him. They ran past it, jumped over the logs of the corral, and turned on him.

"One more step an' we'll kill you!" one shouted at him.

Bill took the step, and another, and another.

"You keep the right end covered, sheriff," he called over his shoulder. "I'll take the left."

There was no answer save the yapping of prairie dogs. The sheriff was nowhere in sight.

But what was one sheriff more or less when Bill McDonald was rounding up bad men? Watch him, in next week's installment, shoot the guns out of the hands of three of them! Then watch him clamp the lid down on hell when it flares across the border into Rio Grande City!

READING TIME
5 MINUTES 32 SECONDS

Rebirth

A Short Short Story

by NARD JONES

AS he looked down the softly shaded street he had once known so well, he felt deliciously sad—recalling those other afternoons a long time ago when he had trudged into town from the cantonment, now only a level ground with second-growth fir dotting it uncertainly. A young man had walked along it on those other afternoons. He had walked jauntily in olive drab, and his head was full of dreams he would make come true when this little unexpected job was finished.

It was, he knew, absurd and quixotic to be looking down this street again; but then, his actions had been increasingly absurd of late. His sister's worried eyes and the speculative gaze of Dr. Frazier told him that.

A few years after the war, possibly a year or two afterward, he realized there was something he had lost beyond the seas. He had returned at twenty-three, but he was old.

When a man is through, he told himself, there's no need for him to face a fact—least of all an unpleasant one. Not since he was thirty had he thought of a job at all; for a job connoted a belief in the future. He simply lived each day detached from the rest.

When Ada heard him mention Lakeville she had turned white.

"You mustn't!" she said. "Dr. Frazier can't let you. It'll only make you unhappier to go back there."

"I don't mean the camp, Ada. That's probably gone long ago. I mean the town. There's some one there I want to see again."

"A—a girl, you mean?"

"Yes. I liked her very much. She told me once I'd be welcome always. She made me promise to see her after the war, no matter what happened."

Still Ada hadn't liked it. "You can't tell what she might think now. She—she may be married. She might feel differently now."

He hadn't told Ada that she was right—that Elsie was married. He did not try to explain to Ada that his feeling for Elsie had been something less fragile than love, so that her marriage had not mattered. Her letter had reached France almost as soon as he did, telling him that she had married as she'd planned. A man she'd known since she was ten. She had asked him to understand, and not to forget his promise. He had understood—or it had seemed unimportant to him then, he was not sure which.

Well, all he wanted was to see Elsie, to talk with her. Perhaps it would help him a little. He was thirty-seven now, and he had not died, and he couldn't go on living forever with an ache in his breast that had no name and seemingly no cure.

When he reached the familiar sweeping lawn he turned in without hesitation. He did not even find it strange that Elsie sat in the shade of the veranda, smiling quietly at him as he climbed the steps. He saw that she was as young, as fresh, as the day he last remembered her. Her failure to recognize him only heightened the illusion; for she had always sat quietly like that, waiting for him to bend down and take her hand in the exaggerated manner of a sixteenth-century gallant.

He stood there wondering if he had changed so much. "I'm afraid," he said uncertainly, "you don't remember me." And instead of taking her hand as he had meant to do, he told her his name.

She smiled. "I do feel I know you. Mother's talked about you often."

He stood staring, his lips parted.

"I don't blame you for making the mistake. Every one says mother and I are very much alike. She's upstairs. I'll tell her you're here."

He stretched out a hand. "Not yet, please." He searched her face again. "Of course you must be—It's been a long time—"

"I'm almost seventeen. I hope," she told him with a laugh, "you don't think that's as young as mother does. Yet she was scarcely older when she married."

"Do *you* think it's too young to marry?"

"Not if you're in love." She stopped. "I've always wondered—were you in love with mother?"

"I thought she was very charming. But we weren't in love. I knew she had promised to marry, and we were just very good friends."

The girl sighed. "I think that's nice. It would make things so uncomplicated—just being very good friends. You could go on and on."

"You don't want to wait?" he queried, smiling.

"Why should we? Of course Larry's only just got a job, but these are the conditions we've got and we might as well face them. I mean—you've got to live your life as it's given to you and not just wait around. Don't you think so?"

He nodded slowly, watching her.

"You've seen a lot of things," she went on breathlessly. "I mean, you've been to war and all, and when you came back it wasn't so good, was it? It wasn't just like you'd have wanted it to be. And the war had cut out some of your best years, just like the depression did to Larry."

THEN he heard his name from the doorway.

He looked up. "Elsie, I—I suppose I shouldn't have come."

It wasn't the delight in her voice that reached him so much as her telling him that most certainly he should have come.

They sat there long into the dusk—long after Larry had come to carry off Elsie's daughter to the picture show.

"Your coming back makes things right for me," she said slowly. "You see, until today, no one came back to me from the war at all."

For a moment he did not catch her meaning, and then he heard her saying: "When I realized finally that John would never come back, I began to look for you, year after year, Edward. But I was beginning to be afraid that—that maybe you couldn't reach me again—like John." She stopped a moment. "It made life seem so—so empty and unreal for me. I didn't have what Linda has—a sort of stubborn defiance in the face of things. Because you know, Edward, that these youngsters were cheated, too, as we were. And there wasn't any glamour at the start of it."

"I realized that this afternoon for the first time," he said slowly. "Your Linda taught me. She and Larry."

He reached out for her hand and got to his feet. He bent over her fingers, touched them gallantly with his lips.

But he didn't finish. He suddenly saw that they must begin where they had left off seventeen years ago. And it did not occur to him as he stood there that the ache in his breast was gone now.

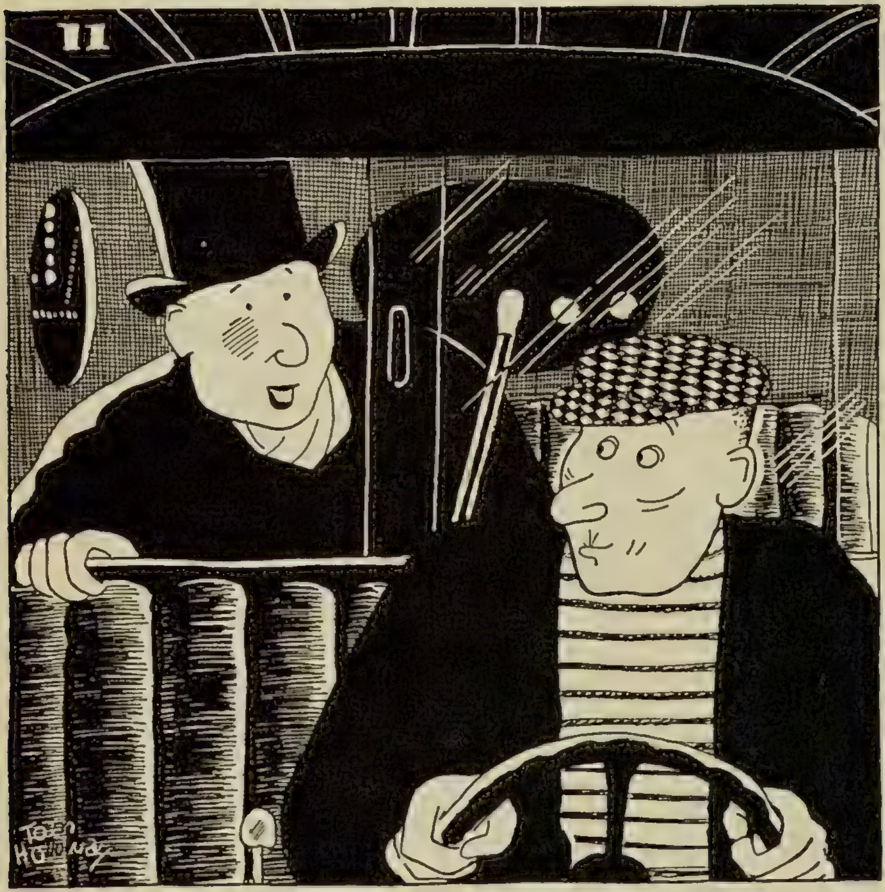
THE END

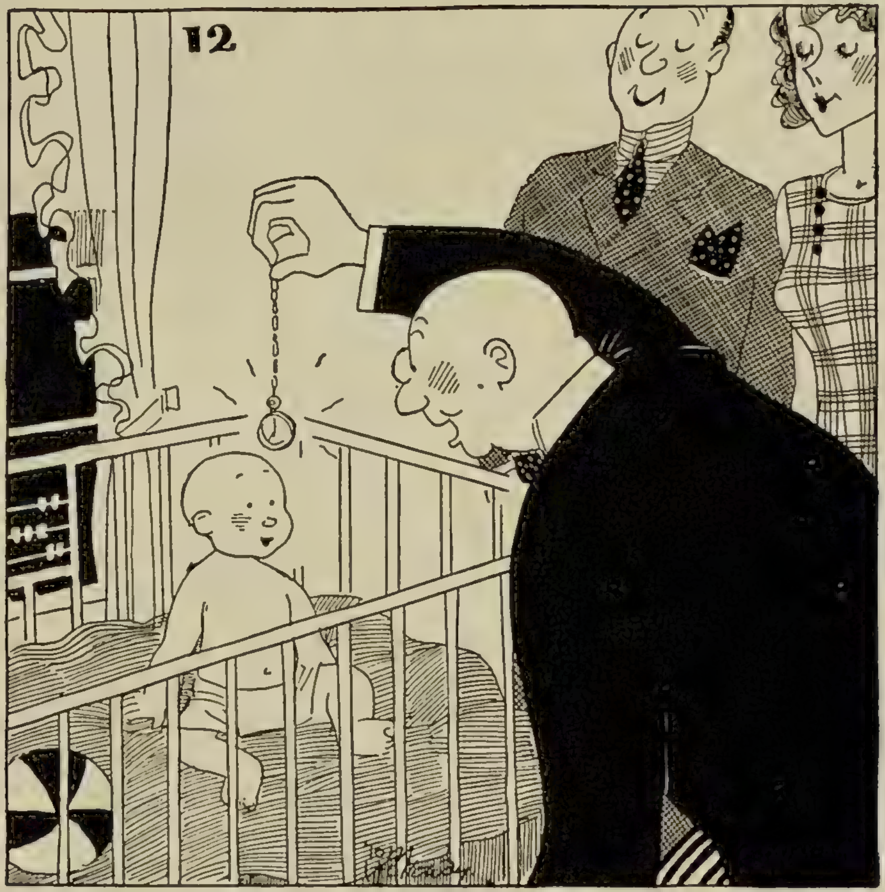
WHAT'S BEING SAID?

$2,000 IN BIG CASH PRIZES

YOU STILL CAN WIN!

LAST LATE-ENTRY OFFER THIS WEEK





ARE THE SENTENCES YOU WANT HERE? OR CAN YOU THINK OF BETTER ONES?

1. If you don't know where it is, say so!
2. I don't believe you can even tell time.
3. Is this what you wanted?
4. I want to go home!
5. Can't you say anything?
6. You don't seem at all interested.
7. They never give me any trouble.
8. You see, I used to be a newspaperman myself.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two contest drawings together with a list of suggested conversational sentences, any one of which might be used as a caption.

2. To compete, clip or copy each drawing and under it write what you think one of the characters is saying. Use one of the suggested sentences, or if you can invent one which to your mind is more apt, use that.

3. Prizes will be paid for the neatest complete sets of twenty drawings captioned with the most appropriate sentences as follows: First Prize, $500; Second Prize, $200; Third Prize, $100; Twenty Prizes, each $10; 200 Prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

4. Do not send in incomplete sets. When you have twenty drawings captioned, mail your entry to CONVERSATION CONTEST, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, May 15, 1935.

6. No correspondence can be entered into with any contestant. No entries will be returned. By entering you agree to accept the decisions of the judges as final. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications and members of their families.

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, each $10	200
200 PRIZES, each $5	1,000

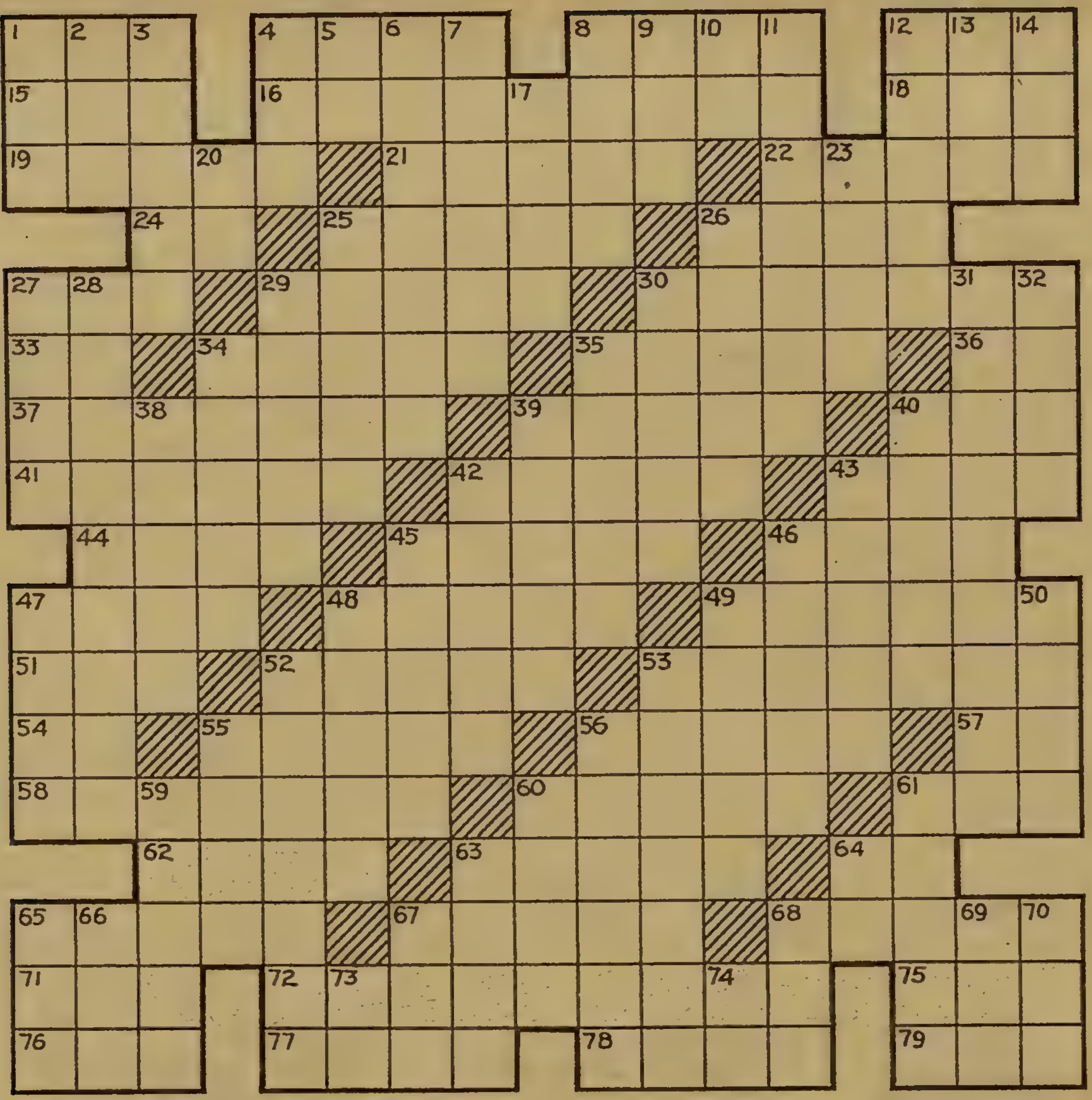
DON'T delay any longer! If you plan to enter this game, now is the time to get busy. This is the final offer of late-entry material. Start by reading the rules carefully. Then study Drawings 11 and 12 on this page. What is the taxi driver saying? Or is it the customer whose voice is loudest at this situation? What do you imagine his remark to be? In the same manner study Drawing 12. When you have analyzed the situations depicted and have selected sentences from the samples or have invented your own with which to caption the drawings, file them in a convenient place pending the completion of your set.

LATE-ENTRY OFFER

If you do not have the issues of Liberty containing the preceding ten drawings, reprints are available without charge. Mail your request to the address in Rule 4. Act immediately, as no reprints will be furnished after Wednesday, April 10, 1935. All requests received on or before that date will be filled.

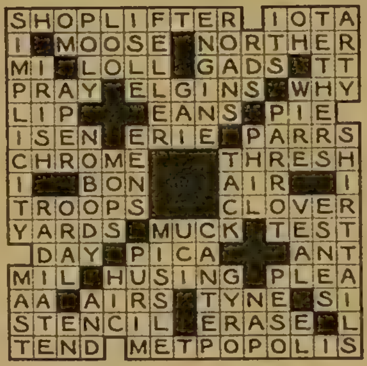
TWO MORE CONTEST DRAWINGS WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK!

CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 A tree
4 Imitates
8 Open space about the base of a building
12 Receptacle
15 Recline
16 Placing in a central position
18 Ill temper
19 Decree of a former Turkish sultan
21 Ranted
22 An arm of the sea
24 A river in Italy
25 Confines
26 A deer
27 Existed
29 Boxes
30 Persons of long experience
33 One indefinitely
34 Becomes withered
35 Throws out
36 Exclamation
37 Broke suddenly
39 Steps over a fence
40 Self
41 Shorn
42 An alloy
43 Slide
44 Tiara
45 Peels
46 Slender
47 Spirited
48 Moist
49 Dishes
51 Corroded
52 Purgative medicine
53 Three-pronged spear
54 A state (abbr.)
55 One who hauls
56 Set of bells
57 Toward
58 Those who show trained skill
60 Slip



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SHOPLIFTER IOTA
I■MOOSE■NORTHER
MI■LOLL■GADS■TT
PRAY■ELGINS■WHY
LIP■■■EANS■PIE
ISEN■ERIE■PARRS
CHROME■■■THRESH
I■■BON■■■AIR■■I
TROOPS■■■CLOVER
YARDS■MUCK■TEST
 DAY■PICA■■■ANT
MIL■HUSING■PLEA
AA■AIRS■TYNE■SI
STENCIL■ERASE■L
TEND METPOPOLIS
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Answer to last week's puzzle

61 A snake
62 A gift of charity
63 To range in a row
64 Over and in contact
65 Combining form meaning divided
67 North Carolina town
68 Bear patiently
71 Consume
72 Nudity
75 Iniquity
76 Measures of area
77 Dash
78 A plant
79 Termination

VERTICAL

1 Mohammed's son-in-law
2 Title of respect
3 Piles
4 A playing card
5 Measure of length used in Brazil
6 Violently angry
7 Platforms
8 Greek god of war
9 Cause to be quit of
10 Type measure
11 Stir up
12 Space next the skeleton in the bottom of a ship
13 Anger
14 Free of charges
17 Evenings
20 Syllable sounded in solmization
23 Horses
25 Removed the heart of
26 Motionless
27 An insect
28 Commentator
29 One who is afflicted with leprosy
30 Watches narrowly
31 Military units
32 Store
34 Render oblique
35 Charger
38 Woman's name
39 A narrow piece
40 Select class
42 An island in the Philippines
43 Sole of a plow
45 Whimpers
46 Muck
47 An incarnation of Vishnu
48 Stops
49 Lofty self-respect
50 Cease
52 A flower
53 Slimmer
55 Part of a sword
56 A customer
59 Pieces of pastry
60 Wheelless vehicle
61 Aromatic seed
63 Solar disk (Egyptian myth.)
64 River in Siberia
65 Edible seed
66 River in Switzerland
67 A weight of Turkey
68 Peer Gynt's mother
69 Noise
70 Termination
73 An element (symbol)
74 Japanese measure

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Do you tire easily?

no appetite? nervous?
losing weight? pale?

then don't gamble with your body

If your physical let-down is caused by a lowered red-blood-cell and hemo-glo-bin content in the blood—then S.S.S. is waiting to help you... though, if you suspect an organic trouble, you will, of course, want to consult a physician or surgeon.

S.S.S. is not just a so-called tonic. It is a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions, and also has the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying hemo-glo-bin of the blood.

This two-fold purpose is important. Digestion is improved... food is better utilized ... and thus you are enabled to better "carry on" without exhaustion—as you should.

You may have the will-power to be "up and doing" but unless your blood is in top notch form you are not fully yourself and you may remark, "I wonder why I tire so easily."

Let S.S.S. help build back your blood tone... if your case is not exceptional, you should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food... sound sleep... steady nerves... a good complexion... and renewed strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The $2 economy size is twice as large as the $1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the upgrade today.

Do not be blinded by the efforts of a few unethical dealers who may suggest that you gamble with substitutes. You have a right to insist that S.S.S. be supplied you on request. Its long years of preference is your guarantee of satisfaction.

© S.S.S. Co.

SSS TONIC

Makes you feel like yourself again

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HUBERT MATHIEU

She Made Her Bed

How Much Heartbreak Can Love Survive?—A Revealing Novel of Marriage Approaches Its Climax

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

LOVELY Frieda Leslie is gambling love against almost incredible odds. She has jilted wealthy young Kirk Bailey to marry Ned Pierson, a distinguished San Francisco architect and father of two precocious children: Doris, a selfish little divorcee who prefers the attentions of a gigolo called Hippy to the affections of Joe Wirth, son of a wealthy Los Angeles family, who is madly in love with her; and Artie, the carefree son who has just been expelled from Stanford University.

Their many escapades since his wife Sylvia's death have kept Ned from realizing his supreme ambition, the designing of Sylvia Center, a lofty building-memorial to his wife, to be built by her wealthy father.

Eager to unravel the family troubles as Ned resumes work, Frieda, innocent of any deceit, and completely forgetting her prenuptial promise never to conceal secrets from Ned, helps Artie out of a gambling-debt jam, but makes him promise that he will mend his ways and return to school.

Then, in hopes of bringing Doris to her right senses, Frieda advises dejected Joe Wirth to return to his home. This, however, only serves to anger Doris and widen the breach between the two women.

Ned, although deeply worried over the financial squabblings involving contract letting for Sylvia Center, notices the miraculous change in Artie and, while confessing his bewilderment to Frieda, informs her of his knowledge of the gambling debt. Still she cannot bring herself to divulge her secret.

The grateful tidings that Artie has passed his exams and will enter Chicago University adds to Frieda's hope of reforming Doris. She visits Hippy's rendezvous alone and there, accidentally, meets Kirk. Through one member of his party, a lawyer, she learns that Hippy is married and a father. That night Ned has a showdown with Doris that writes finis to Hippy but adds to Doris's dislike for her stepmother.

On the morning Artie is to leave for college Frieda gets an unexpected telephone call from Ned, asking them to hurry to the office. Mystery mingles with suspense there when the secretary greets her with: "I suppose you've heard . . . ?"

PART FIVE—DORIS'S WEDDING

FRIEDA came to recognize the square she had been looking at was a pen portrait of herself, the one Shramm had done so cleverly with a few clean strokes. The poise of her head, delicately lifted and rather proud, the coiled blackness of her hair, the brilliant blackness of her eyes, the long pendants hanging from her ears—Ned had arranged her to look like that when she sat for Shramm.

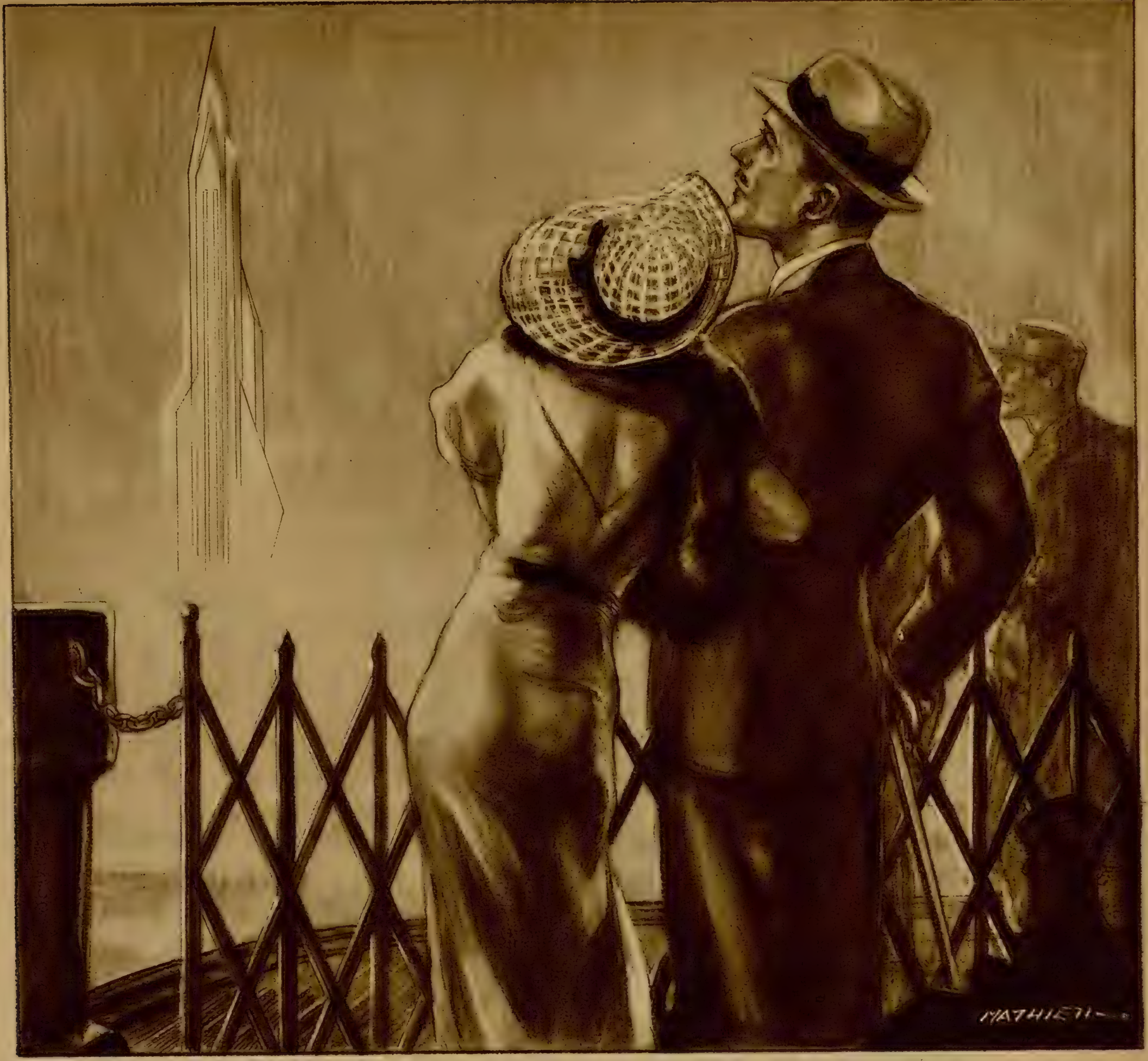
She found Artie at her shoulder, taking in the picture too. "Frieda," he said, "why didn't you marry a king?"

"I did," she replied, but her smile was thin. What was keeping Ned so long in the other room? Something terrible was happening. Miss Shelborn wouldn't have said what she did, and looked that way—

Ned, unusually calm, and smoothly dressed in blue, came from the workroom. Frieda, always quick to his moods, saw excitement stirring under the placid smile.

"Hello," he said casually. "I just wanted to tell you. I've won the competition."

Then he seemed to melt and soften into one broad grin. Frieda wasn't sure what she did after that. She must



Yes, she could see it again, his vision—a vision that, for the moment, she hated because of its beauty.

by WALLACE IRWIN

have been hugging him, for Artie got in her way, pounding his father on the back. She heard Ned's wild laughter. He might have been a student winning his first award, instead of the master builder sure of his power.

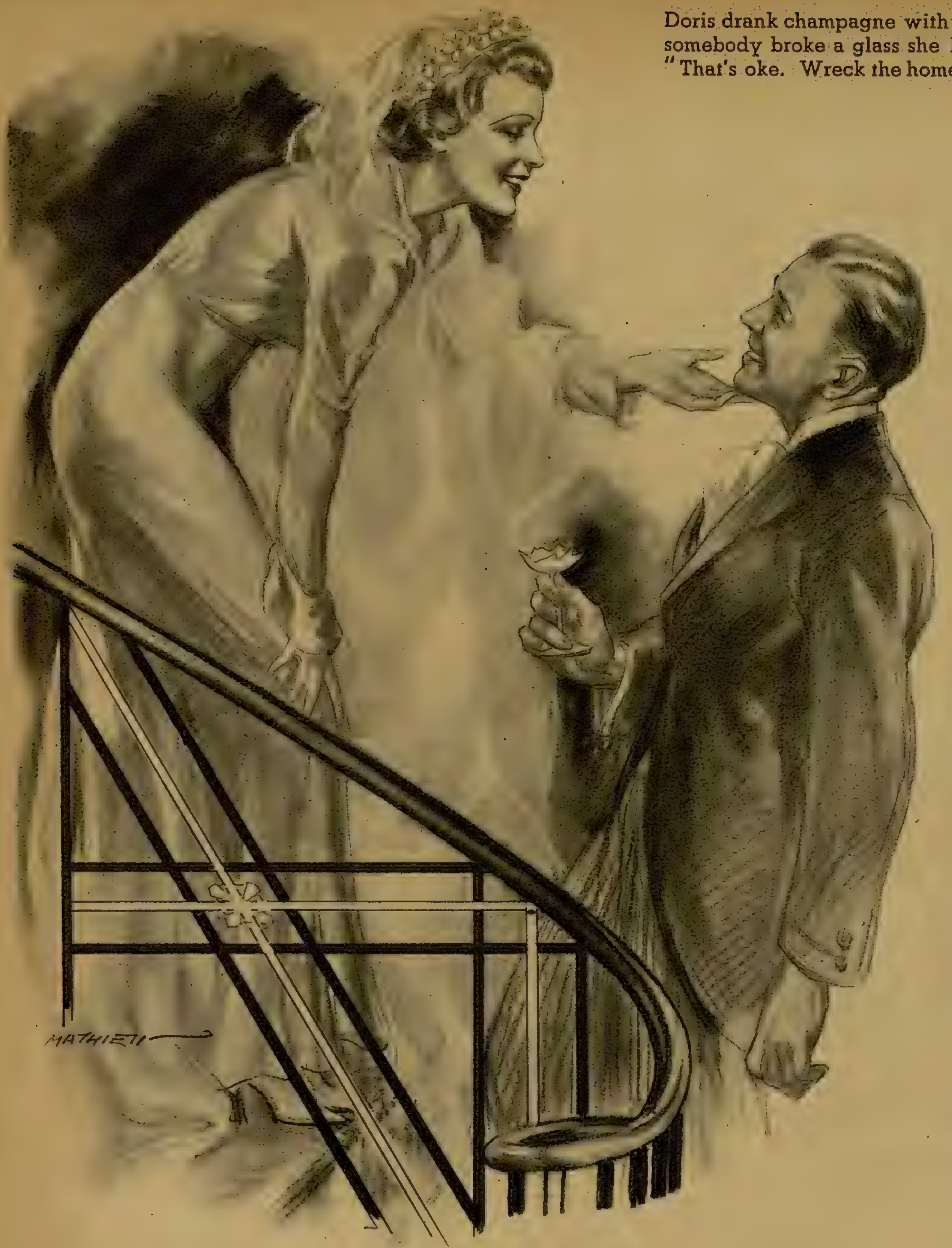
"Was I surprised? With that jury of art politicians? They'd have knifed me in a minute, but they hadn't any choice. They hadn't the guts to turn me down for a lot of mud pies and chicken tracks. Well, that's over. Now I can get down and really think about Sylvia."

Joy in his success, pride in him, turned, just for a second, into an unreasoning pain. Sylvia, the fair white mistress whom he had attained, who would hold all his thoughts. . . .

There was a festival air to their little party, crossing over to Oakland. They were so close together, the three of them. Frieda glowed with a feeling of their unity. Her jealous thought of Sylvia as a living rival had evaporated before Ned's shimmering confidence. She might have known, as Doris did, that he'd win the competition. "Pop's a wiz at competitions," his daughter had said lightly. And she had her share in Sylvia Center, too. Hadn't she seen the inspiration come out of her wish and his love, that day at Tahoe?

They were all excited, as though the commonplace ferry were a gilded galleon setting out for wild discoveries. Ned excited, filled with his new ambition; Artie excited over his fresh start in life; Frieda excited because so many dreams had come true.

Doris certainly had contributed her share to the success story. After a month of blowing hot and cold on the restored Joe Wirth, she had shown up with him one afternoon about cocktail time. She had led him to the center of the rug, drawn his arm around her, and announced with a flourish: "Make it champagne, folks. Believe it or not, Joe and I have decided to go through the wringer like a union suit. And listen, pop. Don't I



Doris drank champagne with all comers. When somebody broke a glass she kissed him sweetly. "That's oke. Wreck the home. I'm moving out."

get a church for the wedding?" Springing up, kissing her, pumping Joe's hand, Ned had shouted, "A church? Gosh, Doris, I'll build you one!"

Everything was coming out right. Everything!

At the Oakland pier, Ned took Frieda's arm and gently pushed her along through a crowd of cameramen shouting, "Lift your hat a little, Mr. Pierson." Good-naturedly Ned obeyed, but shoved ahead.

Silent, excited, the three of them got across the pier and to the overland tracks. Frieda and Ned had only time to take Artie to his seat and linger an instant.

Frieda kissed him, and felt a glow of pride in what she had done for him, quietly, without any fuss. Now her part of it was over and she could tell Ned, as she had promised herself she would when Artie was securely out of the way. Trainmen were shouting outside; it was time to go.

There were the reporters again, blocking their way, asking questions. Could they get a picture of the model? Where was Mr. Pierson born? Where did he study? Where did he get his idea for Sylvia Center?

Quite disregarding the cameras whirring and clicking around them, Ned took her hand and held it all the way to the ferry.

They found a seat on deck, and Ned said suddenly, his voice very low, "What a day for us all, Frieda! And it's wonderful to see Artie like that—all made over."

Now was the time to tell him. She opened her mouth dryly, and no words came. Ned's look was far away. Suddenly he stood up, fished for a cigarette, lit it, and began pacing the deck. He walked amidships, stopped, and leaned on the rail. Thoughtfully he was gazing at the new bridge as it spun by. He seemed to have forgotten that Frieda was there. They were passing Goat Island before he came to sit beside her.

"Honey," he said, "nobody but you could have done that for Artie. You bewitched him, good little witch. The way you bewitched me, made me see my building—"

"But, dear—" Again her heart stifled her.

"You're so sweet," he said. "That's why he fell for you. Nobody else could do a thing with him."

Her voice came, fluttering: "Ned—that day at Lake Tahoe—didn't we promise to tell each other everything?"

"Of course we did." His face grew still. "And haven't we?"

"No." Her words were pouring out. "Ned, you're proud of him, aren't you? You ought to be. He's fine. But he didn't know how to keep his mind on things. I had to find a way—"

"And you found it all right, didn't you, Frieda?"

"Yes, Ned." With a pleading look, begging him to understand. "He was worried to death. That's why he flunked from Stanford, I think. I—I found out about it. He had to have the money or—"

"Money?"

She was in for it now, up to the neck. "He owed a gambler twenty-seven hundred dollars—"

"And you gave it to him, Frieda?"

"Yes, I did." Now her eyes were as chill as his had grown while she looked at him. "I'd already done it before you told me you didn't want him to have it."

If he'd only do something more than sit there!

"Can't you see what it's done for him?" she urged. "You just said I did a lot for Artie—made him over—"

His hand went up, a signal for her to be silent.

"It's the principle of the thing, Frieda. Can't you see what it might have done to him, borrowing behind my back—"

"Behind your back. Have I got to ask you every time—"

"It was your money. Do you think you'll ever see it again?"

"I don't know—I don't care!" She had lost all patience with him. "Maybe I won't see it again—but—"

"Oh, yes, you will."

He had reached into an inside pocket and was holding a bright pink check between his fingers. "Look it over," he said slowly, "and see if it's right." There was Ned's signature and his handsome script: "Frieda L. Pierson . . . . Twenty-seven hundred . . ."

"What's all that for?" she asked, inching away.

"You, Frieda."

"I won't take it." Her hands were behind her. "But how in the world—"

"Artie came around to me yesterday and spilled the beans. It wasn't so easy for the kid to bawl himself out like that, especially with me giving him blue hell." Ned began to chuckle. "So here's your money, Freed. And don't do it again."

"I won't take it," she insisted, but couldn't keep down her smile.

"DARLING, I knew you'd tell me about it sooner or later, and I was just hanging on to the check till you did." Still holding it out. "It's not my money, Freed. It's Artie's. And he's going to cut down expenses—no more poker or joy rides or hot fraternity parties till he pays this out of his allowance."

"Well, then," said Frieda, and didn't interfere when Ned poked the check into her pocket.

They were laughing as they took a turn around the deck arm in arm. Then, as suddenly as his moods came, Ned seemed to have withdrawn from her, far, far into the silence of himself. San Francisco's misty outline loomed before them. "It's right there," he whispered, pointing into the steeps ahead. Yes, she could see it again, his vision—a vision that, for the moment, she hated because of its very beauty. It was his work, drawing him deeper and deeper into its enchanting shadows.

Then, oddly enough, she took his hand and pressed it to her breast. When we have our baby, she was thinking. . . .

Now Doris's wedding approached like a storm—a storm of flying presents, flying undergarments, flying invitations. It gave Frieda little time for anything but the irritating confusion of it all.

After days of tumult Doris managed to wheedle her father into a High Episcopal service.

There were parties and parties, all

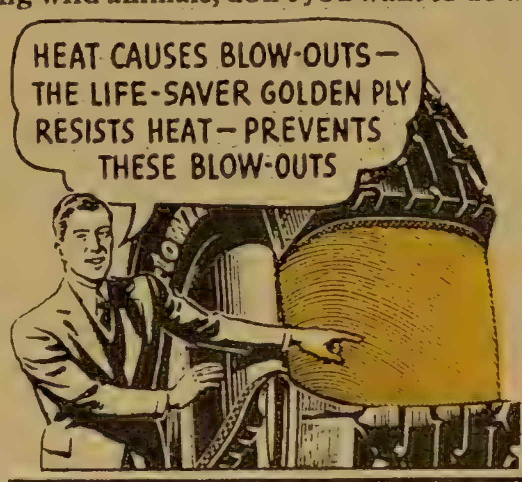
"A Black Panther Isn't Half as Treacherous as a *Blow-out!*" *says* FRANK (*Bring 'em Back Alive*) BUCK

A TYPICAL BLOW-OUT ACCIDENT—DON'T LET IT HAPPEN TO YOU

New kind of tire protects you from dangerous, high-speed blow-outs

"I'D RATHER try to 'bring back alive' a roaring lion than bring myself safely through another blow-out accident," says FRANK BUCK. "When that tire blew out—when my car plunged off the road at those rocks—there was nothing I could do to avoid the crash. When I take my family or friends out for a ride I want to be sure to 'bring 'em back alive.' So now I'm playing safe by riding on Goodrich Silvertowns."

When a man like Frank Buck says a blow-out is more dangerous than capturing wild animals, don't you want to do all you can to avoid having one yourself? Can you afford to risk your life with these high-speed blow-outs, when Goodrich Safety Silvertowns cost no more than other standard tires? Get a set of Silvertowns now. You'll get real blow-out protection and months of extra mileage FREE.


HEAT CAUSES BLOW-OUTS—THE LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY RESISTS HEAT—PREVENTS THESE BLOW-OUTS
GLOW!

A BIG NEW RADIO SHOW!

Circus Night in Silvertown
starring **JOE COOK** with B. A. ROLFE *and other headliners*
EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT N.B.C. BLUE NETWORK

How blow-outs happen

When you drive forty, fifty, sixty miles an hour, terrific heat is generated *inside* the tire. This heat causes rubber and fabric to separate—causes blisters to form—blisters that grow bigger and bigger until suddenly BANG! Your tire blows out. You can't steer. Anything might happen.

But in Silvertowns the rubber and fabric don't separate, for the Golden Ply invention resists internal heat. Blisters don't form. And these high-speed blow-outs are prevented before they get started.

More miles . . . safer miles!

Ask your Goodrich dealer to show you these new Silvertowns. Press your hand on the deep-grooved tread. Feel the big, husky Silvertown cleats grip. Then you'll know why they also give you maximum protection against dangerous, "tail-spin" skids. Notice the ruggedness of this extra-thick Silvertown tread that gives months of extra mileage—at no extra cost.

Don't drive around on dynamite—put Golden Ply Silvertowns on all four wheels. They cost no more than other standard tires.

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The NEW **Goodrich** *Safety* **Silvertown**
WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

over the house, all over town. Ned found time, even in the crush of work and publicity which followed his success, to join in the carnival spirit, dance with the flappers, and be about Joe's age. To Frieda this crowd of Doris's was Kirk's crowd all over again, only wilder. She had a feeling of being out of it.

Doris snapped at Joe, caressed him, was joyfully irresponsible. Toward Frieda she held a truce, broken by spits of temper. Frieda's temper too was wearing thin.

The approaching show at St. Wilfrid's gave Doris a bigger kick, she told the world, than when the newspapers headlined FAMOUS ARCHITECT'S DAUGHTER TO MARRY LOS ANGELES MILLIONS. "Probably, dad, if I let you alone," she said, "you'd let me pop up to the altar in mouse-colored plush. Just because I'm a divorced hussy. Well, listen, old one. I'm going to hide my shame under grandmother's wedding veil. Lilies of the valley too, and lots of Mendelssohn over all. Get me? No lilies, no wedding."

"Then it's lilies!" Ned chortled, but he didn't hesitate to tell her how relieved he'd be when Joe had locked her into his Los Angeles palace. Doris wouldn't let him go with that. With a stabbing smile at Frieda, "And I'm going to wear mother's wedding dress, too, aren't I? That's economy, I mean. Even if it does need a little cutting over. You know, Frieda, they were poor as picked chickens when they got married. Just the same, they managed to dig up a wedding dress. That's Paris when you're young and reckless, isn't it, pop?" All very innocent; but Frieda knew that it was meant to hurt her.

Ned must have known too, for he had no peppery words to shake back at Doris. In open embarrassment he left the room. Doris went after him but not with him. Presently she brought back the rumpled white silk and laid it across the bed—the empty shell of a poor dead lady, a reminder of the woman who had had Ned in the flower of early youth. Frieda turned to go; but Doris, with flushed poisonous gayety, called her back to chat about what could be done with the skirt.

The day before the wedding, Frieda, her head buzzing with a week of whirlwinds, was writing names in the bride's book when the bride-elect breezed in with Joe.

Joe beamed proudly at everything she did. Again Frieda's heart went out to him. It isn't what you get that makes you happy. It's what you think you've got.

A ring at the bell, an answering Jap. Frieda winced a little, guessing who it would be. Some of the bridesmaids and groomsmen and the best man and Ned were meeting here before the rehearsal at the church. But Joe's best man had developed tonsillitis. Doris wickedly, consulting no one, had invited Kirk Bailey. Why not? Kirk was one of Joe's buddies, Doris said gleefully, guarded eyes slanting at Frieda.

Yes, it was Kirk—Kirk, who had told her that he wouldn't come to Ned's house again. Now he was wreathed in smiles. Disdaining Frieda's hand, he grabbed her up and kissed her. It didn't mean anything. Everybody kisses everybody on wedding week. He laughed roundly, kissed Doris, clapped Joe on the back.

THEN tomorrow's bride took Joe into another room, to teach him some fine points about petting, she said. As she led him forcefully away, Kirk lingered.

"Funny, my being here, isn't it?" His eyes were pouring over her in the old Hawaiian way.

"It's nice," she said, "if you'll be nice."

"Nice? That's what I want to be." Color deepened from his red hair to his wide strong neck. "Ever think about me, Freed?"

"Of course, Kirk. Lots of times." Then, quite naturally, "We had such fun together, didn't we?"

"I've thought about you a lot, too, Freed. Lots more than you've thought about me, I guess." He stepped nearer.

Frieda moved away. Out of the baffling consciousness that this had all happened before, that nothing was ever finished, she spoke with matronly dignity: "When you're married happily, very happily, the way I am, you don't have a lot of time to think—about other people." But he was beginning to pout, small-boy fashion, and she added more warmly, "Don't think I'm not fond of you, Kirk."

"Are you, Freed? Are you?" He reached for her hand, but she put it behind her.

"O. K. That's out." He put his own hands behind him, as if to control them.

"But I've often thought, Kirk, how silly of you to get high-hat just because I'm married. You're in San Francisco a lot. Why don't you ever come to see us? Ned would love it—"

"Like hell he would! He doesn't like a hair of my head."

"Whose fault is it, Kirk? It was pretty dumb, the way you acted in Honolulu every time you saw him—"

"Maybe. You had me pretty wild, Frieda. You were so crazy about him you forgot I was on earth. Don't mind me. I'm used to it."

"I'm sorry, Kirk." She was truly sorry for the pain she must have caused him. "But you're a sportsman and you ought to be a good loser."

This got him in a soft spot. He put his hands in his pockets and smiled again, a little shamefaced.

"Listen, Freed," he said suddenly. "I do come up pretty often. Next time I'm in town—"

"Will you play with us, Kirk?"

"I'd like to play with you, Freed. And if Ned thinks he can stand me—"

PEOPLE were drifting in. The room was full of perfume and smoke, of ohs and ahs and giggles, when Ned came, a trifle late.

"Here's Kirk, Ned"—after he had kissed her.

"Hello, Kirk. Best-manning again?" This jest had a numbing effect on Kirk. Ned, however, was in carnival spirits. He picked the prettiest bridesmaid, hooked his arm in hers, and told her something that set her screaming. She passed it on to the other bridesmaids. Everybody was laughing now. Everybody but Kirk. . . .

Flowers and Mendelssohn, white-spatted ushers and bridesmaids in wide green hats. A great wedding, a fashionable wedding, to get naughty troublesome little Doris on the safe side of respectability. Frieda in a pew with Mr. and Mrs. Lucius L. Wirth, simple people wealthily arrayed.

Up in the gallery, she knew, the gentlemen of the press—ladies mostly—were scribbling frantic ecstasies. Tomorrow's Chronicle would say: "And Mrs. Edmund Pierson, the mother of the bride, wore a slim dark topaz velvet with a sable cape."

Nice old party, Mrs. Edmund Pierson, Frieda thought, and restrained a giggle.

But tears started in her eyes when she saw the small pearl-white figure advancing on Ned's arm. Doris was an angel, her face pure and still, her eyes lowered under the long misty veil; it was as though the church and its magic had restored her maidenhood; Doris in her mother's wedding gown. Ned, walking beside her, sheer and fine-cut as the pillars in the church. Joe and Kirk coming out of the vestry door, Joe handsome in his wedding clothes, solemnly impressed, Kirk's boastfully red head towering above him. Kirk was not happy in this long, slow ceremony, she felt. Kirk, the ring holder. . . .

They were standing before the altar, these four people so closely knit into the life of Mrs. Edmund Pierson, "mother of the bride." The clergyman had his eyes on the book. Then he was reading the service, his tones too low to hear, the words too familiar to lose themselves in the vaulted quiet. "To have and to hold" Doris—what a promise for any man to make! "With this ring I thee wed." So they were married. Doris kneeling on the ivory cushion, her veiled head bowed for a blessing.

There was a mob scene outside while the bride and groom got into the wealthiest-looking limousine on the Coast—Lucius L. Wirth's best car.

On the church steps Kirk found Frieda and held out his hand.

"Not staying for the reception?" she asked.

He grinned. "I don't start my drinking, usually, till later in the day. Got to beat it for home."

"Well, Kirk, I'm sorry I won't see you again—" And why did she add "this time"?—with a glance at Ned, appearing from somewhere to join them.

Kirk didn't answer her. "Hello, Ned. Pretty wedding. I'll be seeing you." A glove went up to a silk hat, and Kirk was on his restless, somehow directionless way.

All wedding receptions, as Kirk had implied, are pretty much alike. Ned's house lost its serenity; it seemed to yell and gambol with the wedding guests. Ned yelled and gamboled too.

Doris, her veil bunched like a wet towel under her arm, every trace of the angel flushed away, drank champagne with all comers. When somebody broke a glass she kissed him sweetly. "That's oke. Wreck the home. I'm moving out."

Joe came up to Frieda and put his arm around her. "I'll always love you," he said, "for what you've done for me."

"I hope she'll make you happy, dear," said Frieda.

"I know she will." Joe spoke fervently, a man glorified in his love. Then he said anxiously, "Say, Frieda, our train leaves pretty soon. We ought to get started."

"You know where your clothes are. Sneak up there. I'll take care of Doris."

She got through to Doris, spoke softly: "Joe's gone up to change."

"So what?" asked Doris.

"You'd better hurry or you'll miss your train."

"That's you all over, perfect one. Always right."

MEEKLY enough Doris followed up the back stairs and into the bedroom where her traveling clothes were laid out.

"Unhitch this damn dress, will you?" blurted the bride. "The fool thing hooks in the back."

Frieda's fingers moved fast. The mother's wedding gown fell from Doris's shoulders and lay in a wistful circle below the straight silky legs and the compact roundness of Doris's young body.

She stood like a doll while Frieda held the woolen skirt for her to step in, and buttoned on the plain, very expensive blouse. Frieda was reaching for the cocky little hat when Joe's voice came from the hall, brusque with a new authority:

"About ready, dear?"

"Don't sprain your ankle." Doris gave her nose a final touch. Frieda said:

"Doris, you've married the nicest boy I know. I want you to be happy this time. I—hope you'll love him—" She leaned to kiss her, but Doris pushed her away; amber eyes were fused with steel.

"Don't wish anything more on me," she said, not raising her voice. "Just let me get out of this house. There hasn't been a minute's peace for anybody since you got here."

She hurried out of the room and slammed the door. Outside Frieda heard Ned's low, happy voice saying good-by to his daughter, wishing good luck to his new son-in-law. Then silence. They were gone.

Presently the door opened and Ned came in. Frieda was sitting on the

Two of the 46,000,000

WHEN we tell you that 46 million people bought Ex-Lax last year we aren't just bragging. And we aren't talking about ourselves . . . but about *you* and a problem of *yours!*

Here's why it is important to you. Occasionally you need a laxative to relieve constipation. You want the best relief you can get . . . thorough, pleasant, painless.

And when 46 million people find that one certain laxative gives them the best relief . . . well that laxative *must* be *good.* When 46 million people agree on *one* thing, there must be something about it that is different . . . and better.

Why America buys more Ex-Lax than any other laxative

Here are the reasons: People realize more and more how bad it is to blast the system with harsh laxatives. Ex-Lax is as thorough as any laxative you can take, yet it is *gentle.* Unlike harsh laxatives, it won't cause stomach pains, it won't upset you, it won't leave you feeling weak afterwards. People realize that habit-forming laxatives are bad. And they have found that Ex-Lax doesn't form a habit—you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. People hate nasty-tasting medicines. Ex-Lax is a pleasure to take . . . for everybody likes the taste of delicious chocolate.

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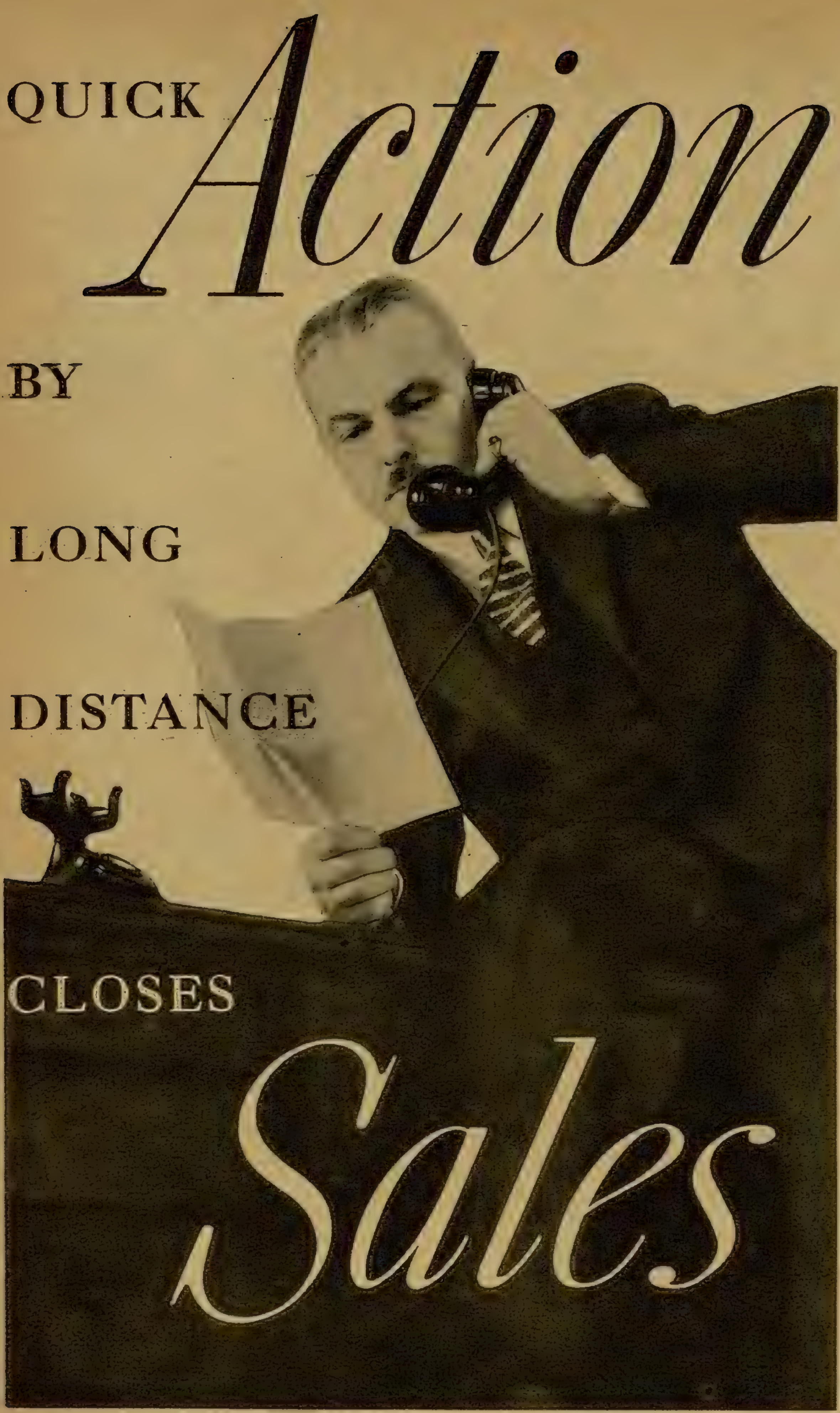


LIKE many businesses, a Maryland manufacturing company answers inquiries from prospects by Long Distance telephone service—because it is *fast*, direct, inexpensive—and gets results. The Secretary reports his company "very well pleased," and cites two typical cases from their records.

1. Inquiry from Waterloo, Iowa. Telephoned at once. Three-minute conversation produced $2400 order at cost of $4.20.
2. Inquiry from Canton, Ohio. Placed call and completed $2100 order in five minutes at cost of $2.50.

The regular use of Long Distance will help make sales for you too. Let the local Bell Company show you how.

edge of the bed, her head in her hands.

"What's the matter, darling?" He took away her hands, looked in her face. "Has the wedding been too much for you?"

"I'm awfully tired, Ned."

"Well, we'll have a good rest now, Frieda." He sat down beside her, tried to warm her with caresses. "We'll just have each other from now on. Won't that be great?"

She put her arms around his neck and drew him to her, straining to bring warmth back to her body. . . .

Winter was over. The days and days of gusty sheeted rain had given way to an early spring. But even now the fogs blew in at night, blanked out the bay, and wrapped a phantom white around the North Beach house.

Ned would come home, usually late, his eyes still heavy with the dream that had held him all day long. She seemed to see a man held in thrall by another love than hers. Often he would come out of his absorption and beg her to forgive him. Then his tenderness would repay her for all that she had lost.

NOW and then he would read her letters from Artie and from Doris. Artie had passed his midyear exams, except for two conditions; he'd better stick it in Chicago during the Easter vacation and do some hard plugging. Doris, wrote a great deal about Joe: what Joe did; what Joe said; what Joe liked. And would pop awfully mind if she made him a grandfather of something awfully pink, about next October?

Ned lay very still and thoughtful that night when he read Frieda the funny line about being a grandfather. He tossed the letter to a small table by the fireplace, smiled stiffly. "It's fine, the way she's hitting it off with Joe. He's the very thing she wanted, but she didn't know it."

"It's fine about the baby, too," said Frieda, voicing her thought.

"Yes, isn't it?" Pleasantly.

"But why isn't it fine? She's young, and maybe what's been the matter with her has been that she hasn't had—"

"I wonder what's on the air tonight?"

He let his feet down from the cushions, went across the room, and turned on the radio.

"Oh, Ned, please! Turn it off. It gets on my nerves," she said rather petulantly.

"Does it? I was looking for that news review."

He clicked the radio off, then came over to her smiling. He took her head in his arms and pressed it against him. She struggled away. Usually, when he did that, it thrilled her with a feeling of his protective love. Now, for just a second, she almost hated him!

Will this lead to the first real break between Ned and Frieda? Complications set off by a surprise visit from Doris and Joe are revealed in next week's installment.

TO THE LADIES!

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

THIS gentleman is looking for the Queen of Sheba. He thinks he knows where she is, so he has gone to find her.

Such is the aim with which Count Byron de Prorok, archaeologist, sailed recently for Arabia. I talked with him about it just before he left. He said:

" Sheba probably married several other kings besides Solomon. The women rulers of the ancient East generally worked that way. Their political stock went up every time they married another neighboring king. We don't know what Sheba's matrimonial score was for certain, but we are inclined to believe that it must have been fairly high."

COUNT BYRON DE PROROK

Two French airmen reported the location of Sheba's royal city while flying over the Arabian desert about a year ago. No one has yet been there on foot to see what may exist. That is the purpose of Count de Prorok's expedition, which is being conducted under the auspices of the French Geographical Society and the International Institute of Anthropology. Count de Prorok has spent many months in the same region, tracing the ancient gold mines of King Solomon and unearthing the old city of Ophir.

" That country," he told me, " remains very much as it must have been three thousand years ago. Although slavery is prohibited by law, six thousand slaves were bought and sold while I was there. A good husky human can be purchased there for about thirty dollars."

Local legend is filled with Sheba stories. Natives regard her almost as their Eve. Her birthplace—Aksum—is known. Wherever he goes, Count de Prorok carries with him, in a tidy wooden box, the mummied head of a young Arabian princess who lived in Sheba's time. I saw it unwrapped—the tight little curls dyed henna red, earrings of gold and emerald dangling from the ears, a pretty necklace of gold and precious stones.

How vividly she made me realize the perishable fabric of our human life—and the imperishable grip of woman's vanity!

IN my school days, when a *new boy* walked a girl home from a party and she wanted him to call on her again but didn't feel bold enough to invite him, there was an accepted game for her to play. She rolled up her gloves and asked him to carry them in his pocket. Then—accidentally on purpose—she forgot and left them there. So he had to bring them back—and there she was with her desired date.

I suppose the girls of today are much too sophisticated for such little games—yet I wonder. *An Ohio wife has just divorced her husband because she found a strange pair of feminine gloves in his pocket!*

WATCH a man eat—watch him cut cheese—and you can see whether or not he is worth hiring."

I am told that the shrewd farmers of France never take on a new hired man before applying the above tests. They say:

" If a man eats too fast his work will be careless. If he eats too slowly he'll be a slow worker. If he cuts cheese in big hunks he is wasteful. If he cuts it paper-thin he's a fuss-budget."

Then they say:

" The man worth hiring is the one who eats his dinner at a moderate pace and cuts his cheese neither wastefully nor stingily."

I can't vouch for the truth of this bucolic formula; I'm not a French farmer. I merely thought that some of my rural readers might find it interesting.

AN argument arose among friends of mine the other day when some one said that Mrs. G. K. Chesterton, wife of the English author, always cuts her celebrated husband's hair.

" That's nothing," said some one else. " Lots of American wives cut their husbands' hair."

About half of us simply wouldn't believe it. Said we never had met the man who would let his wife cut his hair if he could reach a barbershop. The others declared emphatically that they knew several husbands whose wives do all their haircutting. It was one of those arguments neither side took the trouble to win by providing any proofs. But just for the sake of curiosity I would like to know. *Do any husbands let their wives cut their hair?*

LITERARY fashion has turned to Montaigne. Newspaper columnists are beginning to quote this old French essayist almost as lovingly as they use the diaries of Samuel Pepys. So you had better read the new Autobiography of Montaigne, by Marvin Lowenthal. (Published by Houghton Mifflin Company.)

CHINESE cooks know a trick that they seldom practice in chop-suey restaurants—the use of green ginger as a flavoring for broiled meat. In almost every town there are some Chinese gourmets who grow fresh ginger in their back yards. You will have to locate your own source of supply, but when you discover one you can buy the ginger for a few cents. Peel it, slice it, pound it to a pulp with butter and a little green mint. Rub this thoroughly into both sides of your lamb chops, veal chops, or pork tenderloins. Then broil or fry the meat in the usual manner. I think you will find the added flavor new and delicious.

An Adventure in SALVAGE

A System of Training That Develops Perfect Bodies and That Takes Children Through Two Years of Schooling in One Year

by LOWELL THOMAS

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

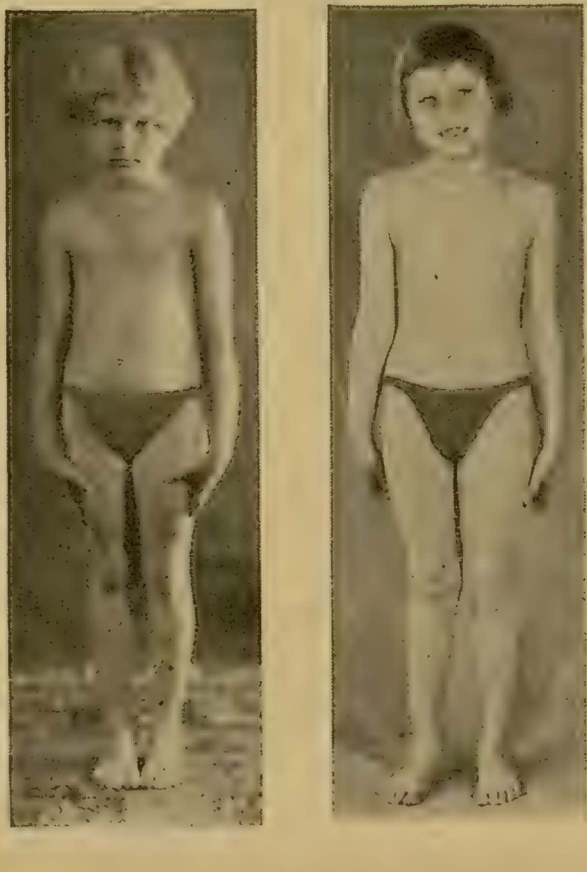
A FINE ship had come to grief. A salvage crew was at work raising her to the surface, laboring to restore her to the company of able-bodied craft. It had been an interesting job to watch, and I was telling a friend about what seemed to me the miraculous things that modern engineering science accomplishes in this way.

But my friend was bored. He is one of those who are more absorbed in people than in things.

"All of that seems trivial to me," said my friend. "You come with me over to New Jersey and I'll show you a job of salvaging that will make your ship-raisers look like dealers in junk."

I took him up on it and presently we were speeding over the Jersey meadows toward Hackensack. After about fifty minutes' driving we came to a large building that appeared to be a country clubhouse. So indeed it was. But it was not working at being a clubhouse. Inside there were no overdressed people drinking cocktails, and outside there were no fat men practising putts. Instead, outside there were twenty-five jolly-looking children shouting and playing, children all the way from five to eleven years old.

Jimmy (above) had to be carried upstairs when he came to the Macfadden Foundation School. He'd had infantile paralysis, had spent half his eleven years in hospitals. Now, after six months and a special course at the school, Jimmy is able to go up and down stairs at will—and even to get into a game of baseball!



Right: Little Marie at seven had bad times of "nerves" and spells of melancholy; she'd been badly burned in an accident. Here you see her before and (right) smile with her after her six months of Macfadden schooling and training. "One of the happiest voices that I heard in the school," Lowell Thomas is glad to say, "was hers."

They dropped whatever they were playing with and swarmed around our car. As I climbed out, five or six of them reached for my hands, crying, "What's your name?"

And thus in less than two minutes I was adopted into the family of the Macfadden Foundation School, the third of a remarkable series of adventures in human salvage that Bernarr Macfadden has been taking.

The first thing that struck me was the extraordinary health and vitality of the youngsters. Red of cheek, sturdy, sound in wind and limb, they literally radiated well-being and the comfort and assurance that come only from perfect bodily condition.

"Six months ago many of them were thin, feeble, and ailing," said Miss Matson, who was my guide. "They were taken as they came, some being the worst available examples of improper nourishment and wrong home conditions. What do you think of them?"

The answer was too obvious. You couldn't have found finer physical specimens in the richest homes under the supervision of the most expensive pediatrists.

But there was another quality that impressed me even more. It was their happiness, their gaiety, their easy natural good manners. I told you how I, a complete stranger, was received. There was not a vestige of shyness, awkwardness, or suspicion in the whole lot. Now that is something worth emphasizing. Many of these nippers were urchins from districts where want and overcrowding have prevailed ever since they were born. In those regions the stranger who comes nosing around is automatically an object of distrust. He may be a truant officer or, worse still, a "social worker." Whoever he is, the theory is that he probably has come to meddle.

So here were youngsters, some of them brought up with these notions of aggressive suspiciousness, from whose minds all fear had been eradicated in six months. For six months they had had nothing but intelligent affection plus sound and rational living.

All this was to be observed in the first two minutes and without entering the house. Inside there was much more for me to learn. I would defy anybody not to get a kick out of what I saw and heard. This was indeed an adventure in humanity. I found that their minds had been developed just as remarkably as their bodies, and that without the slightest forcing, without the least eccentricity of method.

Bernarr Macfadden's two previous experiments had been conducted with older subjects. The first was carried out with the co-operation of Premier Mussolini. The Duce is the first ruler to give official recognition to the value of physical training. Every young Italian today is taught to develop his body. So when Macfadden went to Rome in 1930 to make a survey of health conditions as a member of President Hoover's Committee on Child Health and Welfare, he found that Mussolini had already established a vast working organization to promote the physical education of his people. It was under the direct command of His Excellency Renato Ricci, general of the Fascist Militia. His title in the cabinet was Under Secretary for Physical Education.

Macfadden discovered that Italy's dictator was entirely in sympathy with the ideas that he himself had been propagating all his life. So he made the Duce a sporting offer.

"Let me have fifty of your young athletes for six months," he suggested. "They will be my guests in America, at no cost to the Italian government. They will learn the value of my diet and of American methods of physical training. And I will stake my reputation

Here are some of the astonishing results of a demonstration by Bernarr Macfadden of what physical training, diet, and special schooling will do for "underprivileged" children. These results have pleased Mr. Macfadden so much that he is considering the advisability of establishing a school for children from four to eight whose parents desire to give their bodies and their minds every possible advantage, and cannot give them the proper personal care. The advancing of children in this demonstration twice as fast as in an ordinary school was phenomenal and unexpected. Parents who might be interested in sending their children to such a school are advised to write Bernarr Macfadden.

THE EDITOR.

BERNARR MACFADDEN AMONG THE CHILDREN AT HIS FOUNDATION SCHOOL

on it that when they come back to you they will prove to you that their efficiency has been increased manifold."

Premier Mussolini and his Under Secretary picked forty of the finest specimens from the Physical Culture Academy in Rome, one of the innovations that the Duce is responsible for. These lads, who were being trained as physical instructors, came from all parts of Italy. At Macfadden's expense they had six months' training in this country, partly at the Physical Culture Hotel in Dansville, New York, and partly at the Castle Heights Military Academy in Tennessee. After they returned to Rome General Ricci wrote an enthusiastic article testifying to the results accomplished, and the Italian government made official recognition in the shape of a decoration for Bernarr Macfadden. General Ricci was particularly pleased that his cadets had learned baseball, which they have been spreading over the peninsula ever since.

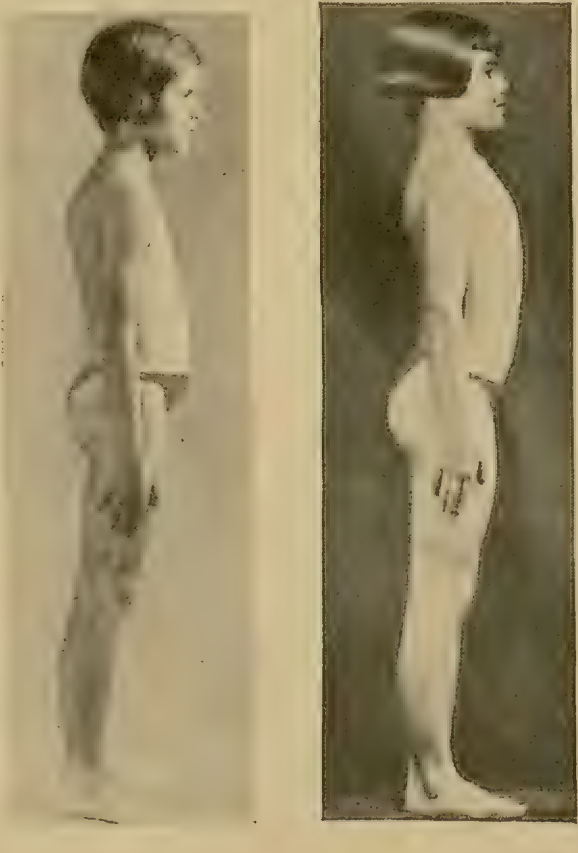
The next experiment was in Portugal and with subjects several years younger than the Italians. Though the Portuguese climate is marvelous and the soil exceedingly fertile, the standards of living were woefully low. Most of the inhabitants had a mortal aversion to the rich and generous sunlight. A large percentage of the population had a tendency to tuberculosis. Sanitary living, scientific diet, and systematic training were unknown.

So Macfadden offered to take fifty children between ten and fourteen, underprivileged children—for they have always interested him most—weaklings from orphan asylums preferably. He guaranteed, at his own expense, to build them up in six months into perfect physical specimens.

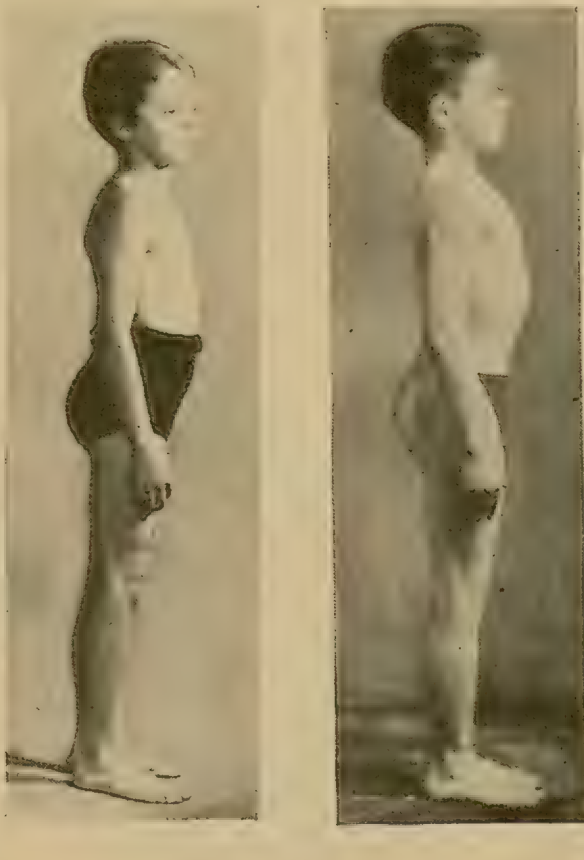
The Portuguese cabinet took him up on it. They set aside a building owned by the government at Estoril, a beautiful little town on the coast some nineteen miles from Lisbon. Macfadden had it remodeled and the second experiment was under way. Even before the six months were up he had made good his guaranty. The diet, the physical training, the ideal living conditions made those ill-nourished, sickly lads into robust, healthy youths, while the country looked on in amazement. It was nothing short of a sensation. Prominent Portuguese declared that it had been the means of starting a movement which eventually will revolutionize Portuguese life and habits more completely than the political revolution that toppled poor Manuel off his throne. The government expressed its feeling by giving Macfadden the Order of Bene Merencia.

Entire books have been written about those two achievements, but I was even more fascinated by what I saw on the outskirts of Hackensack, New Jersey. Partly because there I saw for myself what had been accomplished, and partly because the atmosphere of the Macfadden Foundation School was so charming, so completely moving. There was not a trace of institutionalism about the place. The happiness of those youngsters, the bright, gay, intelligent expressions on their rosy little faces, the spontaneity with which they responded to rational care and affection were all beyond description. They were equally jolly whether they were playing, drilling, studying, or eating. It was easy to see that the regime under which they lived was no mechanized discipline and dull day-to-day routine. From the moment they got up until they went to bed their existence was one long game.

I noticed, for one thing, that they obeyed without ques-

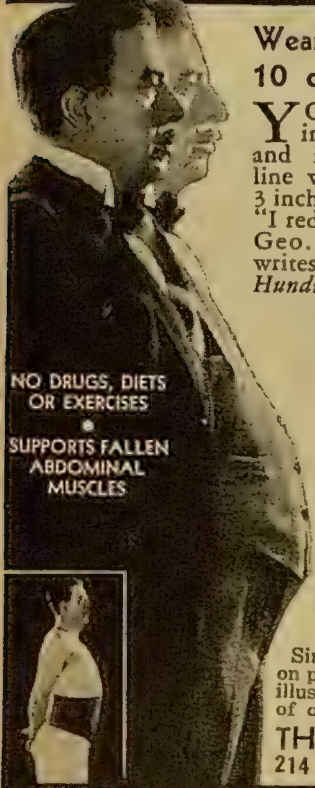


Here's Elspeth as she was at the beginning, and (right) at the end of her Macfadden School experience. Those six months certainly worked wonders with Elspeth's physique. By her face you might recognize her as the same little girl—but could you by her form or by her posture? How robust, how sturdy she's become! And IS she happy!



Frank (left) came to the Macfadden School, as the left-hand picture shows, with his muscles decidedly undeveloped and holding himself none too well. The square-shouldered young athlete shown in the right-hand picture is the same Frank six months later; it really is! A future All-America quarterback, from the looks of him!

"I have REDUCED MY WAIST 8 INCHES WITH THE WEIL BELT!" ...writes George Bailey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tion and with the utmost cheerfulness. I was told that when they arrived several of them had been quite difficult, some of them almost "problem children." Their parents said: "Beat 'em good if they need it. You'll find you'll have to." The parents were mistaken: they needed no floggings.

There was ten-year-old Muriel, for instance—a handsome little damsel when I saw her, with as nice a disposition as you could ask. When Muriel arrived at the school she was surly, quarrelsome, impudent. Her pet phrase was: "I wanna go home." Frequently she tried to, and was seen streaking away down the street.

"And we had to do some tall sprinting to bring her back," said Macfadden with a chuckle. The remark came up because Muriel had heard a rumor that her six months were up and that she was to be sent back to her parents. She said plaintively, "Do I have to go home?"

Then there was the seven-year-old little blonde Marie. Through an accident at home she had been severely burned. During her first days at the Foundation School she was subject to fits of hysteria varied with melancholy. One of the happiest voices I heard in the place was hers.

While I was looking around a car stopped in the driveway and in came Bernarr Macfadden himself. In a flash playthings were dropped, little boys and girls who were tumbling on the mat or twisting about on the horizontal bar jumped to the ground, and the entire small populace swarmed down upon him with one movement. Presently he was sitting on a sofa with little nippers swarming all over him like bees. There was no mistaking the spontaneity of the scene. Nobody urged them to do it; the mere sight of the man was enough. I have had a good deal of experience watching demonstrations of enthusiasm. Here was the genuine article if ever I saw it.

AS for him, the happiness he was getting out of the adventure was equally obvious. It was hardly necessary to learn from his staff that this was the effort nearest to his heart of all that he has done. It was an expression of his nostalgia for children, a compensation for his own starved and unhappy childhood.

He had been wanting to do this particular thing for many years. It was partly because of the depression that it finally came to pass. The clubhouse and golf course were part of a real-estate development in which he became interested during the boom days. Then the luxurious clubhouse with the seventy green acres surrounding it developed into an expensive white elephant. So he bethought himself that even white elephants are useful when they are carrying children.

"Where did we get the children? From families that were on public relief. We were given children who would benefit most from the system. Originally the idea was to take only those between the ages of four and eight. But there were some who needed us so badly and who did not come between those age limitations. We couldn't turn them down, so we rejected only two of those who were offered, and them only because they had infectious diseases."

The Macfadden system falls into three parts: diet, physical training, schooling. From what I had heard through inaccurate sources I expected to find the food rather faddy—no pun intended! Actually it is nothing of the sort.

If you are breakfasting à la Macfadden you eat whole-wheat bread and, to your astonishment, like it. For your cereal, cracked wheat or coarse-ground unbolted corn meal with raisins. It is a meal with all the flavor and values of the original corn as the earth grew it for you.

THE youngsters get plenty of raw vegetables in the Macfadden diet, but it is by no means all vegetarian. They are served meat three times a week, eggs occasionally. All sweetening is provided either by honey or brown sugar, from which the best qualities have not been refined as they are in the white. As for vegetables, one week's menus will show you tomatoes, raw cabbage, apples, lettuce, spinach, lentils, onions, three kinds of beans, and so forth.

Of all this they can have as much as they want. The evening I was there a birthday party was in progress, with a cake of whole-wheat flour, candles, ice cream, and everything. The meatless supper was most pleasant to the taste and entirely satisfying.

For twenty-five children and a staff of six adults the weekly food bills come to forty dollars. That does not tell the entire story, because there seldom has been a day without guests.

In the daily routine, too, there is not a single faddish element. The kids get up at seven. Half an hour later they go through fifteen minutes of calisthenics. Then to breakfast, followed by simple housework such as making beds and sweeping out the dormitory. Thereupon school, with a half-hour's recess at ten fifteen. After dinner an hour of rest, and then outdoor games. At five o'clock another quarter-hour of calisthenics. Then a little harmless necessary ablution, and supper. The day ends with an evening of either storytelling or games with music. Lights out at eight, even for the oldest. What's eccentric about that picture?

One of the remarkable things I saw was the youngsters going through calisthenics. They had a grand time doing it! What is to me—and most people—a wearisome daily dozen was part of an amusing game; and for this my hat is off to Jack Smith, who made it so. Smith is a young Scot from Glasgow, barely five feet tall. He used to suffer from curvature of the spine, but cured himself by methods he learned from Macfadden. He was originally employed at the school to sweep, scrub, and help out around the kitchen. Gradually he was inducted into other jobs and I encountered him as physical instructor. He had those twenty-five just eating out of his hand.

Of all his pupils Jack Smith is most proud of Jimmy—a nice-looking, slender, polite lad of eleven, who had spent almost half his life in hospitals, an infantile paralysis case. When he came to the Macfadden Foundation School he could walk only on his toes and had to be carried up or down stairs. By a special course of resistance exercises, spinal exercises, and manipulations under the supervision of Bernarr Macfadden himself, Jack Smith now has Jimmy walking and running well enough to play baseball, going up and down stairs at will. Today he is not far from becoming as lithe and active as any boy in the land.

Six months ago a few of these twenty-five children were emaciated almost to deformity. They held themselves so badly that they seemed ready to collapse any minute. Their expression was furtive and sullen. Today they walk erect, their cheeks glow, their eyes glisten, and they look straight at you with a confident smile. I heard of one little damsel who had gained four pounds in two months; of another who had taken on six pounds as quickly.

The growth of their young minds has been just as extraordinary. They told me at the school that it was only what might be expected of almost any group, given the same surroundings, living conditions, and physical training.

In school hours they were divided into two classes, with one teacher for each. The younger ones were taught by Miss Viola Ferguson, who in less than six months brought them through what corresponds to the first year in the New York public schools and halfway into the second. Many of them were completely illiterate when they came to the school. Besides, they were taught raffia work, sewing, and coloring illustrations. They themselves made all the Christmas decorations for the place.

The older boys and girls were taught by Mrs. Isabel Dwyer, like Miss Ferguson a graduate of Hunter College in New York. Mrs. Dwyer succeeded in bringing several of her class through almost two grades in the less than six months she had for the job.

She even had two boys who had what is known as reversals in reading. That is, they see words and figures as though the page were held up before a looking glass. This does not mean a subnormal intelligence. On the contrary, it is usually found in children with minds above normal. It is due to illness or disturbed conditions in the home. Mrs. Dwyer was able, having taken a special course in the treatment of such subjects, to eradicate this tendency in both those cases.

All this should give a fair idea of what has been achieved in the way of training the mind at the Macfadden Foundation School.

Plainly, the two teachers and everybody else on the staff shared Bernarr Macfadden's enthusiasm for the job. The cook and the housekeeper were as keen and affectionate as though the children had been their own. And the affection was returned with good measure.

Each child was sent back home with a check for fifteen dollars, two complete outfits, a bag of cracked wheat and another of corn meal with instructions to the parents how to cook them. But beyond and above all this, each child returned home with a practically new body, a new outlook on life, and new ideas of how to live.

And as I drove back across the Jersey meadows I had to acknowledge that this was an adventure in salvage that made the raising of a sunken ship trivial.

THE END

Answer to What Do You Say ? Puzzle on page 38

Swatted: What do you say?
Swatter: Aw, nuts!
Swatted: What is your gripe?
Swatter: My wife got a cinder in her eye and it cost me three dollars.
Swatted: That's nothing. My wife got a fur coat in her eye and it cost me three hundred.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 30

1—In Mexico, by Spanish botanists, who took them to Madrid in 1789.
2—*Pro re nata*—when required.
3—In the chancel of the parish church at Stratford on Avon, April 25, 1616.
4—The Mohawk chief Thayendanegea, who later took the name of Joseph Brant.
5—England.
6—A male whistler.
7—Connecticut and Illinois, in 1867.
8—Amherst, Nova Scotia.
9—N means that it is from the United States; X that it is an experimental plane; C that it is licensed.
10—Hiccup.
11—Hamlet, in the play of same name. Act 2: Scene 2.
12—In 1854; first brought to California from Chile.
13—Juggernaut, the Hindu god, lord of the world.
14—First Baron Beaverbrook of Newcastle, New Brunswick, where he was born.
15—Christ. See Matthew 6: 34.
16—A lambrequin.
17—Aerostats.
18—Ralph Connor, his *nom de plume*.
19—Rudyard Kipling in L'Envoi.
20—In Matthew 27: 3 - 7.

EASY TO STOP LEAKS, SEAL CRACKS WITH PLASTIC WOOD
?

Now if you have **holes in wood . . . broken chair . . . loose caster . . . crack or nick in woodwork, floor, plaster or tile . . . loose drawer pull . . .** do a quick, expert job of repairing with this newly discovered wood—PLASTIC WOOD that handles just like soft putty and quickly hardens into wood—wood you can carve, paint and drive nails and screws into. Results will surprise you. Paint, hardware stores sell PLASTIC WOOD for 25c a tube, 35c a can. Try it.

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Trite but true — buried advertisements never yet built sales. Liberty's make-up guarantees visibility for every advertisement. Others have learned the power of small space advertising. Let Liberty's 94% voluntary circulation—at the lowest cost of any major magazine—concentrated in urban markets—make money for you, too!

Now lift off

corns

AND STOP PAIN INSTANTLY

Just put a few drops of Freezone on that aching corn tonight and you'll make the wonderful discovery many thousands have made. Pain stops like a flash. And soon the corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers. You'll agree that it's the quickest, easiest way to stop pain and get rid of hard and soft corns, even corns between the toes. Any druggist will sell you a bottle of wonderful Freezone for a few cents. Try it.

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Cover by LUMEN WINTER

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Kathleen Norris

A sparkling story of springtime and romance in Manhattan —with a surprise where you least expect it!

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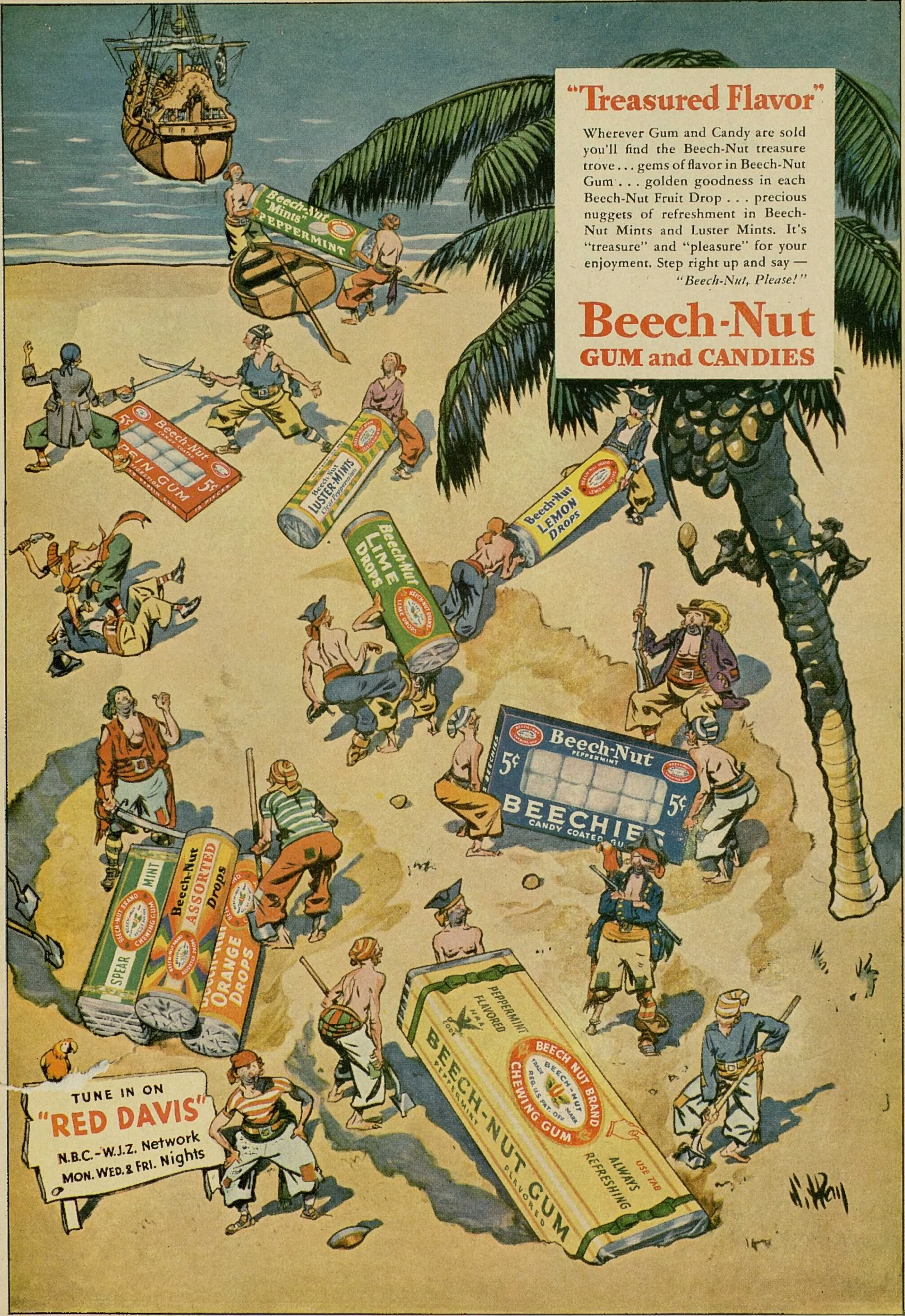
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